A LONG HONEYMOON AMONG LEPERS, OUTCASTES AND ABORIGINES

M. P. DAVIS

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A L-O-N-G HONEYMOON

AMONG LEPERS, OUTCASTES AND ABORIGINES

M. P. Davis.

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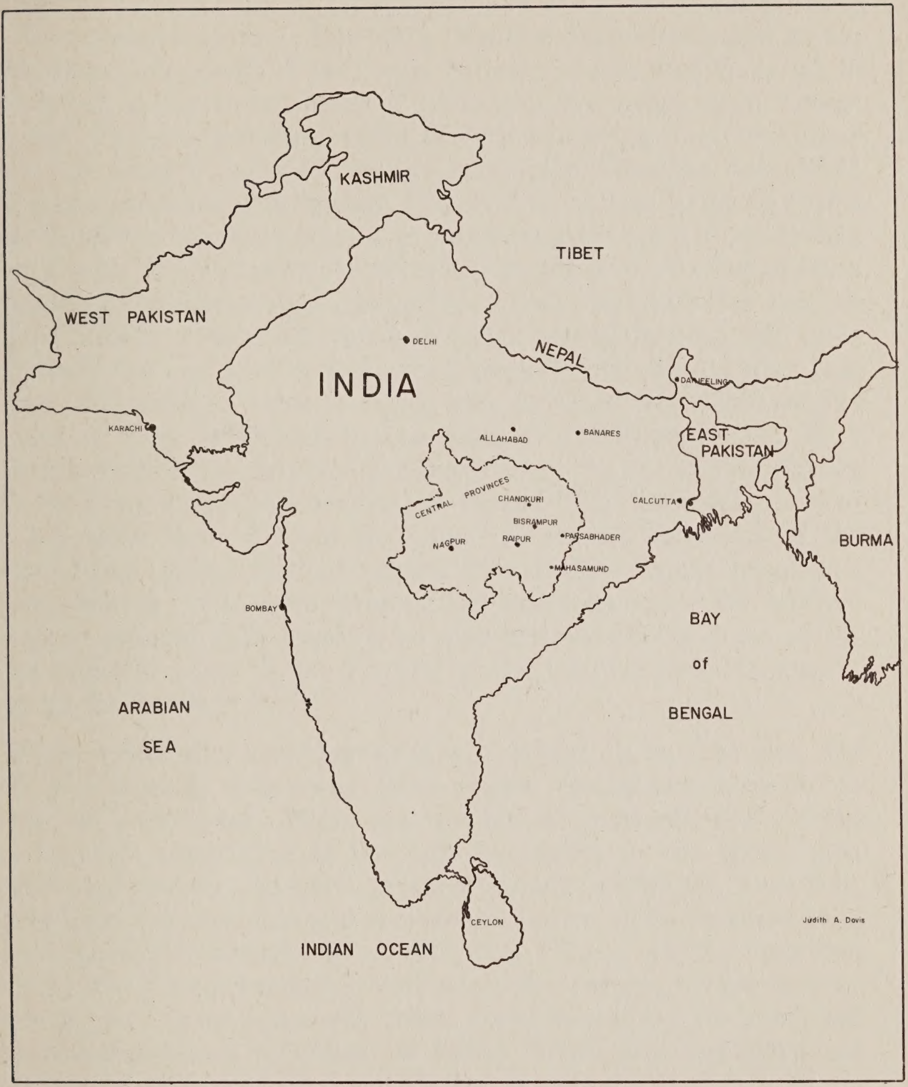
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ARABIAN SEA
CEYLON
INDIAN OCEAN
Judith A. Davis

FOREWORD

Whether you have ever visited India or not you will feel you have been there after reading this well-written book. The story begins by telling us of the great decision Dr. and Mrs. Davis had to make as they thought of their life-work. He had been challenged to become Superintendent of the large Leprosy Home and Hospital in Chandkuri in the central part of India and was prepared to accept the call. The question was, would his bride-to-be be ready to follow such a dreamer to a far-off land to take up so difficult a task. Well, she was a courageous little lady, and she had no hesitation to follow him wherever he would go and to share whatever work that would be his to do. So in spite of protestations on the part of some of their friends and relatives they decided to become missionaries and belonged to India ever after. Never did they regret the step they took, and their life and service in India brought them the joy and happiness that always come to those who dedicate their lives to the service of their fellowmen in the name of the Master. Well do I remember one of the last words I heard from the lips of Mrs. Davis, uttered but a short time before her death: "The happiest years of my life were those I spent in India." As an old colleague of the author I had the privilege of many a visit in their happy, hospitable home sharing with them interesting experiences as we worked together (almost four decades) as missionaries during some of the most eventful years in the history of the Church in India and in that of the country itself.

What makes this autobiography so fascinating is, I believe, the fact that it never gets away from people. One meets them, so to speak, on every page. There are the leprosy patients with whom one becomes acquainted at the very beginning of the book; then follow the villagers and the farmers among whom Dr. and Mrs. Davis lived for so many years, or contacted on their frequent long preaching tours through the country-side. There are the boys and girls in school and Sunday School, Christian congregations as they worship with them and teach them, travellers along the road, the wandering so-called holy men of India, Hindu and Mohammedan priests and scholars, who were often surprised at the author's wide knowledge of their religious doctrines and practices, not to forget the officials whom he met on various occasions, many of whom became his warm friends. As he speaks of these people, describes their life and thought, or tells us of the conversations he had with them, one finds the answer to the question: Why did they go to India? Davis, himself, put it this way, when as a young missionary, he wrote an article entitled: *Learning Hindi.* "The desire to aid in the work of making the Saviour Jesus Christ known to India is and always remains the strongest motive and inspiration to study Hindi. Important duties must wait, personal wishes must yield, trivial prejudices must be abandoned, correspondence often neglected, until the Hindi language becomes a part of oneself so that one can make known the one true Name which is above every name."

This book offers a powerful challenge to the young people of our Church, as they too face great decisions and seek an answer to the question: What shall I do with my life? May they, too, reach a decision they will never have to regret.

T. C. SEYBOLD

DEDICATED
TO

William, Ruth, Margaret, Malcolm and their mother, whose ideals they continue to uphold, and to Helen M. Davis without whose help and encouragement this book would not have been completed.

INTRODUCTION

We were going to an ancient, conservative, little-changing oriental country of mystery and charm, of drought and famine, monsoon floods and destruction, a land of headhunters and philosophers, of palaces and huts, of fabulous wealth and dire poverty, of tigers and docile deer, of holy places made sacred for centuries by countless pilgrims, a jungle of fears and superstitions, of conservative orthodoxy and free thoughts,—a country pigeon-holed with countless iron-bound castes and merciless ostracism for any who would dare not conform to caste custom and rules, a land of lovable people. We were going to India. The years between our first arrival and final departure (1912-1950) were for us the most interesting period in her history. "Mother India" was beginning to awaken and aspire to take her place as an equal among the progressive nations of the West. A healthy nationalism began to flourish. We arrived several years before Mahatma Gandhi returned from a long sojourn in South Africa and began to challenge British Imperialism in India. We lived through the three decades of turmoil, non-cooperation and passive resistance campaigns, also called non-violent resistance. At the same time we were there during the latter half of World War I (1914-1918) and the whole of World War II (1939-1945). After 38 years, we left India an independent country. The difficult problem in selecting material for this story was how and what to eliminate lest the book exceed the prescribed limits.

This story of Mrs. Davis and myself covering almost half a century is interspersed with sidelights which may appear insignificant and irrelevant to the casual reader, but they are experiences which contributed to test, stabilize and enrich our "long honeymoon." Furthermore, lest we give false impressions it should be remembered that our first decades in that charming country were lived in an "unchanging old India;" since her independence in 1946 swift changes and great improvements are taking place in every area of life.

When writing autobiography there is danger that "distance lends enchantment to the view" and memory easily plays tricks with events experienced long ago. The author has been fortunate in not having to rely on memory which may warp facts decades later. As documentary source material, the following was at my disposal:

Personal diaries covering the more important years.

Letters written by both of us to parents, children and others.

Monthly newsletters sent to St. John's Church, Evansville, Indiana, which paid our support for 31 years.

Official quarterly and annual reports sent to our Board of International Missions.

Many articles written for church periodicals and magazines.

An extensive filing system containing personal observations, clippings on social, political, religious and national issues.

All photographs except two were taken by the author.

Thanks are due to the following friends for reading parts or the whole manuscript and offering valuable suggestions—Dr. Timothy Lehmann, Dr. T. C. Seybold, Dr. Otto Reller and Rev. T. Essebaggers; to Rev. T. Essebaggers for the use of two photos of Gass Memorial Center; to Carl H. Davis, who made all the enlargements from colored slides and small negatives, some of which are forty years old; and to my wife, Helen, for typing the manuscript.

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The Honeymooners make a farewell visit to the "Little Bungalow" in Chandhuri (1950) where they established the first home of their L-O-N-G Honeymoon, on September 28th, 1912.

"Come inside India, accept all her good and her evil; if there be deformity, then try and cure it from within, but see it with your own eyes, understand it, think over it, turn your face towards it, become one with it."—*Rabindranath Tagore*

"I will make a last song when I am old
Out of the shining of remembered days."—*Anon.*

"Where she sits is a temple of God."—*Hindu proverb.*

"Every man's life is a fairy tale
Written by God's fingers."—*Hans Christian Anderson*

"I saw at close hand the faces of millions!"—*President Dwight Eisenhower after his visit to India, December, 1959.*

OUR COURTSHIP

It happened in India during World War II, 1945 to be exact, that an American soldier's casual remark gave birth to the title of this book. We were serving refreshments to the overseas troops passing through Raipur, 700 miles from Bombay, 515 from Calcutta, when one of them, somewhat surprised to find white people in the heart of India, asked how long we had been there. Pointing to Mrs. Davis, I said, "See that good-looking young lady behind the serving counter of the canteen? We came here on our honeymoon in 1912." Doing some quick arithmetic on his fingers, he threw up both arms and yelled, "Thirty-three years! Oh Lord! What a long honeymoon in this God-forsaken country!"

In order to understand how it all happened, it is necessary to go back a number of years. The course of my life's pilgrimage took definite direction at the age of fourteen while I was attending the German confirmation class in Freeport, Illinois. Among the many Bible passages we had to remember was Romans 1:16, "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel; it is the power of God for salvation." The pastor said that the Gospel is so powerful that it can make good boys out of bad boys (which we thought was getting rather personal) and can transform evil men into good men. Having at times bribed the engineer and fireman of the switch engine, with luscious concord grapes begged from my grandfather, for the privilege of having a short ride in the engine, a boy of the same class and I discussed the matter of power and concluded that the pastor really did not know what power was, as he may never have had the thrill of pulling the throttle of a locomotive and seeing it pull ten or fifteen freight cars. That, in our experience, was real power. How could a mere silent piece of printed paper in a book change men's lives? We both decided that same week to become missionaries and go to Africa or Asia in order to see for ourselves if the Gospel could transform cannibals into civilized Christian persons, or change the head-hunters of Assam into law-abiding citizens. We wanted to see that alleged truth proved and demonstrated among the so-called heathen and pagans.

This experience started me on the path of becoming, not primarily a theologian, but rather a practical, experimental preacher:— when practiced and applied to life, does the Gospel work? This has ever been my goal and ideal.

After hearing of my desire to study for the ministry, mother revealed a long-held secret, "Before you were born I often prayed God that if it were a boy, he might become a pastor." During the nine years of preparation or at any time thereafter one could not have disappointed a mother having such faith and holding such high hopes. Epictetus' (Greek philosopher of the first century A.D.) surmise, "Surely God chooses His servants at birth, or even before birth," contains more truth than fiction.

After completing a four-year college and three-year seminary course, the next step in the quest was a two-year sojourn in Europe, primarily for observation and study in Germany. My purpose was to observe and learn what the Gospel had achieved in the land of the Reformation. The quest was not in vain. Three facts verified to my satisfaction that the Gospel is truly a power inspiring the Church:

1. The experiences of serving in various benevolent institutions for epileptics, the mentally ill, alcoholics, orphans and the sick in Deaconess Hospitals.
2. The result of historical studies regarding the origin of these and other humanitarian institutions, such as labor colonies for the unemployed.
3. Reading biographies of leaders of the past and personal contacts with outstanding men of the present who established such institutions.

All this more than convinced me that the Church had been and continues to be the pioneer in inaugurating movements for the welfare of man. This was indeed accomplished through the motivating and strengthening power of the Gospel. This conviction has been substantiated in our country where it has been found that the regular, habitual, voluntary givers are inside, and not outside the Church.

Appointed to the pastorate of a rural congregation in South Indiana after my return to America, there was opportunity to continue reading and study on the subject in addition to the usual duties of a pastor. This hermit-like isolation was disturbed several times when letters arrived from the Board of International Missions suggesting that a call to missionary work in India be considered. Two years later, while serving a church in Bellevue, Kentucky, another letter came with the information that the position of superintendent in the Chandkuri Leper Colony would be vacant within a year, would I not consider this definite call? There was no doubt in my mind; it was no difficult decision to make, such a venture would be a further step in my quest.

It may be well to recall that half a century ago America was quite ignorant regarding leprosy. Lack of intelligent knowledge left room for fear and horror. I remember the sad incident when a leper was discovered in Pennsylvania. It was midwinter. Officers of the law placed him in a freight car and had him shipped back across the state line into Ohio. The box car was shunted back and forth several times, neither state accepting the responsibility of caring for him. He froze to death, ending the tragedy. Only a few months ago, "Time" (June 8, 1959) reported the pathetic case of a former war hero and writer who was a leper. In spite of repeated certification that he was "non-contagious and innocuous," he and his leprous wife have suffered inhuman treatment in Rome and France for ten years. In spite of their pleas to be rescued from "terror and desperation, decay, disorder and dirt" in an isolated cottage, they remain neglected, ostracized, and social outcasts. It was only in 1921 that our government took over the leprosarium in Carville, Louisiana, which was founded by the Sisters of Charity in 1894. We will not blame India for the ill treatment of her lepers when ostracism, and sometimes worse, was the usual custom. It happened only six decades before our arrival in India that a British official, appointed magistrate in one of the districts in the recently conquered Punjab, announcing the principles under which they would be governed, ended his speech by saying in a loud voice:

> *"Thou shalt not burn thy widows.*
> *Thou shalt not kill thy daughters.*
> *Thou shalt not burn alive thy lepers."*

Along with this ideal of becoming a missionary was born the desire to seek a helpmate who would be an inspiration and an encouragement in life's contemplated adventure. Having grown up in a family where the minister was held in high esteem, where regular attendance in Sunday School and Church was self-evident, where parents always spoke reverently of the Church, of the pastor and his family, living in a happy home where a sensible mother seldom lost patience with her children and always preserved an abundance of humor amidst all the cares and worries involved, I soon learned what type of a girl would be desirable to meet the requirements of a missionary's wife. I now tell what only a few intimate friends ever heard me reveal previously.

In my private devotions at the age of about fifteen, I included these requests in my prayer. "Lead me to a girl whom I will be proud to introduce to the Emperor, (William the II of Germany, who as Kaiser Bill, was a hero for many boys before 1900) ; let her be one of whom I can proudly say, 'She is the mother of my children'; one who will cheerfully share in my life's work; one who can keep her mouth shut." By this last request, I meant the ability to keep confidences and resist inquisitive questioners who solicit private information which is none of their business, in plain words, one who is no gossip or given to trivial talk.

I could not know then that at that same time there was a ten-year-old girl four hundred miles away in the Blue Grass State, growing up in a similar happy, religious family, playing with her dolls, innocently unaware of the fact that thirteen years later she would be the answer to that prayer.

While serving at St. John's Church, Bellevue, Kentucky, it was impossible not to take notice of an attractive choir member sitting only a few feet in front of the pulpit. Even while conducting the service, a mental note registered the fact that she was a loyal Sunday School teacher and active youth worker. Friendship soon blossomed into courtship.

Others became aware of the attention paid her. One of the choir members later confessed humorously how he once unostentatiously left a meeting earlier than the others and hid behind a large billboard, peeping through a knothole in order to find out definitely whom the preacher was escorting home. He rushed back to the waiting group and broadcast the "scoop." Another resourceful person resorted to a more direct method of getting information. She arranged that her petticoat "accidentally" became unhitched right in front of the entrance to the young lady's home, thus having a welcome excuse to invite herself indoors to remedy the embarrassing situation and incidentally to make inquiry on the spot. But a wise mother diplomatically allowed the talkative Mrs. C to relate just a little of the grocery and butchershop talk about her daughter and the preacher, and responded with nothing more revealing than a non-committal, pleasant, enigmatic smile.

There were periods of anxiety, uncertainty and outside interference because so much was involved: a closely knit family life and relationship which was now being breached; a vocation which was hazardous and little known; a deluge of gossip based, as gossip usually is, on a lack of information and factual knowledge, in this case better characterized as idle curiosity.

Her father was primarily a family man in every respect. His leisure time was spent in the home. For wife and children he worked and lived. Outings with them were his joy. Being his first child and grown up, Edna was naturally more mature than the others, hence the bond between them was a close one.

Then suddenly, like a bombshell, came a person threatening to make a breach in this closely-knit family by removing one of the members to an unknown land, half-way around the earth. It created a strain on both parents, especially on the father. Not only was it the great distance which did not meet with their favor, but that their daughter should go to a leper colony was indeed frightening.

Friends and neighbors caused the parents more worry and sleepless nights than they intended. It was almost miraculous how much knowledge and "absolutely true" information people suddenly acquired about the dreaded leprosy disease. There was no better place to spread this information than in her father's hardware store and in the monthly women's meeting at the church. One informant knew definitely that in India their unfortunate daughter would have to eat castor oil on every piece of bread as a preventive against contracting leprosy. Another assured her parents that once in India, their daughter would never again be allowed to re-enter the United States. Still another friend, assuming medical knowledge, warned them that they could expect no letters from India, because upon their arrival lepra bacilli would jump out and endanger the health of the whole family. A very sympathetic woman asked the mother in a quivering voice, "Who will place a warm, woolen shawl around her shoulders when fever-chills come over her?" Another emphatically told her what *she* would do under such circumstances. "I would take that young preacher by the neck and throw him out!"

In school, her two sisters and brother were told of similar dangers their sister would encounter. Strangely enough, no one thought of frightening the family with man-eating tigers and marauding bears seeking berries and honey in the jungle near our future home. Fortunately they did not know that a prowling tiger had killed Carl Lohr near Bisrampur, the mission station we eventually served.

During a meeting of church women an excited member whose daughter was interested in foreign missions approached me suddenly and without any introductory remarks said bluntly and loudly, "I'll never allow my daughter to go to India!" My reply, "Do you believe God called Moses and Paul and Livingstone into his service?" She, "It may be, but I don't want *my* daughter to go to India!" Addressing her while turning to all the ladies nearby, I told the story of Mary Reed who developed leprosy in India. She at once interrupted, "I would poison my daughter if she became a leper!" To which I replied, "Would it have been right for Mrs.

Reed to poison her daughter who later served other lepers in an asylum more than fifty years?"* The chairman's signal to begin the meeting ended the discussion.

After adjournment, a spasmodic church-goer was waiting outside the door for his wife. Seeing me, he said, "What is this I hear about you and Edna Schaufele going to India? I always thought missions were only a hobby for children and old women."

The general public could not understand why a person would choose to devote his life to the outcast lepers.

Dr. Robert Cochrane, M.D., F.R.C.P., technical adviser to American Leprosy Missions, and to the Ministry of Health, London, informs us that "In the minds of most people the disease (leprosy) still wears its medieval garment of horror, a fact which thirty years ago sent an emotional tremor through the home community of this writer when he announced that he was going to devote his life to leprosy."*

If his decision, the decision of a trained, qualified doctor in 1928, to volunteer for service among lepers caused such an "emotional tremor" among his friends in Britain, then let us be kind in our verdict and to the memory of her parents and the disturbing advisors and quasi-enlighteners in the little Kentucky town when a young lady made a similar decision sixteen years before a famous doctor made such a choice.

Even many men of the medical profession knew little about the disease at that time, for it was only 38 years previously (1874) when Hansen discovered the causative organism, which fact gradually made it possible to help end the horror that had haunted mankind for four hundred decades.

Our response to the invitation to enter the leper work was no sudden desire for romantic adventure. Together, we had read the few available books on leper work and were reasonably well informed about the possible dangers of serving them.

While visiting her one evening I had brought along the January 12, 1912 issue of "Without The Camp" monthly magazine of the Mission to Lepers, and in it we read this news item from the report

---

*Mary Reed went to India as a missionary in 1884 and returned to America on furlough in 1891, at the age of 37. She entered Christ Hospital in Cincinnati, Ohio, with what was termed "a troublesome sore on the end of her right forefinger." It was a mild case of leprosy and was apparently arrested. Returning to India, she served as Superintendent of the Chandag Heights Leper Home in the Himalaya foothills. At the age of 88, she passed away in 1948, having lived and served in India 59 years, of which 50 were for the lepers. Only twice during that time did she return home to visit her parents.

**Rotarian*, January, 1959.

of a mission doctor in China: "The commander of the military forces here has been a patient of mine. He comes from Lungchau, and as a former robber chief, reclaimed and reformed, has been promoted (as is usual in such cases) to high honour. A few months ago at his former station, he issued a proclamation to the lepers of that district announcing that he would continue to distribute the grants of rice given them in time past by the officials. They were to meet him in a certain spot in the country. Of course, the poor lepers brought as many children as possible since great inducements were made to get as large a turnout as possible. Arrived at the rendezvous they were quickly surrounded by soldiers and shot down; dead and wounded were then shovelled into a big pit, prepared in advance, kerosene oil poured over them and the whole mass set alight. Some had managed to escape but were hunted down on the hills like wild beasts. The local Alliance Missionary saw one of these poor wretches being taken bound to a yamen, and the neighbors looking on from their doors were crying 'burn him, burn him!' The whole affair gave great satisfaction throughout the neighborhood. I was speaking of this to a Chinese gentleman, once an official; he shrugged his shoulders and said: 'The dark things in China are difficult to speak of.' "

That event happened less than six months previously. In view of the unkind, unsympathetic treatment of lepers generally, I asked her, "Are you still inclined to accompany me to serve the lepers?" Without hesitation, she said briefly, "We will go together." Our honeymoon was not far off.

Entries in my diary of that period, January to July, 1912, reveal the difficult struggle for all concerned. One can understand why her parents wavered and vacillated in their decision, even though they sought the happiness of their daughter and appreciated her patience and determination. Here follow some of the diary excerpts of those precarious courtship months.

> At the church door, I gave her hand an extra squeeze. She seemed to take no note of it. Her birthday, February 11.
> In the mission study class she remarked that she would like to study medicine. She, several other Sunday School teachers and I assisted frequently at the famous missionary exhibit pageant in Music Hall.
>
> Accepted our Mission Board's call to become Superintendent of the Clair Leper Asylum in India as successor to Mr. W. H. P. Anderson.
>
> She agrees to go along. Mother favorably inclined.
> Father quite unhappy and perturbed about her going. It required a long argument to get his permission to make our engagement public. (May 7)

Together we read history of the Mission to Lepers, at conclusion of which we sat in silence, holding hands. She said, "Isn't God good?"

Her father asked that I go alone, and she come a year later. He even offered to pay my passage both ways to get her. Asked her wish, "Only death can prevent me from going with you now!"

Read about the sinking of the *Titanic,* 1595 persons went down. Mostly women and children were saved. She said,. "I would never leave such a sinking boat without you!"

Ignorant talebearers again causing doubt in minds of her parents. They are very confused and unhappy. I agree to go alone for a year.

President of Mission Board advises that she go along. (May 20) I decide *not* to take her without parents' full consent.

Anderson writes to bring her along. He was bachelor there 6 years and knows.

Her mother seems willing. Father says abruptly, "Do as you wish."

Edna willing to go under present conditions. I will not order steamer tickets until he gives cheerful consent. What could we ever tell our children if we did otherwise?

Grandma Kriete said, "Let her go along now, or she will cry here and he there."

Two weeks later. Father said smilingly, "You may go together if mother says yes." She did so. I said, "Thank you." He responded, "Yes, God bless you." (June 12)

July 1st. Parents again frightened by ignorant persons telling horrible stories about leprosy being highly contagious. Edna informs me that they have again withdrawn their consent to our going out together this summer.

A six-page letter arrived from Mr. Anderson which serves to contradict and refute all the frightening gossip. After reading the letter, they became more cheerful and helped with the packing.

July 27th. My parents came from Freeport, Illinois. Edna and I purchased wedding rings.

July 31st. Married today. Aunt D. confesses, "Other relatives and I tried our utmost all these months to persuade Edna not to go to India, but all our pleading and arguments were in vain. So we finally gave our consent cheerfully in order to make her happy. You are getting a heroine."

Now it is no longer "I"—must learn to say, "We."

This happy termination of the first part of our courtship reminds me of a touching experience in Germany, February, 1909. Professor Dr. J. Rahn and his wife invited me to be their guest several days in the beautiful snow-covered winter resort Freudenstadt. During my two years in that country, he kindly guided me in every way, and when parting he said with a smile, but very sincerely what sounded like a prophetic prayer, "Gott gebe Ihnen eine tuechtige, fromme Frau." ("May God give you an efficient, pious wife.")

This ends the diary quotations.

Several years later when referring to those anxious months of courtship, (in addition to the worry, there was the task of preparing the Sunday School lesson, for the teachers' meeting, a German sermon and two English sermons every week, with the usual pastoral duties) she remarked, "You certainly showed remarkable patience and determination under difficult circumstances," and added with a smile, "but at times that determination seems to deteriorate into stubbornness."

But Aunt D. was right in her judgment. I had married a heroine. When contemplating the writing of this story of our home life and work in India, paying special tribute to her part in the venture, a friend exclaimed in evident surprise, "But she was not a famous person!" I gave this answer, "No, not at all. Not according to the measurements applied by publicity agents of Hollywood stars. The lepers in India use a different standard in judging heroines."

Thus the honeymoon did not have the smooth and glamorous beginning which was reported in the newspapers. After arriving in India, September, 1912, and taking over the superintendency of the Leper Asylum, it came as a shock when we received several marked copies of certain newspapers from friends in various cities in the homeland. In a full-page sensational display appeared an otherwise factual account of our story. The newspaper account is given in full in Appendix 1.

The unknown soldier at the Raipur Canteen was not conscious of the fact that he was speaking like a prophet; it was indeed a LONG honeymoon, long in distance as well as in time—50,000 miles long geographically, twice around the earth, and 46 years long in duration. It included thousands of miles in India by "tin-lizzie" over rough country roads, often through herds of roaming cattle; by oxcart over dusty field roads, through shady, cooling forests and ripening rice fields; by dug-out or leaky ante-diluvian ferry boat across rivers; carried on the naked backs of perspiring coolies or on a native string-bed through swollen creeks; often trekking "peidel se," by foot (a word from which our word pedal is derived). It was all a part of our honeymoon travel and work.

INDIA BOUND

After a stop-over in Buffalo, New York, to address a young people's convention, our journey was continued via London where we visited the office of the Mission to Lepers. Onward we went through Germany and Switzerland to renew friendships made during my two years' sojourn there. A side trip was made to Detmold to see grandfather Tewes' home which he left to migrate to America in 1847. In Tuebingen, a few days were spent in the home of Professor A. Schlatter, whose son Paul and I shared a room while attending Leipzig University. Paul was the second German soldier killed in the first World War.

On the steamer to India a professor pitied us for volunteering to work among the lepers, and said, "Come with me and teach in Lahore College, there your influence will reach farther than among lepers."

After 14,000 miles of travel, we reached Bombay September 20, 1912, and boarded a train for Raipur, Central Provinces, a trip of 700 miles. From here, Dr. and Mrs. J. Gass sped us on our way for the Chandkuri Asylum, our final destination. On the way we had the pleasure of a brief visit in Bisrampur with Rev. and Mrs. K. W. Nottrott, founder of the Asylum. A three-hour ride in the ox-tonga took us the ten miles to Baitalpur, the Christian village across the main road from the Asylum. Untainted children and several hundred lepers formed two lines along the road singing, dancing and playing native instruments. It was their way of welcoming us to our first home in India. It puzzled us not a little when leper women and girls gathered before the little bungalow, smiling but silent. Mr. Anderson, the Superintendent, asked why they did not return to the Asylum with the other patients. Their spokesman said, "All three previous superintendents were bachelors, for nine years there was no mem-sahib here to care for us women and girls. Now we are very happy that the new superintendent has brought a wife along!" This welcome alone was worth more to Mrs. Davis than to be a professor's wife in Lahore.

References to leprosy and to charms for curing the dread disease are found in one of the earliest books ever written, the ATHARVA VEDA 1:23, which next to the RIG VEDA, compiled between 1500 and 1000 B.C., is the most important of the Vedas, the sacred books of the Hindus.

"O plant! thou sprangest up at night, dusky, dark-colored, black in hue. So Rajani, recolor thou these ashy spots, this leprosy.

"Expel the leprosy, remove from him the spots and ashy hue. Let thine own color come to thee; drive far away the specks of white.

"Dark is the place of thy repose, dark is the place thou dwellest in; dusky and dark, O plant! art thou; remove from him each speck and spot.

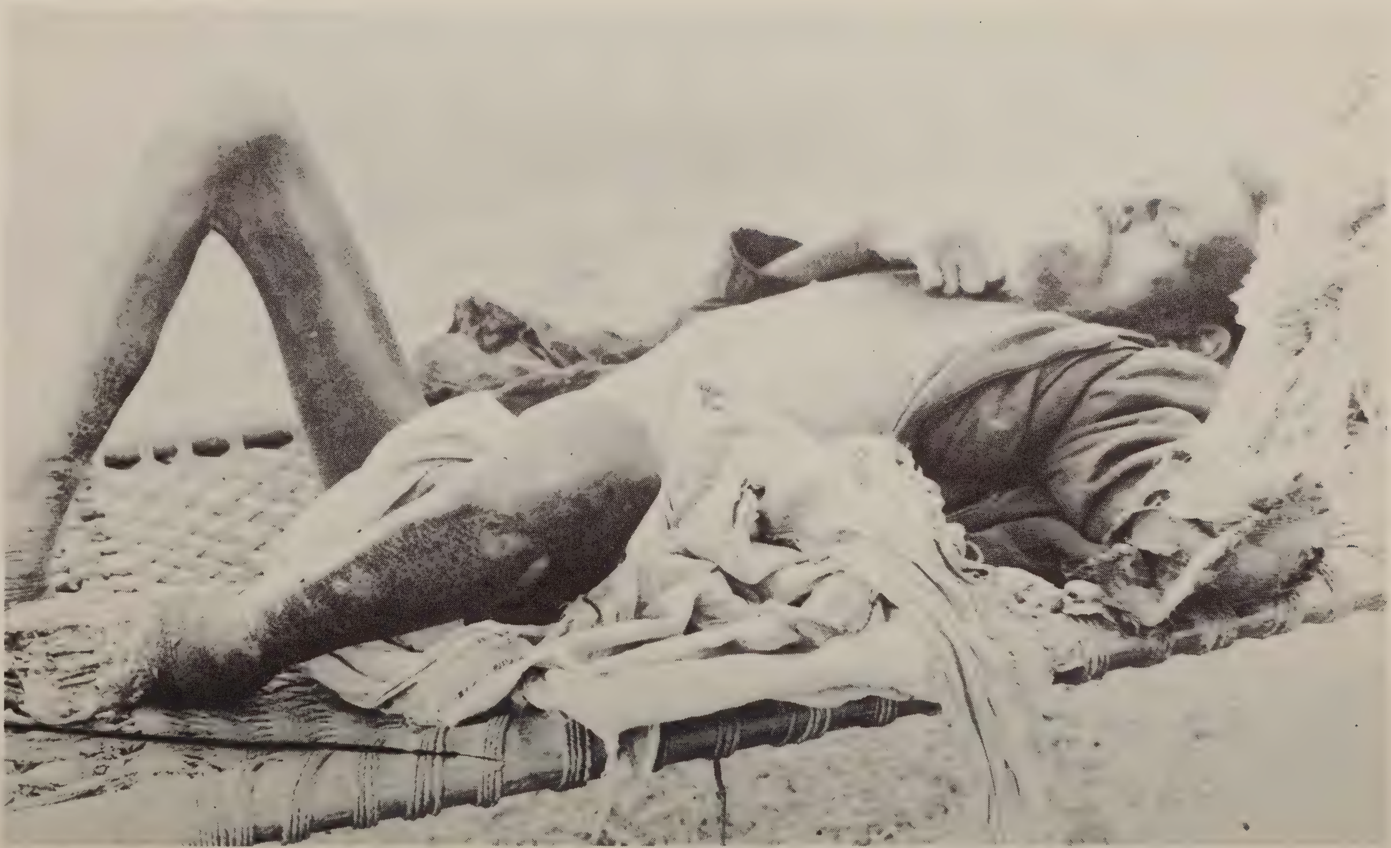
"I with my spell, have chased away the pallid signs of leprosy caused by infection on the skin, sprung from the body, from the bone."

J. Murdock's 'Vedic Hinduism,' page 59

"The leper who has the disease shall wear torn clothes and let the hair of his head hang loose, and he shall cover his upper lip and cry, 'Unclean, unclean'. He shall dwell alone in a habitation outside the camp." *Leviticus 13:45.*

"Give skill to my hands
Clear vision to my mind,
Kindness and sympathy to my heart,
Give singleness of purpose,
Strength to lift at least a part of the burden
of my suffering fellowman,
And a true realization of the privilege that is mine."

"A Physician's Prayer," on the wall of Dr.
Robert G. Cochrane's office in London.



During scarcity and famine years lepers suffered most.

THE ATTRACTION OF REPULSION AMONG THE LEPERS

It was indeed a thrill as we approached within sight of the institution we longed to serve. Moving along the dusty road in the wobbly tonga at the speed of three miles an hour, we had ample time gradually to take in the impressive sight of the fifty freshly whitewashed buildings (now 77) spread out on a rising elevation in the distance along the main highway. Sentinels had been posted to signal the alarm for all who wished to form a double line along the driveway to welcome the new arrivals. On the three-hour twelve-mile journey from Bisrampur, Mr. Nottrott reviewed the history of the Asylum. Both he and Mrs. Nottrott were in a line of four generations of missionaries on both sides of the family, some of whom also served in Purulia, India's largest leper asylum.

The Chandkuri Leper Asylum was begun when a widespread severe famine stalked the land in 1896-97; and, as is usual at such a time, it is the unwanted, outcaste leper who is the first to suffer. When the majority of the people are starving, few have ample supplies to feed the ever-increasing number of begging lepers. The first leper who squatted near the door of the Nottrott home refused to leave, saying, "I can starve to death here as well as elsewhere." A primitive tent-like structure of branches, grass and leaves was built for him. Villagers objected to his presence, but he replied, "If the missionary does not give me food, who will?"

Soon other lepers came, then more came as the rumor had spread that refuge and food were available, free, without begging. Mr. Nottrott could not turn them away to certain death. He tried his utmost to purchase land from Hindus, but they absolutely refused, not wanting a settlement of lepers in their vicinity. Even though he offered double the market rate, they would not sell. A Christian peasant then offered to sell him twenty-five acres. He sent an urgent appeal to the Mission to Lepers, which had been organized only twelve years previously. A contribution from Edinburgh followed, a flow which has never ceased but rather continued to increase more and more as the years passed, so that by 1947 the Society was contributing to the support of 680 inmates in Chandkuri.

Our first tour of the institution, with its 385 adult lepers, 30 leper children and 60 untainted children, was most memorable. The sight of the maimed, deformed hands and feet, marred faces, depressed noses, puffed earlobes which many of them revealed, was not as repulsive as we had thought it might be. Happy smiles more than made up for any facial deformities. At first we were disturbed by the strong, offensive odor, typical of leprous atmosphere, due at that time, perhaps to the undeveloped method of treatment of the disease and scanty bandaging of open sores. But gradually, as more funds, more help, and improved methods of medical treatment became available, this disagreeable odor was reduced considerably.

As Mr. W. H. P. Anderson guided us through the Asylum, we could not help noticing the great affection he had gained during his six years of administration. We soon felt that he was devoted to the patients unreservedly. Their response was inspiring. I quote from my first report to the Mission to Lepers.

"It is not necessary to say how much the lepers love Mr. Anderson. On October 25th they desired to show their affection. Without our knowledge, a farewell celebration was arranged. The Asylum grounds were neatly decorated in an attractive Eastern style. Flags made of red and green cloth fastened to bamboo poles were used to measure off a square 50 by 50 ft. Ropes strung with leaves were tied to these flags, thus making an artistic fence for the enclosure. On the inside of this enclosure a table was set for Mr. Anderson and four other Missionaries. Benches were set up for the healthy attendants and their families. On the outside sat 175 leper women and eight leper girls in rows four deep; 110 leper men and boys were squatting nearby with their native instruments in the centre. These were played several times during the evening. No less than 125 villagers, excluding fifty or more children, were pressing against the ropes, striving to get as close as possible so that nothing might escape their curiosity.

"The sun set quickly and after the very short twilight the full moon began to illumine the scene. The dark, quiet people, clothed in white and colored saris and dhoties, made a rather weird impression in the clear moonlight. 'Nearer, my God, to Thee' was sung in Hindi—the first hymn I was able to read and sing after a language study of three weeks. The caretaker delivered an address on behalf of the inmates and attendants. It was an expression of deep thanks and love to their parting Superintendent. A native (handmade) silver cup and saucer was presented to him as a token of thanks. It was a 'loving cup' in the full sense. It was no easy matter for Mr. Anderson to respond. For him it meant to say farewell to a large group of lepers who had grown dear to him."

As he rode away from our bungalow on his bicycle to the railway station nine miles away and took a last backward look, we noticed he was wiping tears from his eyes. The demonstration and appreciation of the lepers more than compensated him for giving up a $2,400 position as chartered accountant in Boston in exchange for a salary of $600 and an isolated life in a village in the heart of India. On his visit later with Mrs. Anderson (Niece of General Haig) the lepers and staff welcomed him like a great hero, which, in my estimation, he was. To live the lonesome life of a bachelor for six years in a leper colony is no enviable experience. Mr. Anderson then became Secretary of the International Mission to Lepers for India, serving in this capacity for five years, after which he was appointed Secretary for the parent Society in London in 1917. On December 30, 1942, while on the way to an appointment shortly after leaving his office, he suddenly collapsed and died, having devoted thirty-seven years to the welfare of lepers.

Shortly after our arrival (September 12, 1912), Mrs. Davis suggested that she would bake some bread if Mr. Anderson would agree to give assistance as an interpreter. This he welcomed as he had been sending a coolie by foot twenty-two miles to Bilspur every week for, what seemed to me, "consumptive" white bread. I can still see the scene most vividly: Bilwa, the cook, at the center of the table with pots, pans and the necessary ingredients. Step by step, Mrs. Davis told Mr. Anderson how to proceed. Bilwa carefully followed the instructions. The dough was placed in the pan. Proud of their first bread-baking adventure, both instructors joyfully and expectantly went their way, almost tasting the deliciously smelling home-made loaf of bread. After the proper time, Mr. Anderson came to see the result of their combined efforts. Bilwa ceremoniously removed the napkin covering the loaf and displayed the disastrous result. It was only an inch high, hard as hardtack. What had gone wrong? We had previously made a "warmer," a tin lined box with a door and sheet-metal shelf under which could be placed an earthen vessel of charcoal embers to cause the bread to rise. Somewhere in the procedure, the instructions had confused Bilwa, and he had placed the loaf of dough directly in the oven instead of first placing it in the warmer to rise. Mr. Anderson, most graciously tried to console Mrs. Davis, saying, "Don't worry, Mrs. Davis, I've always needed a doorstep at the front door!" The next bread-baking venture was a complete success.

Immediately after the bread incident, we withdrew into the living room where insult was added to harmed dignity. Mr. Anderson sat in a chair he had sold us that morning when he suffered an embarrassing "let down." The chair crashed, sending him sprawling on all fours. Blushing, he looked at the wreck on the floor beside him, saw a piece of leg and a large, white juicy boreworm wriggling in its sawdust. As surprised as he was, Mrs. Davis eased the situation, "Don't worry, Mr. Anderson, the cook needs kindling wood!"

Friends have often inquired about the danger of infection or contagion when serving the lepers. One may actually be safer inside the leper colony where proper precaution is taken than on the outside when mingling with any and all persons in the market place or on the trains where lepers have free access. One day, Mr. P. A.

Penner, superintendent of a neighboring Mission Leper Asylum at Champa, counted sixty-four lepers coming by train from Calcutta 400 miles away, to attend a large popular religious Hindu mela (festival, fair) nearby. All were beggars, traveling in an overcrowded train, looking forward to liberal "pickings" and alms from the tens of thousands of pilgrims, many of whom cheerfully gave them coins, believing firmly that such charity will bring them an abundance of merit. Naturally, many of the lepers displayed their wounds openly to arouse more sympathy. Some shrewdly smeared molasses on their ragged bandages to attract flies and more attention from the pilgrims.

It is estimated that there are more than a million cases of leprosy in India, of whom one-fourth, about 250,000, are considered dangerously infectious. Not more than ten or twelve thousand are in institutions, most of which are managed by Indian Christians and missionaries. Government subsidies augment financial support given by the Mission to Lepers. Outdoor clinics are doing much to wipe out the scourge. In later years, the Chandkuri Leper Asylum, also known as the Lady Clair Asylum, now called Leper Home and Hospital, became famous as a model research leprosarium under the efficient medical leadership of Dr. H. H. Gass, now Professor of Leprology and Dermatology at the Vellore Christian Medical College in South India. At the same time, he superintends research work at a leper hospital nearby.

During our term in the leper colony, we had the pleasure of welcoming Dr. E. Muir, F.R.C.S., as guest and adviser. In 1921, he was called by the Indian Government to become directing research worker in leprosy at the School of Tropical Medicine, Calcutta. Mahatma Gandhi, father of India's freedom, paid him this high tribute, "Dr. Muir is now one of the greatest authorities on the disease." (Harijan, November 18, 1950). In 1949, at the advanced age of 80, Dr. Muir offered his services for three years to the largest Leper Asylum in India, at Purulia.

As in all similar mission hospitals, the day has its routine of prayers, work, classes, treatments, clean-up and rest. Each inmate received a supply of rice regularly, and in addition, a small sum of money to purchase vegetables, spices, cooking oil and fuel. Thus, each leper is a small housekeeper, and the arrangement is a popular one. A weekly market is held for the exclusive patronage of lepers. The money handled by them is disinfected before again going into circulation. Patients with open wounds receive daily treatment under supervision of the doctor, an American nurse and trained leper assistants. These reliable helpers perform their often repulsive duties with considerable skill in a very cheerful and faithful manner. Attendance at daily devotions and Sunday Services was optional. Offerings of rice and money were brought. This money is used to support their evangelist or pastor, also to make contributions to the Bible Society. Once they collected a special amount, $178.86, as a gift to the church in America to express their thanks for continued support. The amounts given from their meager allowance always means self-denial, sometimes to a marked degree.

The celebration of Holy Communion was a most impressive sight, one Mrs. Davis and I could never forget. Five or six were blind lepers and had to be led forward to the altar by others. One blind and lame leper woman had been carried to church by another woman. Others had no toes, and found it difficult to walk forward to the platform. Some showed how brave they were to stand in line even a short time. Several found it necessary to sit on the platform while receiving the elements. It touched one deeply to drop a piece of consecrated bread into the hand of such who had only short stubs of fingers. More than a dozen had not even parts of fingers left to hold the bread which had to be placed between their lips. One woman with only stubs of feet, hence unable to stand erect, crawled forward on all fours to place 26 copper coins on the altar steps as her thank offering; it was her whole month's pocket money allowance. Some came forward courageously and left imprints of open foot sores on the cement floor. Their efforts had caused moisture to penetrate through the bandage. That day 167 lepers partook of the Lord's Supper. Two leper men had to remain in the last row at the door and were not allowed to take part. They had done wrong and were thus being punished. The offering that Sunday was twenty-one rupees for the Bible Society, a very large amount for the lepers.

One day the Provincial Medical Director of Health came with several other government officials to inspect the Asylum. They were amazed at the contented look on the faces of the leper patients. The chief officer, a Moslem, asked his friends, "Why is it that patients in Mission Leper Asylums are always more cheerful and happy than those in Government institutions?" He was told that it was perhaps because their personal worth is more sympathetically recognized.

On one occasion when the Hindu Deputy Commissioner of Raipur District (an area 120x100 miles) was on tour and addressing a large audience, he emphasized two facts which invariably impressed all officials who visited the Asylum, the service ideal of Christians and the happiness of lepers in a Christian institution. I quote from his speech, "No one who has not seen them at work can form an adequate idea of the self-sacrificing devotion to duty of these missionaries who have come several thousand miles to reside in our uncongenial climate amid strange surroundings in quest of what is nothing more than a labor of love. The care they take of these unfortunate people is beyond all praise and it is not an exaggeration to say that we can see more cheerful, happy and contented faces inside the Asylum than in many villages in the Province."

Mrs. Davis' duties were manifold; they consisted primarily of looking after the welfare and interests of the leper women and children. Bayan, a mature woman of higher caste who had a deep religious experience and thorough conception of what is necessary to be a Christian in everyday life, took pleasure in accompanying her on her rounds through the women's wards. Her fingers had disappeared completely, and toeless feet made walking a hardship. Being a burned-out case, that is, non-infectious, there was no great danger from her nearness. It was she who arranged to have one room remain unoccupied in the women's section so that it could be used as a prayer room. It was in this room, as well as in her fellowship with the women in general, that she wielded a wholesome influence, and thus contributed more to the pleasant, harmonious atmosphere among the women than any other patient.

Mrs.. Davis' next great concern was the temporary home for little children who had been separated from their mothers when they entered the Asylum. They were kept in this observation ward for several months before being assigned either to the home for leper children, if infected, or to the home for untainted children, if considered not infected. The fifteen or more older leper children lived in a separate building and attended school daily, in charge of a young man who himself was a leper.

It was the additional work of supervising the two homes for the untainted children which was a more cheerful task for her. Watching their food supply, their clothes, their studies and garden work, with the help of matron and housefather required a considerable amount of her time. The Christmas season was always a happy time throughout the whole institution. In addition to the semiannual distribution of clothes, it was possible through special gifts from friends and churches in the homeland to supply a sumptuous feast (native fashion) for all the inmates. The special treat was lamb for which twenty sheep had to give their life. An extra portion of wheat, molasses, cooking oil, two hundred coconuts to shred and mix with their rice and curry, and 170 lbs. of candy completed the holiday feast. Vegetarian Hindus who do not eat meat were allowed an extra portion of potatoes or fruit. Each person received a small gift of some kind or another, some of which came from other parts of the world due to the generosity of friends.

Several days after Christmas a patient came to complain that a roaming cow had eaten his new cotton blanket, and requested that he be given another. Winking an eye toward me, the caretaker advised him to kill the cow and get it back again. He explained to me in English that the patient had given the blanket to a visiting relative.

Later a group of leper men asked if I would not supply another Christmas gift. Asking them what their special wish was, they explained that they would like me to go to the river with them and shoot a crocodile, so that they could render the fat in order to use the oil to massage their rheumatic joints. I went, crawled stealthily through the underbrush on a high bank overlooking a sandbar below on which a number of crocodiles were sunning themselves, but not knowing crocodile psychology, I was chagrined to see one after another slide into the water faster than I could raise the gun. The lepers consoled me, "Next time, sahib."

On that, our first Christmas in India, the Asylum itself received an odd present. Four lepers and two leper children were lying near the entrance gate, seeking admission. Two of them had been inmates before, but ran off to Calcutta five hundred miles away, believing they would receive more money there as street beggars. Their weak condition, the worn and torn clothes, the open sores revealed the fact that their dreams had not been realized. After the six had been admitted, two others came. The feet of one were so diseased she could not walk, relatives brought her on a buffalo cart, unloaded her unceremoniously and quickly drove away. The last one was totally blind, led by a non-leper beggar.

The following day, another leper man lay before the entrance gate. He had to lie on one side because there was a large wound, the size of the palm of his hand on his other hip. Asked what had caused it, he explained that he had walked a long long way to seek admission into the Asylum. It grew dark before he reached here; being tired he lay down beside the road and built a small fire to keep warm as he had only an abbreviated loincloth. Awakening in the morning, he discovered the burned portion of his hip. This part of his body was a leprous area, without sensation, and he therefore could not be aware of what was happening. He was admitted, the medical attendant cleaned and bandaged the sore.

Remembering the joyful celebrating group of the day before, and then seeing the disowned, discarded, unfortunate applicants pleading to be admitted into the institution, one soon becomes aware of the prevailing tone of comfort and happiness pervading the whole Asylum, which is actually what the word originally implies, a haven and refuge. One cannot help comparing the joy of the inmates with the miserable lot of the leper on the outside, wandering from place to place, homeless, shunned, whose very relatives sometimes disown him. Often when released from the institution after the disease has been arrested and is no longer infectious, relatives are reluctant to receive them back into the family circle. Leprosy carries a stigma that is difficult to erase. The leper, even of higher caste, is discriminated against when applying for life insurance. The Hindu marriage-act allows a person to divorce a leprous mate. One can well understand why so many leave their village and flock to the big city in order to beg. Calcutta alone reports 30,000 known registered cases. One Indian leader lamented that "Roaming, sacred cows are given better attention and receive more consideration than the leper. What are we Indians doing to check the disease? It is the greatest shame for us that our lepers should be cared for by foreign people from the West." Few with deformed hands or feet can work to earn their livelihood. In fact, few would even find employment even if able to do so. Acute and chronic infection of the feet, for instance, is often most tragic as few lepers are able to purchase sandals or shoes to protect them. When the sensory nerves of the foot have been destroyed, injuries from broken glassware or thorns are not felt and the wounds, unless cared for promptly, refuse to heal. There were cases even among the patients of our homes where rats gnawed at the insensitive toes or fingers while the Leper was asleep.

When returning from the usual tour among the lepers one day, we met a high caste village chief whose abrupt greeting took the form of an accusation. "It is not right for you to serve the lepers. It is absolutely wrong." I explained that our guru (religious teacher, spiritual preceptor) had commanded his followers to cleanse the lepers. He objected, "Would you unlock the gates of the Raipur jail and permit the five hundred or more prisoners to go free?" I admitted that I would not do so, as they should suffer the just penalty for the crime committed. "Exactly," he replied, "in like manner, the lepers are in the prison of leprosy, outcaste from family and society, because they were guilty of some crime or other in a previous birth, and must now pay the penalty; and if they suffer nobly without complaining, they may then be rewarded by being reborn into a higher, healthy caste." I countered with the argument that prisoners in jail knew very definitely for which crime they were being penalized, whereas no leper could know for which evil deed he was being punished by the gods. Moreover, I added, no teacher punishes a pupil, no parent spanks a child, no court convicts a prisoner without first informing them very clearly of what wrong they were guilty. How then could the gods be so unjust as to inflict such severe punishment on an innocent person without letting him know the reason? I also asked him the embarrassing question, "Where would *you* go and what would *you* do if you suddenly developed leprosy? Would you accept my invitation to come to our hospital for treatment and perhaps be cured?" He remained silent. We parted as friends, agreeing to disagree.

It was a generally held Hindu belief that a leprous person contaminates even fire by his touch. In a court case, one judge reported that "the affliction of leprosy was a ground for passing over the rights of a son, be he even the eldest, to the inheritance of the father's estate, the reason being that a leprous person cannot kindle the fire for cremating his father when dead, a solemn duty resting upon every Hindu son."

Fortunately, leprosy, now more generally known as Hansen's disease, is not hereditary. No mother can pass it on to her unborn child. But it has been established that children are most susceptible, and that by far the great majority of cases are acquired in early childhood. It is not definitely known how long the incubation period of lepra bacilli may be before showing outward symptoms. From the time the Asylum was established, the wise custom was followed to separate all children from their leper parents who came to seek admission. The separated children were cared for in an isolation ward until it was more or less definitely ascertained whether they were infected or untainted. Parents were allowed to see and converse with their children on Sunday afternoons, but the untainted ones were not permitted to come in physical contact with them. When detected in its early stages, and modern treatment and a nourishing diet supplied, many cases of leprosy can be arrested, so that the patient may be released from the hospital and re-enter public life again. Such patients are earnestly advised to return periodically for a check-up.

Among the many buildings at Chandkuri are two called "Government Wards," surrounded by a high wire fence, the only portion of the complex of buildings guarded by a watchman day and night. They were called government lepers, namely lepers arrested as dangerous infectious cases, found begging in the market places and streets. Under police escort, they were brought to our Asylum and held in semi-imprisonment. But why should they have been sent to us, two hundred miles from Nagpur where Government had erected a spacious building to accommodate several hundred such cases? For two reasons: because so many of them absconded and because it was difficult to find men and women who would cheerfully dedicate themselves to this kind of service, even under the inducement of higher pay. Hence government arranged to send the thirty-two remaining inmates as well as others to be arrested, to Chandkuri. The government report of the transfer is enlightening, "It was decided to abolish the Nagpur Asylum as that institution had not justified its existence."

A NEW TENSE IN THE LEPER'S GRAMMAR

Grammar was always a dry, unattractive subject. The opportunity to study several languages did not alter the fact. But never did the full meaning of a minor change in the use of tenses strike me so forcibly as during a certain celebration in our Asylum. Ordinarily lepers use grammar as correctly as the average American, but the past years one had heard them using a certain form of the verb "to be" in the present tense: "I am a leper," or "he is a leper." In this form its usage became so ingrained in one's idiom regarding lepers that a radical change introducing a new tense arrests one's attention like a flash out of the clear blue sky. The sentence in which I first heard this historical change of the leper's grammar will remain vivid in my memory until death. Nothing can eradicate it. No one incident or experience so touched my emotions as did this one little grammatical change from a word of two letters to one of three. It was no longer necessary for all lepers to use the present tense "I am a leper," because some patients have become fortunate enough to use the new tense, the past tense, and can now say, "I WAS a leper."

The setting of the incident contributed considerably to the deep and lasting impression it made on me. In order to understand the full meaning of the story, it is necessary to go back to the tragic beginning of the case.

A young famine couple strayed to Calcutta and died shortly after the wife gave birth to a little girl. That was in 1909. The child was adopted by Mrs. Ada Lee of Calcutta fame and received the name Muriel Lee. She became a teacher after graduating from a teacher's training school in Jubblepur where she also became proficient in three languages, Bengali, Hindi and English. One day the superintendent of the Training School noticed suspicious marks on her body. Local treatment brought no change or relief. To the regret of teachers and pupils, she was compelled to discontinue her

Muriel "was once a leper."

studies and go to Calcutta for a thorough examination. Here Dr. E. Muir, India's foremost specialist for tropical diseases, including leprosy, made a study of her case and pronounced it to be leprosy. Mrs. Lee had the sad duty of breaking the news to Muriel and her friends. They all wept together. Kind missionaries sent her to one and then to another leper asylum, but even after two years of treatment there were few signs of progress. In December, 1929, she was sent to Chandkuri, but had little hope that any improvement would take place. Life no longer had interest for her. She confessed that it was no easy matter to become resigned to her condition as one intended for her by God. Retaining a little hope, she submitted conscientiously to continued treatment.

A year later we were invited to attend a welcome service in honor of Miss M. Kroehler, newly arrived nurse from America. An enthusiastic crowd had gathered in the church to greet her, 550 lepers, 90 untainted children, the hospital staff and a dozen missionaries. Hymns were sung, a sermon preached, the Indian doctor and a leper spoke kind words of welcome on behalf of all present. The leper women also sought permission to be represented on this auspicious occasion. They chose Muriel to be their spokesman. Stepping before Miss Kroehler she read the address of welcome in English. The first sentences were not unusual, they even seemed formal, I don't even recall their content, but then came what was for me the climax: "I *WAS* once a leper and I know . . ." I heard no more of her speech, my whole thought was completely focused on that one little phrase, "I WAS once a leper." This new tense in the leper's grammar struck me like a revelation, I had never heard it from the lips of a leper before. A special intonation of her voice when pronouncing the word "WAS" made it all the more significant and important. My mind began to wander. I recalled the visit to Marine Hospital No. 66, the U. S. National Leprosarium at Carville, Louisiana. Thence my mind wandered to the Mennonite Mission Asylum at Champa, 60 miles from Chandkuri, with its 450 lepers; my memory raced to the municipal asylum in Raipur nearby, then superintended by our own Dr. J. Gass, Sr. I closed my eyes and saw the many lepers begging at railway stations and on the streets of the large cities, but nowhere did I have the thrill of hearing a leper say, "I WAS once a leper." True enough, I had read the past two years that now and then patients were discharged as arrested cases or even as no longer infectious, that is, symptom-free. I knew that the Rev. J. H. Schultz, superintendent at the time, had the pleasure of reporting 17 lepers symptom-free during the previous twelve-month period. Of this number 7 who had become non-infectious were permitted to leave the institution. And ten former leper children in whom the disease had been arrested were transferred to the home for healthy children. But never before had the significance of a cure, as far as medical science can pronounce it so, impressed itself so strikingly on my mind as it had at that moment.

It does indeed make a great difference for the person concerned, whether he must say, "I AM a leper" or if he can say, "I WAS once a leper."

When relating the incident in detail to Mrs. Lee while I was visiting in Calcutta a few weeks later, her joy and that of the guests at her table was so great that a shadow of doubt arose in my mind, fearing that a wishful imagination had exaggerated the facts, perhaps I had even heard wrongly. Upon my request Mr. Schultz sent me a copy of her speech. I read it with the same emotions which gripped me when she was reading it. No magazine has ever printed a more prize-worthy short story. A literary artist with the necessary historical and medical background could easily produce a 500-page book on the basis of these 193 words, only six of which contain more than two syllables.

"Dear Sister,

We are very happy that you came at last and that you are now in our midst. We thank God that He brought you here, safe and sound, we welcome you with our whole heart. I speak especially for the leper women, for I *WAS* once a leper woman. I know what the particular sorrows and trials of these my sisters are. We rejoice and thank God that we have a big sister who can help us where others could not help us, no matter how well they meant it. Leprosy is a terrible disease. Those of us who have it, or who have had it, know what sorrow it brings. In these our sorrows and pains you have come to nurse us and to comfort us. Much of our happiness and future health depend on you and we pray God that He may make you a wonderful blessing in our midst. We prayed much for a nurse to come and praise God for having heard us. He has indeed heard our prayers and sent you; as a gift from Him we welcome you."

Muriel was then living in the Home for Untainted Children and teaching a class of 40 girls in the village mission school. "Here", she told me, "I wish to spend my life in the service of others as so many friends have spent their life in serving me." She was considered an arrested case, which for all practical purposes meant that she was cured. She remained under observation and continued to receive treatment, a method usually observed a year, after all symptoms of the disease have disappeared. Muriel's story has a sad ending.

Saul, son of leper parents, won the Silver Character Cup.

After receiving nurse's training she served several years in the Naini Mission Leper Asylum near Allahabad. While riding her bicycle to the Asylum one morning Jan. 1941 she was stabbed to death by a Moslem.

The story of Saul, an untainted boy who developed leprosy, has a happier ending. During the nine months Mrs. Davis was confined to her sick-bed our conversations frequently concerned India and one question she often asked on my daily visits was, "Any letters from India?" She wondered, for instance, how Saul was progressing as she had a very special interest in him. For three years he had been in her care as a hostel boy while attending the English Mission School in Mahasamund. The teachers and pupils had voted him to be the best boy that year for which he received the Mrs. Davis Character Cup. Being a son of leper parents it was quite an honor to have been chosen to receive the recognition, the more so as he was one of only 45 Christian students, the other 150 being Hindus and Moslems. To her great joy this letter arrived from Saul 6 months before she passed away.

> Chandkuri, India.
> March 8, 1958
>
> "Dear Father and Mother in the Lord—
>
> Our hearty greetings to you. This evening before writing this letter we meditated on I Cor., 13:12.13. It is with great sorrow that we heard from one of the missionaries about your serious illness. Since then we remember you in our daily prayers. Many years have passed since I graduated from the school in Mahasamund, and many changes have taken place until I could reach the goal for which I was studying. Dear Mother, I am sure your spirit is with me and I often see you in my mind's picture. May God's peace be with you during your illness. I value the gift of the Mrs. Davis Character Cup, it is on my desk as a continued reminder of your motherly love. Again I wish and pray that God may grant you courage and peace of mind.
>
> Greetings and love,
> Yours obediently,
> (signed) Saul Mohan and family."

I at once wrote to Mrs. William Baur, wife of the Chandkuri superintendent, to kindly send more information regarding Saul whom we had seen but seldom for 15 years. Here is the complete story.

"Saul was brought to the Chandkuri Leprosy Home in 1929 at the age of three. Both parents had leprosy; when they came and were admitted for treatment they brought Saul, his older brother and sister who were placed in the healthy Children's Home. From the beginning we find recorded on Saul's card that he was 'a good boy and obedient'. His life in the boarding home was uneventful —along with the other boys he ate, slept, played and went to school. He entered the primary school at the usual age of seven, did well in his classes, was promoted each year and finished the fourth class in 1937. There was no Middle School in Baitalpur at that time, that is, none beyond the fourth grade. The closest Middle School was in Raipur (50 miles away), but it was felt that it would be better for Saul to go further away where it was less probable that his reputation as a 'child of lepers' would follow him. Hence he was sent to Mahasamund to continue his studies. There he completed the 5th, 6th, and 7th classes. A dark cloud then descended upon him.

In the usual annual examination of untainted children, a patch was discovered which proved to be an active lesion of leprosy. Saul had to be kept home to receive treatment. He was very much interested in the work of the hospital and was engaged as an errand boy. As he learned well and did satisfactory work more responsibilities were given him. While doing this work he developed the ambition to become a trained nurse and during the five long years of treatment he never wavered in this ambition.

When he finally became free of all signs of leprosy, he asked to be allowed to continue his studies. He was then 19 years old and 3 years beyond the age when boys are normally sent out of the Home. Since he was no longer a patient, the Mission to Lepers' rule did not permit us to continue his support. But there was a special friend in the United States who sent the necessary money making it possible for him to attend the Middle School another year, three years in the High School and four years for nurse's training. All these years we had considerable doubt, wondering if Saul would really have the perseverance to continue throughout the long drag until his goal was achieved. Every letter from him or from his supervisors was opened with apprehension. But we received only good reports from the school and there was never any doubt in his mind about finishing his course.

Finally, in 1953, the goal was reached and Saul became a trained registered nurse. He was appointed to the staff of the Chandkuri Leprosy Hospital. He worked faithfully and convinced us that the long years of training had not been in vain. After earning and saving money for the future, he married a girl from one of Baitalpur village families. She has been a good wife, mother and housekeeper. In due time a daughter was born, they named her Skakuntala. They also have a son, Saul.

Two years ago Saul was sent to Vellore Medical College for training in physiotherapy, especially in relationship to leprosy patients. Our doctor had been sent previously to learn new techniques of hand and foot surgery under Dr. Paul Brand. This particular surgery is the transplantation of tendons in crippled and useless hands and feet to rehabilitate patients, especially those with non-infectious leprosy. These operations require several weeks of therapy before and after they are performed. This is done through baths, exercises, massage, electric stimulation and plaster casts. These are the things that Saul learned to do at Vellore and returned to set up our first full-fledged physio-therapy department. In this he is making a very worthwhile contribution to the future happiness and usefulness of leprosy patients."

WE WANT TO GET MARRIED

We were both studiously applying ourselves to the preparation for our Hindi language examination which was to take place two days hence. Our conversational Hindi was tolerable, but to write an essay in that language and to translate a passage from classical English prose into Hindi and to write clearly and correctly to the satisfaction of the Hindu pundit and members of the missionary language committee was a real worry. That certain afternoon, we had spent several hours together examining each other when Mrs. Davis noticed someone at the door, coughing and coughing, the Indian equivalent of our knocking on a door. There stood two of the older boys from the untainted home. Timidly and modestly they entered, shuffling from one foot to another, each one looking sheepishly to the other to act as spokesman. One finally blurted out, "shadi karenge,"—we want to get married. It did not require much effort on our part to induce them to give us the names of the girls whom they wished to marry. As promised, Mrs. Davis called the two girls the next day and "popped the question" on behalf of the two suiters. They pulled their sari over the mouth as a sign of modesty, at the same time concealing a giggle, looked steadily downward, but said not a word. Both pretended to be surprised as if to say, "it's so sudden," although the matron had informed Mrs. Davis before their arrival that there had been a secret understanding between them and the boys for some months. The schoolmaster had told her that the boys had been rather attentive to them in school, and that he had surprised them several times conversing furtively behind the school on their way home. One of the girls, more talkative than the other, said they were willing to be engaged to the boys. Before leaving our presence, one whispered to the other with the definite purpose that we should overhear the remark, "Do you know what the boys will do to feed and clothe us?" Glancing toward Mrs. Davis, the other one merely shrugged her shoulders, tilting her head toward the memsahib, as if to say, let the missionary worry. That significant gesture not only interrupted language study, it really disturbed us, especially Mrs. Davis. They and we knew only too well from experience that people shunned even the untainted children of leprous parents; they were not welcome in public schools, they were not wanted as employees. The sting of leprosy clung to them even though they had no trace of the disease. It was agreed to have the wedding after the language examination, which we fortunately passed and could then continue studying for the second one a year hence. Since practically all our work was done through the medium of the Hindi language, it was our desire to learn it well.

One day, while I was entering the names of a young couple in the marriage register, the question suggested itself: "What has become of all our married untainted boys and girls?" And with it came the thought: "How many of them have developed leprosy *after* their marriage?" As a result of these and further thoughts, a list was made of the 124 untainted boys and girls who had been married during the 20-year period from 1903 to 1923 (the 80 boys and girls then in the homes for the untainted children are not now under consideration), and an investigation was made to satisfy personal curiosity and interest. The result is herewith passed on to others interested in the work, but especially to those less informed friends who may still have the old impression that leprosy is hereditary. The ascertained facts may incidentally reassure the many loyal supporters of the Mission to Lepers that their interest and gifts are indeed accomplishing much.

The 124 youths concerned (43 boys and 81 girls) attended the Middle Vernacular School of the American Evangelical Mission, and not a few of them passed the examination of the seventh class. As there were many more girls than boys, 39 of them married young Christian men who were not sons of leper parentage. Only one untainted boy married a girl of the village congregation; the other 42 boys have untainted girls as wives. Each one of these 124 untainted children had lived with a leper parent, or parents, on an average of at least five years before being placed in the Untainted Children's Homes. It should be remembered that some children are brought to the Asylum after the age of 5 years. It is therefore a most encouraging fact that only two of the 124 became lepers after their marriage. It is possible, and most probable, that these two had the germs of the disease before entering the home.

Prabhudas and Hanna, healthy children of leper parents, were trained to become teachers.

It may be only fair to state that during the same period of twenty years, 15 other children showed signs of leprosy before their earliest age for marriage, that is before their sixteenth year; those were placed in the homes for leper boys and girls. Had it been possible at the time of separating those 15, as well as other children, from their parents and to make microscopic tests, it might have been discovered that some of them were harbouring leper germs even before taken from their leprous parents.

But we are now taking into account those only who were considered free from the disease at the time of marriage—considered untainted, not because any scientific test was made to ascertain whether they were infected or not, but only because the naked eye noticed no outward sign that they were lepers. Most likely all untainted children in every up-to-date institution are now thoroughly examined at different intervals in order to give timely treatment if necessary—for naturally a young case is more responsive to treatment than an advanced case. When we recall the fact that in 75 cases both parents were lepers; in 19 cases the father only; in 16 cases the mother only; in 4 cases a grandparent, and in one case a brother (in 8 cases contagion could not be ascertained), when we thus remember that three-fifths of the 124 children had both a leper father and a leper mother, and lived with them an average of five years, it is truly remarkable that thus far only two developed leprosy after their marriage, i.e. after about the sixteenth year. Surely it pays to separate the children from their leper parents as soon as possible.

Most of the 124 youths who thus escaped the disease are not only useful citizens but also fair Christians (20 have died during the twenty years). At least 36 of them have become teachers, usually in mission schools; 3 Biblewomen; 3 compounders; 3 evangelists; 2 servants; 2 carpenters; 2 masons; 1 colporteur; 1 blacksmith; others are farmers and laborers. A few have disappeared among the masses in Calcutta.

During one of his welcome visits, Mr. Anderson related this interesting incident of disciplinary action. Two leper women had been quarreling rather frequently, perhaps more for pastime than for any real cause. They continued to do so in spite of repeated warnings. He found it necessary to fine them a few coppers as punishment. When the caretaker deducted the assessed amounts from their weekly allowance, one of them revealed a sense of humor when she exclaimed aloud so that all the assembled women could hear it, "The sahib is collecting money so that he can get married." We had a similar experience. A number of women complained that two certain inmates were indulging in the sport of quarreling so long and frequently that others could not sleep. Following Mr. Anderson's precedent, they were also fined a small amount. Yet they continued to fight. In desperation, both were locked in a small vacant room where they could quarrel as loudly as they wished and as long as they desired. After an hour we went to unlock the door and invited them to come out. They made no move to leave and one of them said rather sarcastically, "We have not yet received our money's worth." Standers-by enjoyed the humor of the remark as much as we did and after a lively conversation complete harmony was restored, at least temporarily.

One evening two village women were quarreling far into the night. I suggested to their husbands who were congenially conversing with each other nearby to stop them. One of them replied that it was their pastime, not to rob them of the joy. But it continued until after midnight. The nightwatchman was sent to end the quarrel. He returned with the information that their husbands were fast asleep and he would not venture to interfere. I then suggested to Mrs. Davis that she accompany me to the village to make a final attempt to end the wrangling. It was a dark night. Avoiding the bungalow watchman and escaping the village watchman on our way, we sat on a log along the path near the four-foot wall surrounding the courtyard where the fray was going on. An old man just then spied us in our white clothes, stepped closer, leaned over to assure himself he was not seeing ghosts and called out, "Sahib, memsahib, what on earth are you doing here on this dark night?" I signalled him to be quiet and explained that we were soon returning to our country on furlough but had not yet learned how to quarrel or to use foul, abusive language, hence we came here to learn from these women how to do it. His voice reached the women, both came to the wall, leaned over immediately above our heads and asked what was going on. He told them in exaggerated detail. It amused them immensely, they looked at each other, laughed aloud at the queer ambition of the missionary and continued to discuss the matter among themselves even after we left—our aim had been achieved, the quarrel ceased, harmony and peace reigned once again.

While in the homeland on a deputation tour in 1914, I visited twelve-year old Wilbur Chapman of White Cloud, Kansas, who had received a small gift of money from his uncle and invested it in the purchase of a little pig, hoping to raise and later sell it so that with the money received he might support a leper. Sunday School children helped him to fatten "Pete the Pig." The story was published in the S.S. Times and caught the church's imagination throughout the country. Little crockery piggy banks were manufactured and within a short time the American branch of the Mission to Lepers distributed four thousand. The slogan was adopted, "not corn in the ear but coin in the back." Little did I then think that this custom would have a humorous, almost embarrassing repercussion some years later in our Chandkuri leper church. It happened on the occasion of dedicating a stained glass window in the chancel, a gift from the Anderson family in honor of Mr. Anderson's father. It was a beautiful day, the church was overcrowded, many lepers and visiting Indian guests were sitting around the outside before the high double front and eight double side doors. Christians, Hindus and Moslems were present to pay tribute to the former superintendent, even though he could not be present. The Rev. Dr. J. Gass, Sr., President of our Mission, missionaries F. A. Goetsch, T. C. Seybold and I occupied chairs in the center of the chancel. At the close of the inspiring service a visiting missionary (J.C.K.) explained to the leper audience and visitors how leper work was being liberally supported by voluntary gifts from Christians in Europe and America. He ended his informal talk by telling the story of Wilbur and the piggy banks. We in the chancel looked at each other dubiously, would he use the word PIG, so repulsive to Moslems and abhorrent to Hindus? Soon we noticed the speaker was blushing to the back of his neck, haltingly seeking an acceptable word in place of pig. At last he found it. "The banks," he said, "were made in the form of 'ek prakar ki Chiriya,' a certain kind of bird." The situation was saved. For many years the riddle circulated among the missionaries, "When is a pig a bird?"

A NEW LEPER CLINIC

After the death of our pioneer missionary 'Sadhu Hagenstein' who had spent thirty-one years in India without ever taking a furlough in America or even a vacation in India, we were transferred to Passabhader to become his successors. Soon thereafter the government conducted a survey in the area to ascertain to what extent leprosy was endemic in the district. Officials were at last becoming conscious of the fact that government should also attack the problem of caring for some of India's estimated million lepers. Until then (1931) there were very few government or municipal leper asylums. It became widely known that in the previous year the Mission to Lepers had contributed 835,000 rupees (then about $300,000) to help care for the 7,245 lepers and 880 untainted children in various institutions throughout India; at that time most of them were managed by honorary missionary superintendents. Government itself was granting only half that amount as subsidy.

The lead and impetus given in the past by the pioneer Christian forces in India and the inspiration of the newly organized British Empire Leper Relief Association encouraged the Government to join them in attacking the leper scourge. Only as a result of thorough surveys could it be known to what extent leprosy actually existed. It was generally known that many victims of the disease kept the fact a secret, and when possible observed strict privacy, hiding themselves from the public. This inclination to conceal themselves became more pronounced during each decennial census operation when the inquisitive census-worker aroused their suspicion. He might divulge the carefully kept secret of their disease or might even give police the information. In many provinces the law allowed police to arrest a leper who might endanger public health. He could be sent to designated asylums as a semi-prisoner.

Only gradually did it also become known that this most aristocratic, high caste lepra bacillus refused to associate with any other than God's highest creature—man, respecting the wealthy no more than the poor. In reply to my inquiry if leprosy can be transferred to animals, Dr. H. H. Gass informs me that "Only quite recently some work has been done wherein a claim has been made of successful transfer of the Mycobacterium Leprae to a hybrid type of mice. This has as yet not been confirmed by other workers. But it does look hopeful." Dr. Gass adds the information that "The most effective drug discovered so far for treating leprosy is diaminodiphenylesulphone, called D.D.S. for short, or Dapsone."

It was the more economically secure lepers who could easily remain in seclusion. Many of them would rather suffer in isolation than venture forth to a leper hospital for treatment. Gradually this fear of adverse public opinion and the loss of prestige is disappearing. The sting of being branded an outcaste leper is no longer inflicted on one suffering from the disease as was the custom heretofore. The official leprosy specialist in our area, Dr. D. Mukerji, said to me in this connection, "It is, however, expected that after several more years of propaganda, work in the *missionary spirit* will restore their confidence."

A government survey in 1931 found 6,274 lepers in our geographical Chhattisgarh Division, three times as many as were enumerated in the 1921 census. One result of this survey was that the British Civil Surgeon of Raipur District requested us to open a leper clinic in Arjuni, six miles from Parsabhader, the village in which we were then living. An area of sixty villages was assigned to the venture. In the government-conducted survey of these sixty villages, having a total population of 25,000 within a six-mile radius of Arjuni, which was to be the center, sixty-one lepers were found.

We then sent an evangelist to tour these same sixty villages and he discovered forty-two more lepers. Of the total 103 lepers, 57 were men, 45 women, 61 at once volunteered to visit the clinic regularly every week. Seventeen different castes were represented. Immanuel, the trained compounder (pharmacist) from our dispensary in Parsabhader, himself the untainted son of leper parents, cycled there weekly on Arjuni market day to treat all lepers who came. He was assisted by a more experienced member of the Chandkuri Asylum who came fifteen miles on bicycle every week.

At our request, a wealthy Hindu village chief donated 600 rupees to erect the modest brick building, one portion of which housed the dispensary and the other part served as living quarters for the retired Christian teacher whom we employed to do follow-up work, visiting the lepers in their villages, encouraging those who did not come regularly. He also dispensed ordinary medicines for simple ailments. It was this Suleman who was buried alive in a shallow grave by his starving mother in the 1897 famine. Another woman passing by discovered the clods of hard earth loosely packed on the child, rescued him, and brought him to the missionary at Parsabhader who nursed him back to life in the Orphanage and later sent him to Normal School to be trained as a teacher. It was his winsome personality and sympathetic understanding which enabled him to win people's confidence. He found several more lepers missed previously. For us this undertaking had one sad and discouraging feature; a number of the lepers experienced such a marked improvement in their health after the first injections that they ceased coming before completing the treatment.

THE IDEAL OF SERVICE

Some years later our mission dedicated a new hospital for nonlepers across the main highway opposite the Chandkuri Asylum. The Prime Minister of the Province, a staunch, conservative Brahmin was invited to take part in the dedication. With him came a retinue of Hindu officials. A large group of Hindus and Christians were assembled for the occasion. His impressive address was delivered in perfect Hindi which all those present could appreciate and understand. With a graceful wave of his outstretched hand and pointing to the complex of leper buildings across the street and to the new hospital, he used two English words in his concluding sentence, "It is my daily prayer that the same *missionary zeal* you see demonstrated here may be my portion also." A rather significant tribute and wish from the mouth of an orthodox Hindu high official in the presence of other Hindus.

Not long after India became independent, 1946, the Central Government decided to erect a modern leper asylum in each of the eight or nine Provinces. The crux of the proposed venture did not seem to be money, but rather the difficulty of staffing such institutions. It was generally known that Hindus were reluctant to serve in leper colonies. To overcome this difficulty it was thought that as inducements higher salaries might be offered than were paid in other hospitals, or that children's allowance might be granted as fringe benefits, or that permission could be given to augment their salaries by practice outside the Asylum, (a custom usually not followed in mission hospitals). None of these plans seemed to give assurance that well-trained men would volunteer to enter service in the contemplated leper hospitals. To my knowledge the Government has not yet erected any model institution for the care and cure of lepers as originally planned.

The Rev. William Baur, many years superintendent of the Asylum, relates an experience which substantiates the difficulty. He gives a vivid impression of two friends who visited him and Mr. H. H. Gass, M.D., medical superintendent at the time. "An incident stands out very clearly in my mind. Two Indian men, one a strong supporter of Gandhi's political Congress Party, the other a good humanitarian, were actively interested in establishing private leprosariums. They had been here before, but this time they remained three days as our guests. I discovered that they were after a blue-print as to how we and the Board in America go about it in recruiting people for leprosy work. This gave me a good opportunity to tell them of my own experience and I tried to bring home to them that the seed for this type of service is planted in childhood in Christian homes, and that you cannot expect to go out and pick up people at short notice. It also gave me a chance to tell them about Christ and what we learn from Him in the New Testament, the command to heal the sick, and the strength He gives His followers for such work. I continued, 'I ask you to search your own Scriptures for that kind of motivation. It is not for me to say whether it is to be found there or not; but if you do not find it, I recommend this Book in which you will surely find it.' It was at that time that I coined the phrase, 'They seek the fruit without the root'." His experience thus verified that of other missionaries who were keen observers of similar humanitarians.

This question of motivation has puzzled many Indian leaders for a long time. During the struggle for independence one of Mahatma Gandhi's leading co-workers told me how they were striving to win the rural people to support the cause, but were not successful. He complained bitterly that young men were not willing to suffer the inconveniences of primitive village life and added, "If we could inspire them to live and serve in villages—as you missionaries do, the peasants would then rally in large numbers to our flag of independence."

Early one morning while waiting for the arrival of a train, I was approached by a friend, the Raipur Deputy Commissioner, a pious Parsee who gave 75% of his income to the temple. Apologizing, he requested permission to ask a personal question. "For several years," he explained, "I have been observing you missionaries and have noticed that you are always cheerful and enthusiastic in your work, serving in schools, in hospitals, in villages, in leper asylums; now may I ask, what is your diet?" The question stunned me not a little, revealing the confused conception he had regarding the source of our devotion and happiness in the work. Tactfully, I tried to make it clear that it was not what we ate that supplied the joy and dynamic, but rather our devotion inspired by Christ.

There may be two primary reasons why the Indian mind was diverted from extending active service to others than their own immediate family and caste members. Belief in '*Karma*' constitutes a basic belief of Hinduism. *Karma* represents the law of retribution and the endless transmigration of souls from one life to another in this world. Evil action creates a debt which must be paid; if it cannot be paid off in this life, then it must be paid off in a future life. *Karma* is the law of cause and effect, whereby one's actions in a given incarnation determine his character and the state of his future existence. Forgiveness is impossible, man's condition must not be interfered with or changed. This dogma is an ancient attempt to explain the law of justice. Firmly believed and rigidly observed, this inexorable doctrine is not conducive to altruistic service but rather a hindrance to the development of a social conscience and of responsibility for the welfare of mankind generally. To this may be added a second reason.

In order to ascertain what Hinduism's primary religious Scripture, the Bhagavad Gita* teaches about service to one's fellowman, several times I read the Hindi version of this great religious book held sacred by all Hindus and admired by many outside the Hindu fold. My purpose was to seek all references mentioning the idea of serving others. The book contains several inspiring lists of virtues and characteristics of true piety, but the word "service" pertaining to serving others occurs only twice.

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*Compiled about 200 B.C. and made famous by Arnold's translation as "The Lord's Song'.

> "The religious preceptor will give his disciple knowledge in exchange for service." (4:34)
>
> "It is the inborn nature of a Sudra (low caste person) that he must serve the higher castes." (18:44)

In the first verse it is more or less an agreement, a business proposition of "give and take"; the second verse actually leads to serfdom. In neither case does the word approximate the Christian conception of service. It is furthermore interesting to note that the expressive and meaningful words "serve," "service," as used today are derived from the Hindi word "seva." Taken to Europe during the vast migrations of what became the Indo-Germanic race several centuries before the time of Christ, the word became vitalized and hallowed by the spirit of Christ giving it a deeper content and thus manifestly enriching its meaning. In view of the fact that the word had its origin also among the related Aryans who migrated into India, one may rightly wonder why the idea behind it failed to create more altruism and social action among Hindus outside the closely-knit family and beyond the caste group.

If, for instance, the story of the Prodigal Son or the Good Samaritan were inserted in the text of the Bhagavad Gita, it would easily be recognized as a foreign element, an interpolation quite contrary to the dominant dogma and spirit of *Karma*. Modern Hindu pundits are inclined to soften and liberalize the rigid, inexorable implications of this *Karma* doctrine in order to justify and encourage more humanitarian work. It may be that this is what a member of Nehru's cabinet had in mind when addressing the All India Depressed Class League lately: "The problem facing the depressed classes is also a religious one, and it is necessary to bring about *changes in the fundamentals of the Hindu religion.* To remove their disabilities the work of a Saint in politics with missionary zeal is required." (Guardian, November 12, 1959.) This ideal of service and missionary zeal is permeating Indian thinking at a rapid pace. When his social helpers were losing enthusiasm in his program for village-uplift work, Gandhi admonished them, "I wish you would go to the missionaries, observe how they work and emulate them." Lately the Chief Minister of the United Provinces encouraged all gathered officers of his Province by saying that "as government servants they are to be missionaries of public service." "Presiding over the Eleventh Session of the National Conference of Social Work at Hyderabad on Dec. 26, 1959, Dr. V. V. Giri, Governor of Uttar Pradesh, said that social workers should imbibe a *missionary spirit* and regard it as a privilege to be of service to their fellowmen." (The Guardian, Jan. 14, 1960.) Thus, under the impact of the Gospel, inspired by the service ideal as practiced by the

Church, encouraged by Gandhi's admirable example of social work, and enthused by a healthy refreshing spirit of nationalism, India is developing the ideal of service by leaps and bounds.

Always impressed by the high ideal and efficient service rendered to India by the Christian groups in India, and imitating their methods when carrying on village uplift work, Gandhi had an interesting experience when finally persuaded to attend the Round Table Conference in London, 1931, to negotiate for more political concessions before carrying out his threat to launch another civil disobedience campaign. Leaders of various groups and communities met him in Bombay, each one clearly and definitely stating their demands if a new constitution were granted. Claiming to be the largest group in India, the Hindus demanded majority representation in all proposed legislative bodies; the leaders of ninety million Moslems reminded him that they were standing by him loyally in all non-cooperation campaigns and deserved proportionate representation; leaders of the fifty million depressed classes appealed to his keen interest in their welfare and assured him that they depended on him to secure justice for them and to protect their political rights. The Christian delegation then interviewed Gandhi but were more modest in stating their position. "We believe that our Christian faith is not only a personal matter but also a social urge for the service of society, a tap root of the tree that bears flowers of personal character and fruits of social, national and world service. May we remind you of the public and private utterances of national leaders and government ministers that the Christian contribution is said to be in the building of character, and doing services in a 'missionary spirit,' with 'missionary zeal.' It is in this spirit of concern for society that Christians have made, are making and will continue to make their contribution to the development of the country. We Christians have faith in the State that our rights as citizens of India will be assured to us. It is therefore with this belief that the Christian community prefer not to claim any special minority privileges in Independent India."

Twelve years later, 1948, when the Constituent Assembly met in New Delhi to create a new constitution for free India, the Christian representatives made a favorable impression on all other groups. When asked if they desired that any special safeguards be embodied in the constitution, they gave a reply similar to the statement made to Gandhi, they asked for no reserved representation or any special privileges for the Christian community.

Gandhi was deeply impressed with their simple demands to serve India in the future as heretofore. On his voyage to the London Conference, he studied the recent census report with reference to proportionate representation relative to the numerical strength of various communities, Hindu, Moslem, Depressed Classes and Christian, and was amazed to discover that whereas the population and the Hindu community had increased 10% the previous decade, Christians had increased 33%.

Sometimes an observing non-Christian can give a clearer understanding and have a deeper appreciation of basic and essential Christian truths from experience than we who are in the midst of it by inheritance. Recently a significant letter appeared in a newspaper whose Hindu editor has not always been kind in his remarks about mission work. The correspondent, a wealthy, high caste lawyer who had been a patient in a private ward of our Asylum, wrote to the editor as follows:

"Upon inquiry I was told that the best Asylums were in the hands of Christian missions. I went to one. The young doctor visited and treated me regularly with the utmost kindness. The young American nurse bandaged a sore with her own hands—tears came to my eyes, for none of my own relatives would have done this. I attended the beautiful church; everyone was so reverent, and the service positively touching. I am back home, well and hearty. At heart, of course, I am a Christian.

"Mr. Editor, I cannot agree when you go to such pains to throw mud at Christian movements; in fact, it pains me, and I cannot but help offering a silent prayer for you whenever I find these bitter remarks so often expressed in print by you in ignorance. Purity, sacrifice and kindness of Christian missionaries just cannot be eradicated by covering them with impurity, unkindness and unloveliness."

Let it be said to the credit of the Christian Church at large that as early as 1912 when there were only four or five leper asylums in India run by provincial governments and a few small ones by municipalities, there were 34 supported wholly or in part by the Mission to Lepers and managed by missionaries, four of which were served by whole-time missionaries, Chandkuri being one of them.

Before closing this chapter, brief reference may be made to the municipal leper asylum in Raipur, Central Provinces (now called Middle Provinces) supported by the city, the Mission to Lepers and private donations. When His Excellency, Sir Henry Twymam, Governor of Central Provinces and Berar, was present to lay the cornerstone of several new buildings (December 2, 1945) the opening speech was made by Mr. K. B. L. Seth, I.C.S., local commissioner of Chhattisgarh Division, in which he gave a history of the institution with its 100 inmates. The closing paragraph is worth recording, as it refers to three fellow missionaries each one of whom served as President of the Mission, and who gave 47, 44 and 25 years of service to India respectively.

"Your·Excellency, I have nearly finished, but I feel that I would be failing in my duty, if I did not on this occasion, pay a tribute to the workers whose labor of love has led to the foundation and the expansion of the Society and the Leper Hospital. Prominent amongst these is the Rev. J. Gass, Doctor of Divinity, who held the office of the Secretary for nearly forty years. The gratitude of the public is due to him. It was he who nursed the Society in its early stages and brought it to maturity. He was succeeded by the Rev. T. C. Seybold, who is at present on well-earned leave. Their mantle has for the present fallen on the Rev. Mr. M. P. Albrecht, who is worthily following in their footsteps. The thanks of the Society and the public are due to all of them."

"How prudently most men remember themselves into nameless graves, while only now and then one or two forget themselves into immortality."—*W. Phillips*

"A truly great man will rise superior to the events which he himself has brought about".—*Napoleon*

"The history of the world is but the biography of great men."—*Carlyle*

A BRIEF LOOK BACKWARDS HISTORICALLY

Let us now return to the time of our first arrival in India. Although we had been sent to India and were supported by the Church in America, we were actually on loan to and under the direction of The Mission to Lepers, London, while serving as superintendent of the Leper Asylum.

Landing in Bombay, September, 1912, we visualized the arrival of the Rev. Oscar Lohr, the founder of the Mission and his family, 46 years previously. There was no need for us to worry about our field of labor, where to go in that vast land. That was the worry he faced as he blazed the way for others to follow. Like him, we first purchased travel equipment for the long journey inland. There were no Pullman sleepers to make a long trip comfortable. Only lately have these been introduced. Like him, we noticed the absence of girls and women on the streets and in the stores. The custom of seclusion was still quite prevalent and observed by most girls and women. We were also impressed by the masses of people everywhere. The Lohrs had one advantage in that they could speak the Hindi language, one of Indian's nine or ten classical languages. Unable to understand what the friendly fellow-travelers were saying, we were nevertheless excited and expectant as the train sped onward to Raipur, the first terminal point of our honeymoon. Here we began to learn more about the inspiring and fascinating beginning of the Mission and its founder, who had passed away only five years before.

The Rev. Oscar Lohr was one of the missionaries of the German Gossner Mission who had to leave India during the 1857 mutiny of the Indian army against the British East India Company. After having served nine years, it was no easy matter for him to leave. But it was not long before he could realize his dream and return to India. While serving a German Reformed congregation in New Jersey, he organized a mission society among the members of the Dutch Reformed, Presbyterian, Evangelical, and other churches of the New Brunswick area. That was in 1865. A year later, Philadelphia churches joined the venture. In October, 1867, the Mission Society asked him to be their representative and find a new mission field in India. The voyage of 150 days around South Africa on the old dilapidated sailing ship "Sagamore" was a real hardship for him and the family which accompanied him—his wife, two sons, ages 12 and 8, and a daughter, age 2. The worry he now faced was this: where in that vast land, three-fourths the size of the United States, should he go to establish mission work?

The story of how he found a field is most interesting. Arriving as a stranger in Bombay, he called on the Secretary of the Christian

Tract Society who invited him to attend a meeting of missionaries. The Chairman read a letter from the Rev. Mr. Cooper of Nagpur, Central Provinces (now called Middle Provinces or Madhya Pradesh) in which he requested that a missionary be sent to work in the Chhattisgarh Division, the eastern portion of that Province. The letter related that no mission work was being done in that area whatsoever. Lohr regarded the information as God's directive and accepted the challenge. It required 31 hours to make the 520-mile railway journey to Nagpur. Here Mr. Cooper and British officials gave Rev. Lohr a sincere welcome. After discussing a possible location for a new field, he returned to Bombay to fetch wife and children. Arrangements were soon made by his friends in Nagpur to equip a caravan of six oxcarts which took the family an additional 188 miles to Raipur. It was a tiresome, strenuous, three-week journey, in May, the hottest month of the year, when the temperature rises from 100° to 120°. Because of the great heat during the day, they traveled at night. A three-day journey outside Raipur, they were met by servants bringing relief oxen and fresh food sent by the English Commissioner, Colonel Balmain. He as well as other British officials received the Lohrs graciously and offered warm hospitality for several days. With best wishes they sped the family on their way to establish the first mission station in Chhattisgarh. Nor did they send the missionary away empty-handed, but gave him a very substantial donation amounting to 2,605 rupees (over $1,300), a very large amount in those days.

Captain Twyford, an English official of the area, not very friendly to mission work, was instructed to assist Mr. Lohr in the purchase of a suitable site of 1600 acres. According to the land laws of that time, the missionary would become nominal owner and manager of the village. In that capacity, he would collect the land taxes from the cultivating tenants, forward the amount to the Government, retaining a certain stipulated percentage. Tenants could claim ownership of their farm as long as the taxes were paid. They could also pass on ownership to their heirs, but could not sell it to others without the missionary's permission. In this case, the mission, as owner, cultivated about 60 acres and had control of the 1,000 acre forest. (In 1948, the forest was taken over by Government and the 60 acres sold to Christians.) Rev. Lohr named the new settlement Bisrampur, village of rest.

The monsoon rains broke before a permanent house could be built. Living in tents at Darchura temporarily during the wet months was indeed a hardship in that malaria-infested region. A cholera epidemic broke out the following hot season. One night, Mr. Lohr was called to visit a sick white man in the rest house across the river two miles away. Riding his horse to the river, and crossing in a small boat, he reached the patient, and found it was Captain Ennis Twyford, dying of cholera. He was ill only 28 hours and became the first person to be buried in the Bisrampur cemetery. There his tombstone can be seen to this day. Rev. Lohr lived and worked another 37 years.

There are three seasons a year in India—the delightfully cool season, November to February, when the temperature may occasionally fall to 60° Fahrenheit, and seldom rises above 95°. It usually does not rain but once or twice during these four months, hence it is the most favorable season for touring among the villages. The hot season begins in March and continues until the monsoon rains come, toward the end of June. During this period, the temperature varies from 95° to 110°, at times reaching 120°. This rainy season then lasts from June through September to the middle or end of October. The average annual rainfall is 48 inches, of which 45 fall during these 4½ months. Chhattisgarh is considered the rice granary of this part of India. In the cool season, after the rice harvest, farmers can raise another crop consisting of one of the following: wheat, pulses (peas, beans, lentils), linseed, millet and some sugar cane.

Chhattisgarh was considered the most backward of the four Divisions in the Province. It comprised an area of 22,000 square miles (twice the size of Maryland) with a population of four million. Thirty years later, when the Disciples of Christ, the Mennonites and Pentecostal Band established mission work in the same area, each group confined its activity to an agreed separate portion of the Division. There was no overlapping or duplicating, harmonious cooperation always prevailed.

THE PEOPLE

Among the numerous castes, almost all of which were agricultural, there were two that became responsive to the missionary effort, the Chamars, found predominantly in the central portion, and the Gonds, a primitive, aboriginal tribe of somewhat higher character, who lived in the southeastern part. These two groups, numbering several hundred thousand, made up about 20% of the population. Hindus number about 75%, Moslems and others, 5%.

The original and primary occupation of the Chamars, second lowest of several thousand castes in India, was limited to the removal of dead animals, tanning hides and making sandals and other leather articles. This occupation was most repulsive to all other castes. Their huts were always on the lower, outer edge of

This boy must be an outcaste sweeper like his parents.

a village. No Hindu would be found entering their "para," their part of the village. Due to dire poverty, Chamars and Satnamis ate meat, including that of dead animals. This custom was even more abhorred than their occupation itself. After the rainy season, they also gathered the skeletons of the many animals that had died and had been deposited somewhere outside the village for the vultures to devour. The bones thus collected were sold to fertilizer plants owned by Moslems in Calcutta. Their repugnant and unsanitary habits caused them to be despised by all Hindu castes who considered their touch defiling. The greatest insult to a Hindu would be to be called a Chamar, or to be struck with the sandal of one.

Being completely ostracized and cut off for centuries from all social contact with higher castes, they deteriorated in all respects. Oppression, forced labor, often unpaid, injustice, being excluded from schools and temples or sacred places of pilgrimage, not being tolerated at public bathing ghats, their women not being permitted to use brass vessels, wear colored saris or costly jewelry—all these disabilities made their condition a hopeless one. Few of them owned land. Desperation and poverty often caused them to resort to stealing and deception. In some areas, Government classed them as "Criminal Tribes."

Sincere and able reformers arose in their own midst and formed their followers into a sub-caste, the Satnamis. It is said that in 1800, their first leader, Ghasidas, while on a pilgrimage in North India, had heard a missionary preaching in the open marketplace about the "SAT NAM," the true name, and that a white man would come some day to teach them the message better than he could. This tradition was kept alive and helped to pave the way for the first missionary. Ghasidas encouraged the Chamars to cease eating carrion, give up drink and opium, discard their loose marital customs, observe cleanliness, give up superstitious beliefs and spirit worship, throw away their idols and worship only the True Name. These noble attempts brought about some improvement, but centuries of oppression and hoplessness had taken their toll. Few of them had the stamina and energy to rise to a higher level. They had been robbed even of the will and desire to improve their condition. Even when they succeeded in bettering themselves, the stigma of "dirty Chamar" continued to cling to them. The adoption of the new name "Satnami" for their reformed group brought no change in their status. The word, "Satnami" means "true-name follower."

Being at the bottom of the social scale, they naturally became the primary concern of the missionary. His sympathetic interest for the welfare of the despised outcaste Chamar and Satnami prevented closer fellowship with caste Hindus. The missionary became guilty by association, causing Hindus to fear that contact with him would defile them. It required many years to overcome this antipathy against the missionary. At times, I, myself, experienced the sting and found it difficult to be gracious to those who avoided me because of their contempt for those in whose behalf we were working. One cannot help thinking of a similar complaint made many centuries ago: "These also murmured among themselves, saying, 'This man accepts sinners'." Changes are slowly taking place. The new constitution prescribes penalty for anyone who discriminates against a person on account of his caste. "Untouchability" is officially abolished and its practice in any form is forbidden. All people are now declared to be equal before the law. In social and religious matters caste customs are still observed.*

Mr. Lohr at once began to train the illiterate, poverty-stricken outcaste people as simple carpenters, stone masons, blacksmiths and printers. In fact, his printing establishment was the first one in Chhattisgarh. His first work, including lithography, was done on engraved stone from a quarry nearby. (I have in my possession one of the first song books he printed in Hindi, in 1875.) One marvels at the success he achieved with these inexperienced apprentices. With less than twenty Christian families to form the first congregation, two years after his arrival, he had the faith and courage to erect a church which seats 1,000 people. The congregation now numbers over 1,200 souls. He began to educate young men in order that schools might be established. Classes were also arranged to train evangelists.

Other missionaries arrived, but due to severe illness, none remained longer than a few years. In 1884, the Mission was taken over from the New Brunswick Society by the Evangelical Synod of North America, (which later merged with the Reformed

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*I am frequently asked if the provision in the constitution has done away with caste discrimination. My reply is, "Yes, in court cases, but not yet in everyday life. Let one who knows give an answer. "If caste were a mere social or economic structure, it would have disappeared long ago. Because it is a principle, a religion, it has survived through thousands of years of India's history. Its outward manifestations change. But the inner core remains forever . . . Caste is not dying. On the contrary, it is becoming more and more rigid and is finding violent expression in all spheres of life, in schools and colleges, in the professions, in Government employment and public institutions, in trade and commerce, above all in politics, in the elections, in the fight for the loaves and fishes of office and in the constitution of Ministries . . . Caste feeling is growing stronger among the higher castes because of the sense of danger ahead and the possibility of forcible deprivation of privileges so long enjoyed." (S. Ramanathan in *The Guardian* of May 8, 1958.) In the same issue we are told that "Prime Minister Nehru spoke of caste as a great curse to India."

Church in the United States and now with the Congregational Christian Church to form the United Church of Christ.)

Mr. Lohr was in Kawardha State, 75 miles away, visiting his adopted daughter and her husband, Mr. Becker, when he died, and was buried there June 3, 1907. The Bisrampur congregation often requested the missionaries to disinter his body and rebury it in the village he had founded and where he served for 39 years. This was done in 1934. A large engraved sandstone from the Bisrampur quarry covers the grave in front of the church which he built.

Other missionaries arrived to replace the first ones who unfortunately had to leave so soon. Considering the tropical, enervating climate of India, never thought of as "a white man's country," and remembering that no missionary doctor arrived until 1924, although there was a British Government doctor in Raipur, it is remarkable the many years of service most of them were privileged to give India. The average length of service of the eighty missionaries who worked on the India field five years or longer is 21 years. Sixteen of them served more than 34 years.

One day in 1920, while stationed in Bisrampur we were surprised when an unknown white man appeared before the office door. It was Mr. O. Lohr, grandson of the Mission's founder. He was born and grew up in Bisrampur. At the age of 15, when his father, Rev. Julius Lohr, died, his mother took him to America. He was now officer on a freighter, and as the steamer was to be delayed several days in Calcutta he desired to satisfy his longing to see the home of his youth. Reaching Bhatapara after a rail journey of 515 miles, he rented a bicycle and cycled twelve miles to Bisrampur. The last few miles he left the highway and took a short cut on bypaths through the village Ganeshpur and the mission jungle. His appearance created considerable excitement in both villages. All day, crowds of people came to greet him, even non-Christians from neighboring villages. Spontaneously and secretly, the elders arranged a surprise service and reception for him in the church on Sunday afternoon. Seldom was the audience so large and attentive. They were very pleased when he addressed them in Hindi, a real accomplishment after an absence of fifteen years. As a tribute to his grandfather and to his father, they presented him with a large gift of silver coins and a gold ring made by a local goldsmith.

As more missionaries arrived, the work was expanded. New stations were established in Raipur, Baitalpur, Parsabhader, (where a village of 600 acres was purchased), in Mahasamund and Satki. These were all in the Hindi speaking area of Chhattisgarh. Pioneer work on the part of Dr. and Mrs. H. A. Feierabend, now retired, extended into the responsive area of Orissa Province. Mission stations were opened in Khariar and Kalahandi States where the Rev. Armin F. and Mrs. Meyer are carrying on successfully. In addition to Hindi, both couples mastered another language, Oriya, in order to work more effectively.

During the first severe famines, orphanages were established at several stations. A Bible School and Seminary for the training of evangelists was conducted in Raipur for many decades. The number of schools increased, including English Middle Schools and a High School for boys in Raipur. The latter were in charge of Dr. T. C. Seybold until his retirement. Six schools for girls, including an English Middle School, which was expanded into a High School, flourished in the city under the able management of Miss Hedwig Schaeffer. Co-education is gradually changing the picture. Work among women was carried on from the early beginning of the Mission. Miss Naomi Blalock established a pre-marital training school for Christian girls in Mahasamund. Hospitals are conducted in Tilda, Baitalpur and Khariar. The newest institution, the Gass Memorial Center will be described. In a later chapter the story of the growth of the Church, now self-governing and self-supporting, will be told. In all these branches of work, Indian men and women are being trained continually and many of them have become efficient, loyal co-workers. Governing bodies with predominantly Indian membership manage and guide the various institutions. Thus the work which was formerly more or less "mission-centered" is now fully "church centered." Indian leaders are given more responsibility and increased authority. This is as it should be to assure a healthy and permanent growth of the church.

In October, 1943, when our Mission celebrated its 75th anniversary, representatives from the neighboring Missions were invited to be present. Among other things Bishop Lapp of the American Mennonites said, "In laying the foundation for your work in India you laid the foundation for all the Church and Mission work in Chhattisgarh." Dr. P. A. Penner of the General Conference Mennonites said, "When my wife and I were children in Sunday School in America, we read the 'Missions Freund,' one of your denominational papers. We eagerly looked forward to receive the paper, for in it we read articles written by Rev. Oscar Lohr, Dr. A. Stoll, and Dr. J. Gass. Through the inspiration of their stories we decided to come to India as missionaries. When the founders of our Mennonite Mission came to India, they consulted those men who went with them to purchase land for our first mission station." Dr. D. McGavran, guest from the Disciples of Christ Mission said, "This morning I climbed to the top of the Bisrampur Church tower, and as I looked to the north I thought I could see the hills of our own station at Mungeli. To the northeast, I saw in the distance the hills where the Mennonites are working, and so on. In a sense all are children of this mother Mission in Bisrampur. Many of our first Mission workers came from your midst. One day we will all come back to this sacred spot and say, 'Here the river of salvation broke forth. This is holy ground.' "

"A good wife who can find?
She is far more precious than jewels . . .
The heart of her husband trusts in her . . .
She rises while it is yet night . . .
She looks well to the ways of her household . . .
Her children rise up and call her blessed;
Her husband also, and he praises her."

Proverbs 31.

"She is God's vision, of pure thought
Composed in His creative mind;
His reveries of beauty wrought
This peerless pearl of womankind.
So plays my fancy when I see
How great God is, how lovely she."

Kalidas' "Shakuntala" B. C. 500

"God thought, to give the sweetest gift
In His almighty power
To earth, and deeply wondering
What it should be, one hour—
In purest joy and love of heart
Outweighing every other—
He moved the gates of Heaven apart
And gave to earth—A MOTHER."

"Fortunate that pastor blest with a wise wife who can graciously prevent her successful husband from sprouting wings and adorning himself with a halo."

—Sivad

OUR HOME DURING TWO WORLD WARS AND INDIA'S STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE

Two World Wars with their aftermath of uncertain, unsettled conditions combined with the turmoil caused by Gandhi's 30-year mass movement struggle for independence made a normal home life impossible. Gandhi's frequent non-violent, non-cooperation campaigns interrupted and interfered with all normal social and business life, at times went beyond his control and deteriorated into violence. Mission strategy and Church policy had to be reorientated in this new atmosphere of nationalism. Both European conflagrations as well as the freedom movement touched the lives of peasants even in the remotest backward parts of India. One can hardly conceive of an area of life not affected during those tumultuous years.

In its own little world, our home, which included an office easily accessible to all who wished to enter, was like the hub of a wheel—in it centered the various branches of work connected with a large mission station. There was no such thing as privacy or monotony. Interruptions were many. Seldom was it possible to carry out a day's program as prepared the evening before. One had to be prepared at all times to meet the unexpected. Having served at four different mission stations and at the same time having supervised two others temporarily during wartime, it gave one ample opportunity to become intimately acquainted with the various activities of mission work. For longer or shorter periods, we were actively engaged in the following types of work:

Village management, agricultural, educational, vocational, pastoral, evangelistic, leper service, production of literature, dispensary, orphanage, hostel, homes for the widows and blind. Mrs. Davis had the supervisory responsibility of the last five mentioned.

At most mission stations, it is almost impossible to separate the home from mission work, the two are inextricably interwoven with each other, which fact causes inconvenience and hardship for the wife. It involves endless interruptions and frequent hospitality, some of which becomes necessary at times without any previous announcement. Creating a home in the heart of India almost half a century ago where the climate is pleasant four months, hot four months and thoroughly wet the remaining four months; when the nearest neighbor is twelve or more miles away; when there are no gas, electricity or running water facilities, no ice or refrigeration; where a competent doctor may be many miles away,—a worry indeed when a child is ill; where a midnight emergency call for oxcart touring facilities may disturb one's sleep because a fellow missionary's "tin lizzy" broke down along the way and the nearest garage is thirty miles away. To create a hospitable home under such primitive conditions required the skill of a genius, and Mrs. Davis was a wonderful, resourceful, cheerful housekeeper and hostess. Conducting a household and rearing children those first years on a monthly salary of $75.00 when food and clothing were scarce and costly required the financial ability of a wizard. And yet she retained her pleasant disposition, never permitted the honeymoon atmosphere to become clouded, never complained, nor when ill did she ever say, "Take me back home."

When Mr. Hagenstein, a bachelor, one of our pioneer missionaries passed away suddenly in 1921, after laboring thirty-one years in India without a vacation or furlough, we became his successors at Parsabhader which he founded and managed twenty-eight years. Mrs. Davis was the first white woman to live in the area and naturally became the center of attraction in many respects. Christians as well as non-Christians were interested and curious to observe at close range how the household was conducted and how a white man, especially a missionary, treated his wife. This curiosity on their part actually became a boomerang and gave one a peep into the men's attitude toward their wives. One morning soon after our arrival, the various leaders were gathered in a row before the verandah awaiting instructions for the day's work, the farm department foreman, the hostel housefather, the dispensary pharmacist, the school superintendent, the supervisor of evangelists, the carpenter and general repairman and several others. I was occupying the only chair on the verandah when Mrs. Davis suddenly came to greet the men. The moment she emerged from the office (an end room of the house) I spontaneously rose and gave her the chair. Their eyes opened wider than usual, but I dismissed the fact as mere curiosity. The moment she re-entered the house, the oldest man in the group became quite excited as he gave me a mild reprimand, "You did wrong in vacating the chair." Asked the reason, he continued, "You stood while your wife was sitting!" Reminding him that it was no crime to be polite to one's wife, he replied, "What will our wives demand of us if they hear what you did!" No revolution followed this courtesy shown to Mrs. Davis, even though conditions have changed since then. In a letter home regarding this incident, Mrs. Davis explained, "When we visit in village homes, Christian or non-Christian, it is seldom that the woman sits in the presence of her husband and only when my husband insists on it, do they do so, and then only by going to some distance in the rear to sit, not on a chair but on the ground. In the upper class homes women are gradually adopting the custom of sitting on a chair, even in the presence of the husband, and it is not considered dis-

Dr. F. A. Goetsch, Secretary of the Board of International Missions, and Rev. Otto Press of St. Louis, Editor, were welcome guests.

respectful toward him." Parents were more interested in observing how our children were being trained and disciplined. They freely discussed our methods, much to the welfare of their own children and family life. One fact in particular came to their notice, how much more intelligent, alert, vivacious and healthy missionary children appeared to be compared with their own and the non-Christian Satnami children, many of whom had been given small opium pellets under their tongue to keep them quiet and inactive while their mothers worked in the fields. Almost all Christian parents have completely ceased benumbing their children with opium and have definitely noticed the beneficial result. Only gradually did we become aware of the wide reaching influence for good a missionary's hospitable home can be as a real source of blessing in a rural community.

The important value of a missionary family and home in which Indian visitors and guests are welcome became very clear to us after returning from our second furlough with all four children, then ages one to fourteen. On a previous furlough we had left our four-year old son with his grandparents in Bellevue, Kentucky, and for this reason—little girls in a missionary's home are more inclined to remain indoors near their mothers, whereas a boy must naturally explore out-of-doors. Observation had taught us that there would have been danger in his formative and impressionable years of seeing and hearing evil in his contact with non-christian village life which could mar a healthy growth of character. At no period of service in India was it our privilege and pleasure to have fellow missionaries with children as neighbors at the same mission station. The lack of playmates was therefore a real problem. It seemed cruel to expect a mother to leave her only boy for 6 years (1918-24) at a time when his presence could bring so much joy. All the more honor to her for agreeing to do so and bearing the pain silently, and no less honor to her family who took the part of parents so nobly and successfully. When we returned to Parsabhader after the next furlough with the two boys and two girls, both Christian and non-Christian villagers prepared a most heartening welcome. After the crowd had dispersed several church elders remained and one of them remarked with joy and some emotion, "Now we know that the memsahib and you really love India." Somewhat surprised, Mrs. Davis replied that we had always loved India. He then added, pointing to the children, "But this time you have brought *all* your children," stressing the word "all." But a decade later when hearing that three of them were to be married in the homeland, these same Indian friends were rather sad and implied that perhaps we loved India even more than our children, for how can parents forego being present on such a happy occasion—the one highest hour of joy in the whole life of an Indian family.

To train simple, totally inexperienced village boys or girls as servants in what to them was a complicated white man's way of life is in itself no small feat. Without servants, a wife could not hope to remain in India's tropical climate very long without endangering her usefulness. She could not stand beside a hot cookstove several hours a day when the mercury shoots upwards to 100° and higher, days on end, with no fan or air-conditioner to supply a little comfort. To attempt it would ruin her health in a short time. Moreover, and this is important, a few servants make it possible for the wife to do full-time work as a missionary, the purpose for which she came to India. At times, servants can be most aggravating. Sometimes, while being trained, they can upset home life, but we must remember that they have never held a china dish or a glass in their hands until the day they begin their work. Servants are not always an unmixed blessing. Their presence can unintentionally mar the joy of privacy. Hearing, and perhaps misunderstanding, a few English words, interesting gossip can be concocted. Their views of hygiene, dirt and dust may vary from that of the housewife. It can also be very unpleasant to arrive home late at night after a long, hot, dusty journey only to find neither bath water nor boiled, cool drinking water in the house. Yet, when recalling the work of house servants over a period of many years, one remembers with gratitude their willingness and faithfulness. One is especially grateful for their kindness and watchfulness over our children when they were small. With no other white family in the immediate area, Mrs. Davis always felt safe and at ease when alone during my frequent absences, a tribute to the servants' loyalty.

A great shock came to her one hot day when she interrupted the noon-day siesta to inspect the kitchen in a small building about fifty feet behind the bungalow. She thought the cook had gone home for his noon-day meal, and was stunned to find him, her favorite servant, unaware of her coming, in the act of removing his shirt, exposing suspicious signs of leprosy on his back. It struck her with horror, remembering that several times she had warned him to cease beating raw eggs with his fingers. Reluctantly we released him and secured work for him as a nightwatchman. When leafing through her scrap book, I was touched by a small Hindi note she considered valuable enough to preserve with other "keepsakes." It was an invitation written with a pencil, "Be pleased to accept this invitation to a family-love-meal in our home this evening," signed by Premdas, the dismissed leprous cook. His mother and brother were leper patients in the Chandkuri Asylum.

Excepting four years in the city of Raipur, we lived in four different villages, only one of which was on a railway line. Three of these villages were ten to sixteen miles inland and were frequently inaccessible for days during the monsoon season because of high floods. Conducting a household under these conditions was not a simple matter, especially the first decades when we had no refrigerator and food spoiled easily in the hot and humid weather.

One time we had three involuntary guests for six days, the Baurs and Miss Kroehler. They were returning from a meeting in Raipur and found the river near our home in Bisrampur in high flood. The water was thirty feet above the bridge. There were several inches of water in front of our verandah. We saw numerous fish, up to five inches long, which had come up from the creek half a mile away. While these guests were with us, we solved all Mission problems, all the problems between India and Pakistan, of Moscow and Berlin, even told Congress how to bring American conditions back to normal—words, words, WORDS, just like in Washington. But the six days were hard on Mrs. Davis' larder, deep inroads were made on the supplies brought from America a few months previously. Even the summer sausage Mrs. Baur had received from home had to be sacrificed. After four days, our flour and potato supply had disappeared. Two long-legged men were sent fifteen miles on a round-about way to wade through creeks and back-waters to reach the railway line to Raipur for more provisions. The day our guests left us the men returned with twelve pounds of flour (at 35c a pound) and ten pounds of potatoes (at 18c a pound). We were then able to augment our normal diet: onions fried, onions scalloped, onions raw, onions creamed, onion soup, onions in fried potatoes, and then the whole cycle over again. During the hot season and the beginning of the monsoons few vegetables are available in the market.

Once when guests were expected, a messenger was sent twenty-two miles to get matches and potatoes. The third day he returned with the matches but had forgotten the potatoes. When another guest arrived unexpectedly just before meal time, Mrs. Davis was in a dilemna. She had no pudding for dessert, but the cook consoled her. He could make some quickly. What a surprise! When the moment came to serve the dessert, he proudly brought a platter with ten tasty brown potato pancakes.

Another time a County Commissioner sent a note to Mrs. Davis requesting her to send two fresh loaves of bread daily for three days for his superior officer who was expected to visit the county seat nearby. As there was no flour in the house she sent half a loaf we happened to have and dispatched a coolie to fetch flour from Raipur 65 miles away. He returned with only three pounds (at 25c a pound) which served the purpose, as she always made whole wheat bread, using very little white flour in addition to that ground from the wheat raised on the mission farm. It was war time: potatoes, when available, cost 20c a pound; 8c for three four-inch wire nails; screen for one door to keep out flies and rats, $8.00; oatmeal, 70c a tin; a pair of children's shoes, $7.00; gasoline 60c a gallon, rationed five gallon a month and later reduced to three. Wheat, rice, sugar, cloth and kerosene were all strictly rationed. Relatives sent a parcel containing dried apple rings and apricots from California. That same evening we actually ate half a package of the latter while reading newly arrived magazines. But when a 25-pound bag of sugar arrived from Calcutta, half the shipment was missing, someone arranged a leak along the way.

Early one morning, Mrs. Davis went to the garden to gather beans and peas only to find half a dozen large monkeys stripping the plants and breaking ears of sweet corn, that is, the little which remained after jackals had raided the garden the previous night. We heard them howling but were not aware of the fact that only a few made the noise, apparently to fool the watchman, while others did the stealing. And when the sitaphal (custard apple) was ready to be enjoyed, huge bats came regularly at dusk and pecked at a number of them. We promised several boys that they could have those pecked if they would frighten or shoot the bats with slingshots, but discovered that they deliberately allowed the bats to enjoy a little treat first so that they would have more for themselves.

During the turbulent years when markets were upset, the villagers also suffered from shortages of food supplies. They were very happy therefore when Mrs. Davis brought several pounds of acorn squash seeds from America and distributed them among the Christians to augment their limited supply of vegetables. It was a new food for them and very much appreciated. At the same time, they were encouraged to plant orange trees. We taught them how to prepare the ground, and each family who would purchase one tree (at a cost equal to their daily wage) received one tree free. Having seen the experimental trees bear abundant fruit in our garden, they took advantage of the offer. Years later, when we were transferred to a mission station fifty miles away, one grateful farmer hired a coolie to bring Mrs. Davis a present of several dozen oranges from one of his trees. This he did several years.

It was a boon when the congregation supporting us presented a kerosene burning Servel refrigerator. Unfortunately, the high price

(50c a gallon) and the scarcity of kerosene made only sporadic use possible for some months. The kerosene sold locally was often of the cheapest grade and at times mixed with crude oil, blackening lanterns and lamps and charring the refrigerator wick. In desperation, we requested our son to have two thirty-gallon drums sent from America. In the meantime, missionaries sold us small amounts they were able to save from their meager allotments. This we used only when guests came. Red tape, import restrictions, railway transport restrictions delayed the arrival of the shipment from Bombay port several weeks. What a relief to have refreshing cool water to drink, to be able to keep left-over food overnight in hot weather without spoiling, even to enjoy ice cream occasionally. But all too soon the first drum was used up; the second one was tapped. What a disappointment. Somewhere along the way the good kerosene was stolen and replaced with the local fourth grade oil. With the first attempt to use it, the wick became so charred after a few hours that the flame went out. We gave the oil to the hostel and the orphanage for their night study and to the church for their evening devotions.

Several times the yeast-cake packages received at regular intervals from Canada were pilfered, upsetting the bread-baking schedule. When a large summer sausage (hard salami) arrived in the cool season from Cincinnati friends, a more cheerful atmosphere prevailed. We budgeted the gift, figuring that it would enrich our monotonous diet for several weeks. But, that same week several missionaries stopped in on their way to conference and accepted the invitation for "a spot of tea." They welcomed the good sausage news, and enjoyed the treat again two days later on the return trip. That was the early end of the sausage.

In villages we could purchase only small tasteless chickens, no beef or pork. During the cool season, we could order Australian bacon in cans ($1.35 a pound during the war). Occasionally goat meat was available, rarely lamb. A standing order of butter came from Aligarh, one thousand miles away, bi-monthly at $1.40 a pound. During the hot months, this frequently arrived in liquid form.

This continued shortage and rationing of kerosene caused great inconvenience, even as late as 1948, three years after World War II ended. A monthly allowance of eight gallon had to be shared with four village night-watchmen, two lanterns in the orphanage and hostel, one lamp for evening devotions in the church, one small table lamp for our use in the home at suppertime. We continued our custom to arise at 5 a.m. by candlelight; during the hot season candles drooped into semi-circles. The hot season evenings were spent out-of-doors, 8 to 9:30, keeping the lanterns turned low to save kerosene. For several months we would sit with our backs to the wall, still warm from the sun's rays. There was a reason, the one great tragedy of our whole missionary career. The story is briefly this. Unauthorized agitators of Gandhi's swaraj (freedom) party had been touring the countryside during the long struggle for independence, instigating disgruntled, landless men and others with very small holdings to encroach on and appropriate portions of the communal grazing areas, the ownership of which was claimed by both the village chief and the community. During that year agrarian unrest aggravated land problems in many rural areas throughout India. Land hunger and "population explosion" were contributing factors. I was manager of the mission-owned village, Bisrampur. Among the 110 Christian tenants were half a dozen mischief-makers who decided to cause trouble when conference instructed me to sell the sixty acres which the Mission had cultivated for many years. It was actually an experimental farm to plant select wheat and rice procured from government farms and the improved crops were sold to farmers and to government. It was decided to sell the land to Indian teachers and evangelists who were about to retire from active missionary service. These men brought their savings and provident fund deposits to pay cash for the land. When we went to measure the fields, several rascals threatened to beat me. Two members of our conference executive committee then came to complete the transactions and were met by the same men holding clubs to strike them. They prevented the rightful owners from plowing the newly purchased fields; even though they themselves already possessed some land, they forcibly cultivated this new land purchased by others. The case had to be taken to court. For more than two years, court proceedings dragged on. The better and decent farmers in the village were threatened and intimidated by the rebellious few, well knowing they would lose the case. False documents and forged receipts for alleged advance payments on land were presented by them and then thrown out by the court. Friends warned me not to walk about after dark, lest I be attacked. Villagers themselves had no kerosene to have light at night and could not see anyone roaming in the village bent on mischief. It was for this reason that we sat with back toward the house wall lest a fanatic strike from the rear. During these trying months, Mrs. Davis seldom left me alone. The guilty rebels lost the case and were punished. We never learned who continually encouraged them in secret, nor did we know who supplied them with money to carry on the prolonged litigation. After our retirement from India several men of the offenders became involved in a beating affray resulting in the death of one.

Due to the needs of many soldiers in the British Air Force Camp and in the large military storehouse nearby, chickens and eggs were scarcer and costlier than ever. In her usual kindness, Mrs. Gass instructed her servant to purchase two dozen eggs for us in the Christian Village Jora and with the eggs in her lap and she in the side car of the motorcycle, with her son, Herbert, drove to our station. At the halfway milestone, a bit of lunch was enjoyed. Resuming the journey, but forgetting that the eggs had been placed on the seat, she sat on them. All eggs combined weren't able to hold up her weight. Egg scarcity continued.

In order to augment our meager meat and egg supply, Mrs. Davis decided to raise chickens and purchased some pure white leghorn eggs laid by hens imported from America. As a city girl, she had not been initiated into the ways of chickens and when the eggs arrived she sent a servant to fetch a hen from somewhere to hatch them. After several days she complained to me that no hen had been brought. The servant explained, "cruk nehin,"—she could not understand that a hen had to be in a broody mood to hatch eggs but thought any hen seeing a cozy nest containing a dozen eggs would automatically squat down and hatch them when told to do so. Eventually, the right hen was found. In due season the chicks came forth, but few reached the cooking pot. Hawks also like pedigreed chicks and carried most of them away. In their place, a farmer brought a young deer found discarded in the jungle. Mrs. Davis purchased it and fed it with a nursing bottle. It thrived, grew strong and fat and could eventually have contributed a good supply of venison, but he was our boys' pet and sentimentality saved his life. When his itching horns grew in size and he began to chew files while roaming in the office, it was decided to present him to the Chandkuri Asylum where he had ample ground to roam and graze. But not recognizing governmental dignity one day he rushed from the rear and gave the visiting British Governor an impressive unceremonial bump on his western hemisphere, embarrassing the superintendent and accompanying officials. The next day he was rewarded for his impertinence. The lepers were permitted to add him to their rice and curry meal.

Several other creatures came to our attention but were no fitting addition to our meat supply. Outside our dressing room window, early one morning, I noticed a three-foot snake in the act of trying to swallow a six-inch lizard, thicker than itself. By the time the night watchman responded to our call, the poisonous Krait had sucked it in completely by unlocking its loose jaw joints. The swallowed lizard made a large bulge in the snake, making it almost impossible for the snake to crawl away. The watchman was told to break its back, cut open the snake and free the lizard. But the latter had died. Vultures soon arrived to carry off both. A few days later we were disturbed during our noonday rest. It was 115° above zero out of doors. The doctor in the government hospital had sent a messenger with the request to shoot a large dangerous cobra which had swallowed a rabbit, but due to the bulge could not crawl completely back into its narrow hole between two foundation stones. Both the staff and patients were quite relieved to see the snake dead.

Another venture to raise chickens could have ended in a tragedy. A wildcat was getting fat and brazen in marauding the chicken coop. It had wisely developed the habit of traveling a certain route at dusk after the servants had gone home. While standing in wait with a shotgun on a wide stone door sill of the dining room and aiming in the direction of his usual raid, a blast of wind suddenly blew the door shut striking my elbow causing the gun to point downwards. A reflex action of the trigger finger set off the gun, buck shots went through a shoe taking two toes along. Profuse bleeding frightened Mrs. Davis not a little. The sub-assistant surgeon was intoxicated and in his place came the pharmacist who bandaged the foot, sent for men who carried me six miles in a palanquin, crossed a swollen creek, placed me in an oxcart for another six miles, took me to Raipur on the train another fifty miles, hired a horse carriage to the Gass bungalow. There at 5 a.m., they found me in a lounging chair resting the bandaged foot on a table. Rev. Gass rushed me to the government hospital, sent for the British surgeon who at once placed me on the operating table. As the regular anesthetist could not be found at that early hour, a student pharmacist was called upon to serve in his place. But he was more interested in watching the doctor probe into the wounds than in counting the drops of chloroform he was literally pouring on the mask over my mouth. I felt them coming rather profusely but was too far gone to raise an alarm. Fortunately, the doctor had made an unusual exception in allowing his friend, Mrs. Gass, to sit near the operating table. Noticing my hand and face were turning black, she courageously informed the doctor who at once pushed the attendant aside, resuscitated me, bandaged the wounded foot as it was, and sent me to bed. Had Mrs. Gass not been present and keenly observing, it could have meant my death. She saved my life.

Along with wartime restrictions, rationing and scarcity came exasperating mail delays. Due to widespread German and later Japanese submarine menace and danger, shipping was curtailed considerably. On freight trains war materials had priority. Arriving in Calcutta from furlough our heavy boxes and trunks had to be shipped on the installment plan, piece by piece, in the costly baggage car. Ordinary letters by sea-route arrived in thirty days during peace time, but not so during the two World Wars. Some letters were on the way three and four months, most of which were scrutinized by the censor, and not a few were opened by unauthorized persons seeking money and resealed with a foulsmelling glue. In several cases money was removed.

With three children in the homeland, the irregular arrival of letters caused many worrisome and anxious moments. Much greater was the embarrassment when checks from the Home Board were often delayed several months. Not a few times the Field Treasurer had to send cables with the urgent request to speed the payments. In one emergency, he found it necessary to appeal to a Hindu banker friend to grant a loan of 10,000 rupees in order to pay several hundred mission employees who had received no salaries for two months. The kind friend graciously declined to accept any interest. To the credit of the supporting Home Church, it must be said that only twice in all those years were we asked to reduce the mission budget by 10%. Due to increasing loss in exchange rates, we missionaries also suffered from the fluctuating exchange rates. During peace time we received an average of 300 rupees per $100, but for many months the rate received was as low as 200 rupees. This made it difficult for the missionary wife to conduct the household. Later, the Board decided to pay salaries not in dollars, the value of which fluctuated so frequently, but rather in a definite amount of rupees. Due to the high cost of living and unsettled conditions, poor people suffered much more. Gradually an increasing number of reports reached the postal department that mail was not reaching the homelands. What happened was this. Due to uncertain deliveries, valuable reports and documents were sent registered and insured, often in duplicate at one or two week intervals. This meant that one letter may have one to three dollars worth of stamps affixed. Post office peons, office boys and perhaps mailmen began to remove the stamps and sell them. Senders were advised to have them cancelled in their presence. We knew approximately when a mail boat might leave Bombay and mailed our letters accordingly. While Conference Secretary, it happened one time that I sent six heavy reports and urgent conference minutes in separate envelopes to America. To be assured of their safe departure a man was sent the sixteen miles by bus and fifty miles by train to Raipur, to have them weighed, insured and registered, and affix the necessary stamps, and see with his own eyes that they were properly cancelled. Thus it was hoped they would reach the homeland in time for their next meeting. Two weeks later the letters all came back, carelessly tied into one bundle and only sufficient stamps affixed to be sent as third class mail. Every envelope had been opened and all stamps removed. Seeking for the end of the rainbow would have been easier than to investigate the matter and find the culprit.

It was no less embarrassing when an official announced that several days hence he would accept our invitation for lunch, when lo and behold the bi-monthly package of yeast cakes from Canada arrived empty. How they disappeared, we never knew. An emergency call was sent to Raipur and Dr. Seybold kindly mailed four potatoes so that Mrs. Davis could make yeast and then bread for our distinguished guest.

It was during these trying post-war years and the prolonged struggle for independence when our home was saddened by the sudden death of our little boy, Paul (August 12, 1923), apparently due to spinal meningitis. At that time there was no mission doctor, and the English surgeon lived sixty-five miles away. A messenger walked 26 miles to inform Rev. and Mrs. Goetsch, but due to flooded streams, he could reach there only after two days, too late. Another messenger was unable to inform Rev. and Mrs. Gass for the same reason. A packing box served as a coffin which Mrs. Davis lined with white and blue cloth. Normally, the burial should have taken place the same day, but hoping the friends could arrive by noon the next day, we waited. As no one came, I conducted a simple funeral service. The Indian Christians shared our grief, for 24 hours none of them partook of any food, as is custom to show their sympathy. Ruth and Margaret, (age 8 and 6) sang, "Jesus wants me for a Sunbeam" and several other songs. A sweet-tempered boy, he had entered our home like an angel, remained with us for almost two years and quietly slipped away again, drawing our minds along with him to heaven. Returning from the cemetery, Margaret consoled her mother, "Don't cry, Mother, Paul is now with Jesus as His helper," to which Ruth added, "Paul is with us, only we cannot see him."

Two touching little incidents took place with our black cocker spaniel, Duke, who had the habit of lying next to Paul's baby carriage daily as he took a noonday nap on the verandah. When I screwed the lid on the coffin, he threw his head into Mrs. Davis' lap under her arm and refused to leave, something he had never done before or since. Two years later, when the baby carriage was brought from the storage room, he wagged his tail with glee, stood on his back legs with forepaws on the carriage edge, looked, and finding it empty, curled up on the end of the verandah the rest of the day, a most unusual thing for him to do.

What effect did this loss, together with the servant and food problems, high prices and shortage of funds have on Mrs. Davis? Let me quote a brief paragraph written for our Class quarterly when the editor requested each member to tell what thirty years in the ministry had meant to him. "I deeply value the loyalty of my helpmate, the mother of my children, who has cheerfully undergone many vicissitudes in travel and moving, at home and on the foreign field, who has sacrificed much in isolation in order to give her children and her husband the most and best of herself, who fully cooperated in the work and seldom objected to my frequent long absences from the family, who has never embarrassed me in my work by tactless speech or actions, and has never prevented me from going whither duty called, or from doing what my superiors expected me to do." This loyalty covered the whole forty-six years of our honeymoon.

TURMOIL

During Gandhi's Struggle for Independence

After relinquishing a lucrative law practice in South Africa and devoting all his time and energy to the welfare of Indian settlers, Gandhi returned to India in 1915, three years after our first arrival. To the inconveniences, shortages, rationing and privations caused by both World Wars were added the difficulties, anxieties, stirring of the masses by political agitators, hardship of travel caused by the Gandhi-led prolonged struggle for freedom. These unsettled conditions prevailed, not only during the 31 years until independence was finally attained, but continued and in certain respects increased during the following years. Gandhi and his able, self-sacrificing co-workers gambled wisely and correctly on the dependability of the British conscience, best expressed by an Englishman as follows: "You cannot teach a people dominated by a foreign Western power English literature, English history and the Bible without creating and awakening in their breast a deep desire for freedom." During his three decades of protracted, unbending negotiations, nagging harassment, never satisfied with an offer, always extracting one political concession after another, coercing government with "fasting unto death," repeating threats of mass civil disobedience, Gandhi epitomized whole India's trust and confidence in the innate sense of justice and decency of the British character. They framed their policy on the firm belief that eventually, if the British lion's tail were twisted long enough, London would grant not only "Reform Schemes," or "Dominion Status," but complete independence. The gamble on this conviction rather than on a futile attempt of revolution won the day. His oft repeated exhortation, "hate the system, but harm no Englishman" saved many lives on both sides.

It was a part of his program to increase the production of homespun cloth in order to improve the economic condition of the masses through the expansion of this home industry. In several cities, English-made cloth (manufactured from India-grown cotton) was destroyed in huge bonfires, adding fervor, enthusiasm and glamor to the struggle for freedom. Rural areas were persuaded to sell no food to touring officials. Office holders were advised to surrender titles and to resign from all governing bodies. People were encouraged to refuse attendance at public official functions. Parents were asked to withdraw their children from schools and colleges owned, aided or controlled by government and to establish National Schools. Lawyers were asked to boycott British courts and to settle disputes privately; young men were told not to volunteer for military service. At election time, voters were instructed to vote only for candidates who were pledged to favor independence. Campaigns were carried on to purchase only Indian-made cloth and products. Emotionally susceptible, countless Indians responded to this program, even though it annoyed and inconvenienced the public. Wise parents resented the program of inducing pupils to leave school and interrupt their education. This enlistment of immature youth to disobey parents and the law later became a boomerang of tragedy when India became independent. Hooligans and unrestrained youth used the unsettled conditions to cause havoc. They wrecked trains, cut telegraph wires, destroyed police stations, often causing loss of life to their own fellow Indians. A spirit of haughtiness and impertinence toward elders was unintentionally aroused in the behaviour of innocent children and youth. Standing with Dr. J. Gass Sr., watching hundreds of grade-pupils waving black flags and shouting, "Britishers, go home," as they marched through the streets of Raipur when they should have been in school, I heard him say sadly, as if to himself, "By using innocent children, Gandhi is ruining the soul of India: reverence for parents and respect for the law." This rebellious spirit, instilled into youthful minds over a period of years has not only continued but increased, to haunt the minds of those very leaders who once encouraged it.

One hot season, when a brief vacation was due us to recuperate in Darjeeling, a hill-station 7,000 feet high, in the bracing climate of the Himalaya foothills, we were reluctant to travel in the overcrowded trains. Troops and war materials had priority. On the 36-hour journey, we despaired of our life. It was a very hot day. The passenger train was very long. On a particular stretch two crippled locomotives, overdue for repairs, chugged up the grade no faster than a person could walk. Inside a long curved tunnel, they came to a standstill. It was impossible to make the grade. In their sleep, our children were coughing and choking. Indian passengers became frantic. All windows were open. Like others, we perspired freely, breathing was most difficult. Excessive smoke from the soft coal-burning engines kept whirling through the compartment. Slowly they backed out again, made another desperate attempt but could not quite get through, only adding more smoke. Eyes began to tear and smart. Perspiration and coughing increased. Mrs. Davis said, "If we don't soon get out of here, we will at least all die together." They backed out a second time and uncoupled several cars, left them standing on the main line, and finally succeeded in reaching the other end. What a wonderful relief to breathe fresh air again, and wash the grime from face and hands. Even the hour's delay on a side track was welcome until the other coaches were brought.

Arriving in Darjeeling, inconveniences continued. The cottage was three miles down the mountainside. One day, Mrs. Davis walked uphill the whole distance in a drizzling rain and returned with two ounces of butter. But that evening, we did enjoy pie made of dried apple rings. The return trip after several weeks was another nightmare. The same intense heat, overcrowded trains, empty shelves in Calcutta's stores, endless delay in transporting luggage across Calcutta from one depot to another on handcarts over congested streets. Mrs. Davis and the children arrived in time to make connections with the fast mail train. Because the cart pushers were late, I had to be satisfied to ride on a slow passenger train which halted at all 75 stations along the 500-mile trip. Because pressed for time, I was able to purchase only a package of stale crackers and a fresh pineapple to appease hunger on the 24-hour journey.

Turmoil continued. Gradually political agitation got out of hand. In Nagpur, the capital of our Province, two British officials were murdered, several tea estate managers in the hills were killed by coolies. When asked why they committed the crime, they naively said, "We don't know. We were told to do so." When the turmoil and agitation was upsetting all normal public life, government finally decided a climax had been reached (March, 1922) and made plans to arrest Gandhi, Nehru Sr., and his son, now Prime Minister, and a number of other leaders. Government had no idea how the masses would react to the arrest of their idols. Fearing the worst, local officials advised us missionaries confidentially in advance to leave our various stations quickly and quietly, and to congregate in Raipur where they could protect us more easily in case of a serious uprising. Very reluctantly we packed the old Ford with food, clothing, even taking an old shotgun along! A servant, a maid, our two children, Mrs. Davis and I rode the 56 miles at 22 miles an hour, looking like migrating gypsies. All along the dusty road, we met the usual rural people who were unaware of what was to transpire. When greeted so kindly, we actually felt ashamed, as if we were fleeing from an enemy. Yet we considered it the proper course to follow; to refuse and thus embarrass the British officials who desired to protect us and avoid international trouble with the United States Government in case an American were harmed would not have been right. To the relief of all concerned, no uprising took place. During the few days of restricted movements, an impromptu conference was held after which we returned to our respective stations.

During World War II, when Japan captured Singapore, later entered Northeast India and began to bombard the coast nearest our mission area (1942) our State Department and Consular staffs appeared to be getting jittery. We received "strictly confidential" letters urging us not to divulge the contents to anyone not an American citizen, as it was sent by direction of the Personal Representative of the President of the United States. The communication stated that "The American Government has arranged for one of its vessels to depart for the United States from Karachi early in May. This may be the last transportation available for civilians for some time and all Americans who are not engaged in work directly bearing on the war effort, and who are willing to risk travel by sea are urgently advised to take advantage thereof. Those desiring to sail on this vessel should proceed unobtrusively and arrange to arrive in Karachi not later than April 30." The Mission Executive Committee advised several missionaries whose furloughs were to be due to take advantage of this favorable opportunity.

Three friends did get jittery. From different parts of India came two SOS letters asking if we could find refuge for them and their families in a village where there would be no danger of being bombed. One of them flew to America before my reply could reach him. Another built an air-raid shelter, stocked it with food, became ill and sailed for home. Three months later the Bombay Consulate informed all American missionaries that another ship was made available "under instruction from the Department of State" warning U.S. citizens to leave, adding, "Therefore, while the government leaves in the hands of each citizen the question whether to remain or to depart, it is also felt that those who remain should fully understand the element of risk involved." Mrs. Davis and I decided to remain and take the risk. A letter to the loved ones at home reveals why she was willing to take the risk. "To leave India is not easy for us. Our whole missionary life is one of joy, always interwoven with sadness. When we leave you all at home after a furlough to return to the field, it is linked with pain as well as joy. When we leave India to return home, it again involves pain and joy. When sending the children to Darjeeling school nine months a year, their absence brings pain. Sometimes I dread to think of the time when we return to India the last time a few years hence and must leave our boy, Malcolm, behind in college. India does get you; once you have lived here and really gotten into the work, it would be painful not to return again. We have so many very dear friends here. Apart from our relatives, I think we have more friends here than at home. How I shall miss my patients and the hostel boys, and the Indian children."

As most of the available passenger steamers had been requisitioned to transport soldiers, very few were diverted to convey civilians stranded in various countries. Hence it was necessary to overstay our furlough time by two years. Only in 1946 was another troop ship made available by the United States Government to take marooned Americans home again.

It was in April, 1942 that an urgent telegram was received in Mahasamund from Dr. Seybold, Conference President, "Herbert Gass arriving tomorrow. Come at once." Being a neutral Swiss citizen, Dr. Gass had been absent two months at several concentration camps in South India as member of an official commission to examine the health of Italian war prisoners. It involved repatriation and exchange of war prisoners. A meeting of our Mission executive committee was called immediately to discuss one of the most serious situations confronting us during these unsettled war decades. Widespread civil disobedience campaigns and increasing tensions became alarming. In view of these critical months, the uncertainty of future events, England "with her back against the wall," the Japanese army invading Indian soil, and bombing port cities, growing internal antagonism against everything western, there loomed the possibility that we missionaries might have to face internment for reasons of safety, or even be evacuated. An Emergency Committee of Indians was appointed of which Dr. H. Gass was asked to serve as Chairman. The purpose of this Committee was to assure the continuation of mission work in case the missionaries would be interned in concentration camps or be asked to leave the country. It was also authorized to pay the mission share of the Provident Fund money due each worker to date in case that became necessary. Being a Swiss citizen, Dr. Gass would have been allowed to remain on the field to guide the administration of the mission. All conference members were informed of this confidential decision, and cautioned to observe a pledge of secrecy, lest this action create an atmosphere of panic among the local people. "Furthermore, general knowledge of the action may have repercussions which the government would not view lightly in these days of war." These precautionary suggestions were circulated among the missionaries.

1. Try to keep your cash book and ledger balanced so that they can be closed on short notice.
2. Try to collect all bills and debts outstanding, at any rate have a complete up-to-date statement of your clearing account and debts with your ledger.
3. Do not forget to make an inventory of all
   a. Mission property, including movable property (tonga, safe, typewriter, etc.).
   b. Personal property (one to be left in bungalow and one for yourself).
4. Keep your bank and check books as well as your ledger and cash books together so that you can take them along with you or deliver them on short notice.
5. Have marked envelopes ready for safe keys or any other special keys so that they can be left with your cash and bank books with the Chairman of the Emergency Committee in case that necessity arises.
6. In storing anything, think of white ants, termites, and possible leaky roofs. Also, instruct the person to whom bungalow will be entrusted to be watchful.
7. Prepare list of all taxes and rents which you pay. Remember in this connection to make a list of all the Mission-owned plots showing on which ones rent is being paid.

Fortunately it was not necessary for the Emergency Committee to function. The war appeared to be taking a favorable turn for the Allies. Mission work continued without hindrance or disturbance. Missionaries could travel anywhere as in peacetime. Only when visiting outside our area were we expected to notify the police department and let them know the time of arrival and departure.

In the midst of all political upheaval and turmoil an instructive incident occurred in the county seat at Mahasamund where we were stationed at the time. The ten lawyers of the town had arranged a celebration in honor of Rabindranath Tagore, the famous poet of Bengal. About eighty men were present on a large verandah for the evening event. The senior lawyer was chairman and kindly invited me to be present. In the midst of his address extolling the poetic international fame of Tagore he noticed me, the only white person, sitting on the floor with the other men. Interrupting his speech he pointed to me and said, "It is a shame that Mr. Davis is here in our midst." This sudden outburst amazed me for I considered it a mere echo of his antagonism against the British and the white man in general. Gandhi's non-cooperation agitation and campaign were then at their height. His cryptic remark puzzled me not a little. After halting a moment, he repeated, "It is a disgrace that Dr. and Mrs. Davis are here doing the work that we should be doing and are *not* doing it." Waving his hand in the direction of the Mission school and the dispensary, he continued, "They are educating our children and healing our sick. Why are they serving us like that? I'll tell you." Pointing down the road where all could see the bright light shining in the darkness through the church tower opening in the form of an eight-foot Cross, he said, "That is the reason!" For ten minutes he then gave a detailed account of Jesus' work and crucifixion. His unsolicited, spontaneous testimony thrilled and surprised the audience. He is an orthodox high caste Hindu who had received part of his education in a mission school, but remained so conservative that, even though we were good friends, he would not visit in our home. I was informed that several years later he did visit our successor.

In this connection, it is interesting to relate how Gandhi was influenced by the CROSS. His secretary reports about the incident when they saw a large Crucifix in Rome, "There is a statue of 'Jesus on the Cross' which is capable of moving the stoniest heart. Gandhi stood before it for several minutes, went in the rear of it, performed, so to say, a Pradakshina (marching around the idol several times as a part of ceremonial worship) and said: 'One can't help being moved to tears.' " And when the "Pictorial History of Gandhi" was published, it included a reproduction of a page in the song book he used regularly in his Ashram for the inmates and casual visitors. It was his favorite song, "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross."

GANDHI'S ASSASSINATION

When sailing for furlough in August, 1946, after a stretch of 9½ years, we experienced the beginning of Calcutta's most furious communal clash. Resentment was increasing among Hindus because Gandhi bowed down to pressure and threats from the Moslem leader, Mr. M. A. Jinnah, when he agreed to a division of India. A similar ill will enraged the Moslems when they suspected the Hindu leaders' sincerity in carrying out the agreement. "Direct action" was resorted to on both sides; 3,000 persons were killed in these Calcutta riots. Not many months later, dissensions reached a climax.

January 30, 1948, the Editor of a Cincinnati newspaper called me by phone in Bellevue, Kentucky, to inform me of Gandhi's assassination. It was the first information received and most unexpected. A month later, we returned to India via England. About forty Indians on board the steamer to Bombay were returning to a free India after several years of post graduate work in English universities. Few of them shared our joy that India had become, in Nehru's words, an independent "Sovereign Democratic Republic." The political, communal, social unrest and turmoil which had culminated in Gandhi's death, filled them with apprehension. Most of them appeared to be confused, not quite certain what their future in a new India might be. The panic which had broken out in their motherland as a result of the partitioning of the country frightened them. When the predominantly Moslem areas of Northwest India and of Northeast India were severed from the mother country to become West and East Pakistan, indescribable panic broke out on both sides of the newly created border. Leaving all their possessions behind, frightened Hindus fled from West and East Pakistan to India. Suspicious Moslems fearing their fate in a Hindu dominated India fled to Pakistan. Twelve to fifteen million people transferred their dwelling place and allegiance in the process. With masses of refugees passing each other on the waterways, railroads and highways, clashes took place frequently. It is estimated that one million men, women and children were killed. India's millenniums of culture cracked as if it had been only a veneer through which slumbering hatreds of centuries broke forth in volcanic eruptions. In the unexpected holocaust which took place in such fury, old animosities and revenge got the upper hand. Governments on both sides were unprepared for such an immense emergency.

Mission organizations were called upon to assist and to serve the ill and the wounded, and especially to regulate sanitation in the hurriedly constructed, overcrowded refugee camps. A number of our missionaries, doctors, nurses and Indian helpers volunteered their services. It is estimated that 50,000 Hindu girls, widows and wives were kidnapped and taken to Pakistan. Ten years later, when the agreement to repatriate abducted women was due to expire (November, 1957) less than 10,000 of that number were recovered. During the crisis, sixty girls and women in one city drowned themselves by jumping into a large open well to escape abductors.

Gandhi, who had formerly opposed this "vivisection" of India with all his power and eventually agreed to the separation, was shocked beyond measure at what was taking place. He began "a fast unto death" to bring the Moslem, Hindu and Sikh leaders (who were also involved in the fray) to their senses and called them together to stop the fratricidal slaughter. How could such horror have taken place among such a peace-loving people? A group of fanatical, orthodox Hindus had misinterpreted his slogan "Ram Raj" thinking he thereby meant a free India dominated and ruled by Hindu religious laws and customs. Their agitation eventually misled a Hindu youth to assassinate Gandhi while the latter was conducting his usual public evening prayer. He, like other ultra conservative believers, believed that Gandhi had betrayed Hinduism when he favored the separation. This tragic result of recrudescent Hinduism shocked no one more than Nehru. Fearing increased danger of bloodshed and communal riots due to this extreme resurgence of Hinduism, Nehru made the very wise announcement that India was to be a "secular" Democratic Republic. The unity of India was being endangered by communalism, the tendency of several religious and racial groups to agitate for special recognition as separate political units. To discourage communalism, he, as Prime Minister, refused to receive or interview any delegation that came to him representing any particular religious or racial group —they were to come only in the capacity of "citizen" on a basis of equality and unity, not of communal or religious separation.

History will place Mahatma Gandhi among the world's greatest men. Recognized as the "Father of India's Freedom" he deserves this honor and distinction for having led India to independence without resorting to war. India and the whole world was shocked at Gandhi's assassination. It was a tense period. The atmosphere was surcharged with emotionalism. No one in India could escape it. Prime Minister Nehru mirrored the sadness of the nation in his broadcast that evening, "The light has gone out of our lives, and there is darkness everywhere. I do not know what to tell you and how to say it. This is a terrible blow, not only to me but to the millions and millions in this country." Notwithstanding the widespread winsome influence Gandhi wielded over all who came in contact with him, and the power he had to sway millions to rally around him personally and the cause of freedom, I do not share the verdict expressed by one biographer who was present in India at the time. It appears to me that he succumbed to the tidal wave of emotionalism when he wrote the following, "I thought Mahatma Gandhi would be greater in death than he had been in life . . . He is stronger in death than he was in life . . . He commands more obedience in death than even in life."* On the margin of my copy of the book, I made the remark, "A dead Gandhi cannot save India, this is Christ's prerogative." And in connection with the author's statement that Gandhi's assassination was "the greatest tragedy since the Son of God died on the Cross," I wrote, "Tell Lincoln." Hero worship has its dangers.

**Mahatma Gandhi,* E. Stanley Jones, Abingdon Press

When her Excellency, Governor Sarojini Naidu unveiled and dedicated a statue of Gandhi, she listed the greatest benefactors of mankind in this order—Jesus Christ, Gautama Buddha, Mahatma Gandhi. And she was a Hindu.

Since that historic tragedy twelve years ago, I have gathered numerous clippings from Indian edited papers under the title "Gandhi in Death," and, sad to say, the majority imply that his influence is slowly waning. I quote the latest observation by the Indian editor of the "Guardian" (December 3, 1959). "He was responsible for the burst of moral enthusiasm which showed itself in the struggle for freedom. Though Mahatma Gandhi's name is quoted by all classes of people, the moral momentum which he generated in the people now does not exist as powerfully as before independence." Free India has lapsed from the high ideals which he himself observed so consistently during his whole life. But I am confident that new India will reconquer and practice that same high idealism which Gandhi, his co-workers and the masses demonstrated so significantly during the halcyon days of their long struggle for freedom.

WARTIME GUESTS

It is a paradox that a combination of honeymoon and war should have brought so many friends into our home, or to be more exact, into our homes, for our vocation made it necessary during the 46 years to live in ten different homes at one time or another. To record in detail the story of the guests we were privileged to entertain during the 4½ decades in America and India would read like a contemporaneous history of world missions covering that period. Their coming and going was largely caused by war conditions. Our first war casualty guests came during our first furlough while serving a church temporarily in Buffalo, New York, Dr. Theo and Mrs. Mueller and daughter. They were sailing from their Mission field in what is now Ghana to their home in Germany (1915) when a British man-of-war removed them from the steamer as prisoners of war, but the Captain released them again when they agreed to proceed to America. Our Mission Secretary requested us to receive them until they could make other arrangements. Thus Africa was represented in our home for several months. Being also an ordained minister, Dr. Mueller was invited to serve the congregation in North Tonawanda, New York. At the same time he was honored by the Buffalo Medical Society, even though an "enemy alien," to do research work in cancer. How happy Dr. and Mrs. Mueller would have been could they have known at the time that when they sailed from their mission field there was a little boy in

Sunday School who thirty years later would also be a guest in our home, the Rev. Christian G. Baeta. He is the Senior Lecturer in Divinity, University College in Ghana. It was he who coined the expressive phrase, "It takes both the white and the black keys to make a melody."

The next guest was a young lady from Germany who had left the Catholic Church to become a Protestant, and remained several months while learning English. She was followed by William Danner, Secretary of the Mission to Lepers. He confessed that it was he who helped to supply the information to a news syndicate in New York which was splashed on a full page in Sunday papers a few weeks after our departure from America, (See Appendix). During a later furlough, it was Dr. Heinrich Frick, President of Marburg University whom we were privileged to entertain during his tour of several theological seminaries in this country. He again thanked us for the Krishna-idol we presented to his university when visiting him on our way to the States. Two Indian co-workers from India sent as fraternal delegates to the Church here found time in their busy deputation schedule to bring some Indian atmosphere into our home, Dr. Gurbachan Singh, Superintendent of the Gass Memorial Center in Raipur, and the Rev. Obed Wany, Moderator of our Chhattisgarh and Orissa Church Council.

Returning to India it was several months after the end of World War I and the signing of the Versailles Peace Treaty that Mrs. Davis was called upon to be hostess to a group of educators sent from England and America to study the "Religious Education of Christian Youth" in India. An entry in the diary tells the tale, "Dear Edna has her hands full entertaining and feeding eight prominent guests for two days and several additional leaders from neighboring missions the second day." Among the guests were Dr. Frazer, Principal of a Ceylon Christian College; Dr. D. J. Fleming of New York and Lahore Christian College; Professor McLean of Madras Christian College; Miss Allan from Cambridge, England; Mason Olcott, New York; and Mr. Nasir, Indian Y.M.C.A. Secretary. They inspected the orphanage (75 children), the hostel (boarding home) 31 pupils, the Primary and Middle English schools, the industrial school, farm department and dispensary. The climax was reached in an 8 o'clock morning service when a thousand Christians were present to meet the Commission. Their inspiring singing (without organ or other instruments) thrilled the fifteen guests. In an evening session, educational needs of the Christian community were discussed.

Mrs. Davis was in high spirits, and had reason to be. The day before the guests arrived, Dr. J. Gass and family and Mr. T. C.

Seybold drove from Raipur in the first auto in our Mission, a Ford, presented by the Rev. H. L. Streich from friends in Buffalo, New York. The surprise was complete when the key was presented to Mrs. Davis. This was in 1919. For twenty years it served us well for the intended purpose of speeding our work. On our frequent camping tours among the villages when loaded with bedding, cots, cooking utensils, projector and screen, a box with literature, a medical kit, food supplies, water jugs, and a servant squatting on the top if it all, it looked more like a gypsy van than a young couple on a honeymoon.

Two days after the Educational Commission continued their tour, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson came for a brief visit on their way to inspect the Chandkuri Leper Asylum. It was a day of embarrassment for the hostess. The morning after the Andersons arrived, the cook failed to report for duty. He was nowhere to be found, had disappeared without leaving any trace whatsoever. That evening he was discovered hiding high in a huge shade tree, a mere 100 feet from his house. It was his way of finding peace and quietness after a quarrel with his wife. When asked why he chose that place of refuge, he replied, "The birds did not nag, they sang."

Entertaining Indian guests caused a little more worry, especially those of high caste who were strict in observing all dietary caste rules. Two school officials accepted our invitation to visit us with their wives. The latter arrived separately in a covered tonga and entered the house through the dining room door. The gentlemen had their own conveyance and entered through the door of the living room. A six-foot paneled screen divided the two rooms. The problem for the hostess was what to serve. As conservative Hindus they would partake of no cooked food containing meat, eggs or fat. One of the men enjoyed the cookies and ice cream, the other one ate half a stick of butter with a teaspoon. Occasionally he also tried his utmost to lean far backwards on his chair in order to peep around the screen to see what his wife was eating. He didn't quite succeed. When they were leaving we were considerably relieved that they did not stop on the way and inquire from the cook what ingredients had been used in the refreshments served, for he had used an egg in preparing the cookies. Asked what the women ate on her side of the screen, Mrs. Davis replied, "Everything." Before their arrival she removed the flyswat so that we would not perchance kill a fly in their presence. A few days later when Dr. F. A. Goetsch, Secretary of our Board of International Missions and the Rev. Otto Press, Editor of the "Friedensbote" came from St. Louis on a visitation tour of the mission field, they also visited us in Mahasamund. The flyswat was again hanging in its usual place.

With frequent guests, life did not become monotonous or lack humor, even in the small village, away from the main stream of travel and traffic. A British Chief Divisional Commissioner interrupted his official tour of the area and visited us. All local Indian officials of the nearby County Seat were notified and had gathered out under the trees, awaiting opportunity to pay their respects. After his departure they were very curious, wondering what we could have conversed about so long. Pretending to be serious and relying on a vivid imagination, I informed them "most confidentially" that the Commissioner was deeply concerned about more efficient service and asked if I had any suggestions to offer. What did I suggest? That he measure the waistline of each official now and again several months later; all whose measurement was not decreased would have to suffer a decrease in salary. But, I assured them that a greater danger loomed on the horizon. It was the time when the two-way radio system was evolved in America. I assured them that the Commissioner would soon install an instrument in his Raipur office, 65 miles away which would enable him to hear clearly every word they whispered to their wife at night time. One exclaimed, "Mar gaya," I have already died. Their momentary fright vanished when I explained that only if they had a sending apparatus in their room could such a conversation be transmitted to the Commissioner's receiving set in Raipur. When they left, our little innocent Kenneth asked one of them why he was so awfully black. Another told him the reason, "He fell into the Black Sea on his way from England."

As Raipur was an important railway center on the main line through India from Bombay to Calcutta, also the terminal point for the 300-mile line direct to the southeast coast, and of the 50-mile narrow-gauge line to the interior, many military officers changed trains at this point during World War II. And as there were then about 125 missionaries in the five different missions of the area, many of them came to Raipur to purchase supplies or to make train connections when taking their children to school in the hills. Others found it necessary to stop over when attending conference or committee meetings, which were often held in the Gass Memorial Center. Thus it was natural that the three missionary homes in Raipur became a refuge for transient guests. Our homes were also open to the men from the Air Force Base 7 miles away and to men of other military establishments nearby. When off duty they appreciated the offer of hospitality for tea or a meal. Weeks before Christmas they would consult Mrs. Davis about gifts they might send home for wife, mother or children. After making the purchases of shoes, cloth or jewelry they would come, sit on the floor like happy children to display them.

The routine mission work in Raipur, supervising Mahasamund Mission station, serving at the railway Canteen, being host and hostess to a continuous stream of visitors brought excitement and rich experiences. Perusing the list of guests it seems as if the ends of the world had converged here in Raipur. A more interesting, diversified and representative group could hardly be imagined. All were delightful people, some of them had sad tales to tell. Although many "just casually stopped in" without advance notice, all were welcome. Among the guests were the following: A Texas soldier on leave spent three weeks with us. Fourteen fellow missionaries from China were flown "over the Hump" at various times and made their home with us for several weeks until passage to America became available. Seven Indian pastors and their wives were invited to tea. Mr. Russell, Secretary of the Mission to Lepers; Dr. Wilson, Moderator of the United Church of Northern India; the Rev. C. E. Abraham, Principal of the famous Baptist Seminary founded by William Carey 140 years ago; the Rev. Balasundaram, Secretary of the India Bible Society; Mr. Smith-Pearse, Principal of Rajkumar College, Raipur and ten Indian members of the Raipur Book Fair Committee. Eight missionary children spent the night on their way to school in Darjeeling. Four American soldiers spent their week's leave with us. They brought a tin of American chocolates. "Oh, what a treat!" said Mrs. Davis. Bishop and Mrs. Lapp of the Mennonite Church stopped over on their way to Darjeeling. (It was he who shot a hole through the toilet bowl when a rat refused to be flushed into oblivion.) Four English nurses on their way to England were entertained; as was a Lieutenant whose luggage went astray when he changed trains; a high caste Indian Major who became peeved because his camp sweeper had become a Christian and refused to be treated like a slave; Mr. and Mrs. King, tourists stranded in India for four years and spending the forced delay by serving their mission; Major de Coupaley of French royalty, for a time A.D.C. to the Prince of Wales; Verrier Elwin, former Anglican priest, now turned anthropologist, author of numerous excellent books on Primitive Indian Tribes. Dr. and Mrs. Abraham, Civil Surgeon, whose ancestors came from Palestine about 100 B.C. and were shipwrecked near the coast of Bombay, losing everything but their lives, visited us frequently. Other guests included Mr. and Mrs. Hershberger, instructors in the Darjeeling school where our missionary children were pupils; Father Wingert of Raipur, a German Catholic Priest who feared being interned and therefore fled to Bombay where he found refuge in a monastery. Mr. and Mrs.

Wenger stayed with us when they came to Raipur for rabies treatment after being bitten by a mad dog. They happened to arrive while we were in the midst of a meal with eight other guests. "Just another day," said Mrs. Davis. The four following diary excerpts describe a few of the exceptional days.

> Sat., March 11, 1944—"Dad is in bed with malaria fever. Must pack Malcolm's trunk as he leaves for school Monday, and tomorrow is Sunday. At 8 a.m., Rev. Purti came to discuss the Bisrampur situation; before he left Mr. Baksch came to discuss book-depot matters. Before they left, Mr. Duerksen arrived from Champa and Dr. Whitcomb from Tilda, both remained for lunch and tea. While at tea Mr. Yezdani, headmaster of the Mahasamund Mission School called, and Mr. Gurbachan Singh entered with him to discuss "Center" matters. While trying to rest a little, the mailman came with a registered letter. Had an hour to mend Malcolm's socks and complete packing his trunk. John Whitcomb came for supper and to spend the night. It's 10:30. I'm dead tired. What a hectic day!"
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> Sun. Sept. 18, 1945—"Had hopes that we would be alone today. Unexpectedly a very pleasant and interesting cargo-vessel gunman, Jack Lister, and his friend came. Chaplain Childs and wife, who had been our guests, had told them, 'If you must ever change trains in Raipur, stop in at the home of Mrs. Davis for real hospitality.' Their steamer was on the way to Singapore with a load of gasoline, and when stopping at Vizagapatam for supplies, discovered that the war was over. As they had missed connections in Raipur they remembered the Chaplain's suggestion and were happy to spend the night with us."
>
> Sunday again. "Had 40 Royal Air Force boys for tea. They ate 21 doz. cookies the cook and I made yesterday. Fortunately the neighbor ladies brought 4 doz. and the rationed sugar they had saved; it just reached."
>
> Sun. Nov. 25, 1945. "The Air Force leader sent word that he would send two lorries to take Miss Schaeffer's 30 lady teachers on a tour of their base camp. We expected two drivers for tea, and lo! 10 other men came with them. What a task to divide two trays of ice cream among 12 hungry men! All my cookies and cake disappeared like hot cakes. Dad went along to camp with them and conducted a 4 o'clock service. After a short tour of the airport the men served tea. Just the beginning of another week."

A most unexpected letter arrived from the Rev. Paul Taylor, Ph. D., D.D., from Colombo (July 8, 1944), asking if he could find a home with us temporarily. Seventeen days later he arrived in our home. Returning from America to the China field a submarine torpedoed the passenger ship not far from Bombay. Four days they spent in a life boat before being rescued by a Corvette and taken to Colombo. He had lost everything but a pair of trousers and his passport. He was dressed only in khaki shirt, shorts, tennis slippers "and a Red Cross toothbrush" he explained upon arrival.

Another guest became a "near tragedy" a month later. The Rev. J. Sandegren, D.D., Bishop of the Swedish Lutheran Church in South India, had come to consult our Executive Committee with reference to several German missionaries held in internment camps. Would our mission, he inquired, be willing to employ one or two of them in case the National Missionary Council succeeded in persuading the Government to release them? When returning to his home, the driver of his auto fell asleep, crashed into a tree severely bruising the Bishop. Only after a long period of convalescence was he again able to continue his work.

We had the pleasure of another outstanding guest in whose home I had been entertained several times when attending meetings of the National Christian Council in Nagpur.

The Rev. Raja B. Manikam, Ph.D., had studied in Columbia University and Union Theological Seminary in New York, later became East Asia Secretary of the World Council of Churches, and was ordained Bishop of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in South India. We met again when he visited America in 1958. When addressing the faculty and students of the seminary in New York he made a statement worth remembering: "We may have conquered the monkey and the tiger in human nature, but the donkey in man seems to persist." His purpose in visiting us in Raipur was to examine the extensive filing system of clippings on India which I had built up over a period of 35 years. We discussed the matter of setting up a similar system in the Nagpur office of the National Christian Council. Incidentally he suggested that the Council would appreciate receiving my files upon retirement from India. Not being ready to do so at the time, I have now made plans to give them to the Mission Research Library in New York.

When the Rev. A. Ralla Ram, D.D., Secretary of the India Christian Movement visited us, he delighted Mrs. Davis with the story of his experience among American cannibals wanting to eat him alive. While guest in a certain home he heard the hostess telephoning to her friend that she was having Ralla Ram for supper. The friend, not a well-informed church member, replied, "Do please give me the recipe, I would like to serve Ralla Ram as an Indian dish when my card club meets next week."

A farewell party was given for the Indian pastor, his wife and twenty teachers, described by one of them as "a grand affair," and so it was. In addition to the congenial fellowship there were cake, cookies, brown bread, butter, doughnuts and sandwiches, delicacies they were not accustomed to have in their homes.

Consulting the guest-book I now wonder how Mrs. Davis had succeeded in being such a good hostess in addition to other house cares and mission work. Including "repeaters", she entertained a total of 903 guests during those four war years. Half of them came unexpectedly. Some of them arrived before the letter or telegram announcing their intention to come. We and the guests bless the memory of St. John's friends in Evansville for the refrigerator which made it possible to serve ice cream so frequently when food was rationed. A summary is interesting.

> Tea, ice cream cookies or cake were served to 156 Indians, 133 missionaries, and 166 soldiers, a total of 456.
>
> Meals were served to 40 Indians, 198 missionaries, 62 soldiers, a total of 300.
>
> Meals and night lodging to 11 Indians, 131 missionaries and 5 soldiers, total 147.

The last entry in her guest book is an anti-climax to all the pleasant experiences of the past four years. The usual period of service in India between furloughs was six to seven years. Due to war conditions this term stretched out to 9½ years. We were tired and longed to go home. Regular passenger steamers were not available, even though the war had ended a year previously. Thousands of civilians were anxiously awaiting opportunity to sail. Naturally, the many soldiers had priority rights. That last entry, June 14, 1946, is as follows: "Here we are, weather hot as blazes, waiting and waiting. Today word came from Bombay that the American Government canceled the "Marine Angel" and we are to be booked on the "Marine Lynx" which may leave Calcutta about July 17th, another hot month to wait. Isn't it exasperating!"

Those strenuous years were not in vain. Mrs. Davis preserved most of the letters received from guests, primarily those from the soldiers who had enjoyed her hospitality. In her file are 230 such letters sent from all parts of India and their home countries. Many of them were repeat-orders for the book, "I Never Saw a Missionary." Others spoke of their joy in having been "in a home." Some described the difficulty in readjusting themselves to civilian life and finding work. The various chaplains we met, about fifteen, expressed their thanks for the "open house" many missionaries had for the soldiers. A dozen letters were in Hindi from Indian soldiers. Some of our replies to them were returned to us, unopened, with only one word on the envelope, "deceased".

UNWELCOME GUESTS, PESTS AND BEASTS

Our first guests were the most unwelcome ever entertained. No, we did not entertain them at all, but did our utmost to speed them on their way. They came without an invitation, suddenly, unexpectedly, did not even show us the courtesy of sending notice in advance. It would not have been so embarrassing if only they had not brought so many friends along with them. Their coming was all the more inconvenient and most unwelcome because we had been in India only a few weeks, and like "innocents abroad" did not quite know how to entertain them.

We had just returned from our daily morning tour in the Asylum. After disinfecting our hands as usual, we entered the dining room, and there, six feet above the floor, on the whitewashed wall was a foot-wide black band moving like a wavy streamer in a mild wind, tens of thousands of large black ants, each one carrying an egg in its pincers. We removed the pictures from the wall lest they deposit the eggs behind the frames, took a new broom and in wide-angle swishes tried to sweep them down to the floor. This unwise maneuver only created pandemonium. More and more ants came through the north door marching like a mighty, determined, endless army. It appeared to be a hopeless task. A kettle of boiling water was splashed against the wall. All was in vain. Just then a servant entered and laughed hysterically, motioned us to stand back and do nothing. Being out of breath we meekly obeyed. The parade had reformed, on and on they marched through the door on the opposite side of the room. They were merely taking a short-cut route on their seasonal migration from their garden nest on the north side of the house to a new nest in the garden on the south side. Unfortunately, we had not been taught ant-psychology in the Seminary.

The first weeks we were considerably disturbed by the small wall lizards, but soon learned that they are desirable friends. Usually one or two lived in each room, hiding behind a picture-frame or row of books in the daytime when not hunting for insects. Their preference was juicy moths attracted at night by the lamplight. It was interesting to notice how each one established clearly defined boundaries for his own happy hunting ground. When a competitor overstepped the imaginary dividing line and encroached on another's territory, the latter would shoot forth like an arrow from behind his hiding place and challenge the enemy's right to enter the forbidden domain. At times the older, speedier one would attack and seize the encroacher who was fortunate to escape with an abbreviated tail. We enjoyed observing how the stubby tail would again grow to its original length.

The shrew was a less welcome guest even though he was useful in devouring crickets, grasshoppers and undesirable parasites that found their way into the house under ill-fitting screen doors. At first glance, the swiftly running shrew looks like a long mouse. His runway is close to the wall. He would never run in the open across the room. The only way to catch one was to block its way and compel it to come out into the open. A quick swish along the floor with a yardstick or thin pliant bamboo reed would end his existence. During our absence one of them made her way up the rear inner side of the desk, crawled into the drawer and chewed up all the receipts from payments which had been made to a building contractor. The countless bits of paper made a soft nest and delivery room for five baby shrews, but created an embarrassing situation for me. No jig-saw expert could have pieced the shreds of paper together again. A dispute arose with the contractor regarding actual payments made to him and he refused to sign a final receipt upon completion of the work. Had this shrewd contractor known what his friend, the shrew, had done with the proofs of my payments, and had he demanded to see all the receipts, he may not have finally been willing to settle the case.

Field mice also found their way into the house occasionally. Now and then a rat invited himself in for a visit. One night our cocker spaniel barked his peculiar squeal which was his customary signal when he had traced something that had no right to share the house with him. On such occasions he usually dispatched the intruder without any help. But this time his squealing continued in such a higher and livelier pitch that one could easily conclude that something unusual was worrying him. Taking the lantern to investigate, I found a huge rat crouching under the sideboard defying him with a screeching snarl. Together we succeeded. It measured exactly two feet from the tip of its nose to the end of its tail. It was given to the nightwatchman who had slept soundly through the whole scramble, but was grateful for the animal. The next morning, Mrs. Davis discovered that he had singed the hair off the rat over our cookstove fire, ready to take it home for a meal. Many Christians are sensible in this matter. One finds no garbage in the Indian villages. People are too hungry and too poor to leave scraps of food to attract the rats, hence they pilfer the grain bins for food or die. Any rat growing fat exclusively on clean, wholesome grain must surely appeal to the tastebuds of any connoisseur.

Only once while in India did we experience a locust plague. Garden vegetables and field crops had not yet begun to ripen when a huge swarm of locusts found their way to our area from the Afghanistan desert, 2,000 miles away. Many of them settled in Parsabhader and neighboring villages for lunch before resuming their flight eastwards. They stripped many trees of their leaves and devoured whatever was green above the ground. Not a few remained behind and failed to resume their flight, crows and chickens had made a feast of them.

It would be unusual if a village home did not have a snake visit now and then, seeking either a dry spot for refuge when excessive rains fill their holes, or on a hunt for a luscious mouse or frog. The harmless grass snake seldom strayed into the house, nor did the cobra which was bent on catching a larger morsel on the outside. Several times the dangerous and quick-striking banded krait was discovered in our home, and strangely enough, it was invariably Mrs. Davis who encountered or saw it first. One was found stretched out along the top ledge of a window. Another curled under a cushion on a living room chair. A krait once crawled over her instep during a walk across the lawn. Only one such encounter with a snake could have been fatal. Early one morning, (we usually rose before sunrise) while in the dressing room with the lantern still turned low, Mrs. Davis slipped two fingers into her shoes to carry them into the bedroom. Noticing that something fell out, she thought it was a toy one of the children had dropped, but soon saw a shining streak slithering across the floor. She shrieked hysterically, fainted, and had to be carried to bed. For half an hour she continued to tremble, and had reason to do so. The nightwatchman was called. All doors were kept closed. In vain we hunted, and finally discovered that the snake had crawled through a knothole in the children's toybox. As the lid was closed no one thought of looking into such a hiding place. The nightwatchman killed it, a viper fifteen inches long, one of India's most venomous snakes, whose fangs could easily have injected their deadly poison into Mrs. Davis' hand or bare feet. It is the only time she was ever known to be so frightened.

One night our youngest son, then about seven, frightened his mother by calling out frantically, "Mother, mother, a snake on the top of my mosquito net." She rushed into the bedroom and in the dim light of the lantern saw it curled up above his head. She warned him to be very quiet, not to move, the nightwatchman would be called at once. With the additional light of his lantern, the nightwatchman approached the bed with a bamboo club ready to strike. The prankster sat up and laughed aloud. It was only a necktie which he had twisted into a rope, "to see what mother would do."

We are told that no missionary in India was ever poisoned by a snake. If true, it is indeed marvelous, as 20,000 Indians are killed by them annually. The reason may be that, although having no ears, the snake is very sensitive to vibrations caused by persons walking in shoes. The majority of the Indians go bare-footed, especially when working in the fields where they are exposed to greater danger.

One afternoon, Dr. J. Gass was addressing a group of thirty boys informally on our front verandah when one of them called our attention to a most unusual sight. There, in the eight-inch high grass only forty feet away were two large snakes rising up three feet above the grass, gracefully facing each other, winding and unwinding themselves around each other, swaying back and forth in a most graceful dance. This continued for a full twenty minutes while one of the boys ran to the village to borrow a shotgun. A passing man offered to kill them with a bamboo pole, but we said, no, lest they be poisonous cobras and endanger the boys. Dr. Gass then killed both with one shot. But we all regretted the error. They were not dangerous cobras but non-poisonous "asariyas" that feed on rats and mice. They were mating. Their nest was in a hole in the ground nearby. Dr. Gass remarked that in all his 43 years in India, he had never seen such a sight.

Sometimes small unwanted guests can be more unpleasant than large ones. Mrs. Davis had ordered the bamboo-mat maker to make two wicker verandah chairs. After he delivered them the chairs were washed and placed in the hot sun. Several missionaries came for a social evening. While playing a game in the living room, one of them noticed a spot on my white collar and jokingly said, "Davis, is it a crawling spot?" namely a bedbug. To continue the joke, he brought the flit can and sprayed me. Out came the bugs from under the coat collar and from the sleeves. He sprayed the chair, and out they came by the dozens. What had happened? The chairs had undoubtedly been frequently occupied at the chairmaker's workshop over a period of weeks. The customers left a few of the tribe whose number quickly increase. Dr. Gass humorously remarked that he did not mind being bitten by one, but he did not like to think of whom it may have bitten before it tasted his blood. (A bed bug can spread diseases.)

Before leaving for a vacation, the servant was shown all the clothes-closets, cupboards, doorframes, trunks, bookcases where termites (erroneously called white ants) had frequently tried to feast. Daily he was to make the rounds and destroy any tunnels they were likely to make when coming on their destructive hunt. One spot he overlooked. They made their appearance through a crack in the stone windowsill and devoured a considerable portion of magazines. They apparently had less difficulty in digesting the "Scientific American" than I had when reading it.

Returning from our vacation Mrs. Davis brought some corn and bean seeds from Darjeeling to plant in the garden, a useless effort. Hungry chipmunks and rats dug up and ate more than half the seeds before they could even germinate. One night the watchman awakened us with a shout—a panther was carrying off two of our geese. Not being able to get through the wire fence with them, he dropped both. One was dead, the other died soon after. He had robbed us of our Fourth of July and our wedding anniversary meals. Apparently such predatory animals have a way of communicating with each other. Insult was added to injured feelings.

In June we had purchased two ducks which were being fattened for Thanksgiving day. But two evenings after the raid on the goose-pen a jackal came from the other side of the jungle after sunset, raided the coop and carried off one of the ducks to enjoy a portion of our Thanksgiving meal in advance.

That same summer the monsoons were very strong. Rains came frequently and regularly. The grass in the large compound was allowed to grow tall in order to increase the necessary fodder for the oxen during the following hot season when none would be available. It was now almost three feet high. One muggy Sunday afternoon we were reading on the front verandah when Mrs. Davis noticed something had jumped over the fence and was slowly approaching the house. Like a flash she rushed indoors and begged me to follow. Standing behind the screen door she became frantic and vainly insisted I come inside. It was too attractive a sight to miss. A few moments the animal crouched quietly in the tall grass, then moved forward again. It was a huge hyena, looking more ferocious than it really was. Seldom do hyenas attack living creatures, usually only cadaver, and I was not yet dead.

Only once did we have the presence of two dead guests. Standing behind a tree in the forest a quarter of a mile from our home, a Christian shot two panthers with an old muzzle-loading shotgun. This was extremely dangerous, if not stupid for him to attempt. If a shot had missed, or if one of the animals had been only wounded, he could have been severely mauled. They were brought to our verandah and rested there temporarily after I had photographed them. Villagers from far and near came to admire them.

One Sunday afternoon while walking on a narrow path to attend an afternoon service in a nearby village, we suddenly became aware of movement behind a two-foot high embankment of the rice field. A wild pig was nursing her little ones. Suddenly her mate came from his hiding place in the tall rice, rose up, placing his front feet on the embankment less than 25 feet in front of us and snarled as if he dared us to proceed. The mother pig moved away, trailed

Panthers were among the less welcome guests.

by the hungry, protesting shoats. Seeing the boar's ivory-like tusks, we beat a hasty retreat. Having seen an Indian ripped open by a wild boar, we had no desire to insist on our right to use the path at that moment.

We had learned that ordinarily wild animals, excepting a man-eating tiger, do not attack a person only under one of several conditions—if it has been severely wounded; if it is suddenly disturbed while resting or asleep; when protecting its young; when cornered; or when feasting on a kill.

"I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest; Because the road's last turn will be the best."—*(The Rev. Dr. D. MacKichan who served 46 years in India.)*

"Thou hast made me known
  to friends whom I knew not.
Thou hast given me seats
  in homes not my own.
Thou hast brought the distant near
  and made a brother of a stranger."
—*Tagore*

"In crucial times one has to test four things—patience, religion, friends and wife."—*Tulsidas, 1550 A.D.*

TOURING IN THE INTERIOR

Except for four years when stationed in the city of Raipur, we lived in four different villages at different times during our period of service in India. This enabled us to come very close to the people. Three of these villages were ten or more miles distant from the railway. During the favorable cool season we spent many weeks visiting the rural villages. From the end of October to the end of February, the weather was pleasant, the temperature hovered between 70° and 90°. During the rainy season, July to October, travel by auto was possible only on several metalled (crushed stone) main roads. There were only three such good highways crossing the mission area. Temporary field-roads connecting villages with the main roads were open for oxcarts from November to June only.

Peasants do not live on their farms, but in compact villages surrounded by their fields. The average village population may vary between 200 and 600. Very few villages are larger. Our method was to set up camp in the center of a group of villages which could be reached by auto. From this center, the oxcart was used to take us on our daily trip to other villages up to a distance of four to six miles. The evangelistic tours described in this chapter cover a period of six years in the Mahasamund area and are typical of the evangelistic work of the missionary. The Mahasamund area is four times the size of the State of New Jersey and has a population of 300,000 living in 622 villages. There are many large forests. One of these is a real jungle, called Government Reserve Forest, eight to ten miles wide and 30 miles long, it stretches northward from the edge of the Mission's thirteen-acre compound. Various wild animals and fowl live there undisturbed. Here and there deep in the forest one can find very small primitive villages hidden on an open spot of grassland. Several times we set up our camp at the edge of such a village, always careful to keep a small bonfire burning during the night. Wild animals do not come near a fire. There is something majestic about the distant roar of a tiger at night time. Less inspiring is the combined howling of a pack of jackals seeking cadaver. The moaning whine of a single stray jackal sounds very much like the wail of a child in distress. In the more open areas, the camp could be set up near any village far off the main road without difficulty or danger. Sleep could be enjoyed out of doors on pleasant nights. Villagers were very considerate and would not intentionally disturb our sleep. In case our children strayed away for a walk during the day, peasants would be as watchful as any loyal servant could be, observing them from a distance so that no harm might come to them.

In this vast Mahasamund area there are less Chamars and Satnamis and proportionately more aboriginal and primitive tribes, descendants of ancient Dravidian inhabitants. Although there are several different groups, they come under the general term of Gonds. A number of small Native States in the area were governed by Gond Feudatory Kings and Chiefs. After enjoying semi-independent rule for centuries, these States merged with the Union of India at the time independence was achieved in 1947.

Preparation for a Tour

This introductory section on touring is from the pen of Mrs. Davis, written during one of our early tours among villages far off the main road.

"From March to June, it is dangerously hot to live in a tent, and during the long rainy season, dirt roads from village to village are practically non-existent. Moreover, men, women and children are busy in the rice fields, and evenings it would be impossible to have meetings in the open on the wet ground. Hence we take advantage of the delightfully cool months, November to February, for evangelistic tours in the distant interior villages.

"Getting ready for camp involves much time, planning and preparation on the part of the missionary's wife. The only available articles of food in the village are rice, dried peas, red peppers, and sometimes even these are not to be had. As each separate tour lasts from two to three weeks, it means that one must take sufficient food for this length of time. The following items must also be packed: lamp, lantern, tables, chairs, cots, dishes and cooking utensils, clothing, bedding, towels and soap. In addition, there is the tent, important boxes containing the slides, projector, carbide, Christian tracts and Bible portions. Equally necessary is the well stocked box of medicines. Even the portable grammaphone has a place, for most villagers enjoy listening to the Hindi records. Naturally it requires several buffalo carts to transport such a complete camp outfit. Then, also, our own mission ox-cart goes along for the daily trips over bumpy field roads where no auto can go.

"Arriving in camp, one of the first worries is to get milk. In some villages there may be several dozen cows, none of which are giving milk. This means that a servant must walk to another village for a quart of milk, so necessary, especially when the children are with us. (No powdered milk was available those first years.) We even send our own pan in which the cowherd does the milking, for past experience has taught us that they are not particular about keeping their vessels clean.

"The past cool season we set up the camp in three different areas, 20 to 30 miles from the main station at Mahasamund. Each time

The oxcart was the primary means of transportation while touring among the villages.

the camp served as a center from which an average of ten villages within a radius of six to seven miles were easily reached. Two evangelists and a pharmacist accompanied us on all tours. Mornings we formed two groups to visit two villages, and about five o'clock in the afternoon we all boarded the oxcart and went to a fifth village. We often visited the same village several times. While the helper and I went from house to house to see if any one was in need of medicine, others sold tracts and Bible portions. My husband and the ox-driver set up the screen in preparation for the evening slide lecture on the life of Christ. The whole camping party included about nine persons. We sang appropriate songs until the crowd put in their appearance. Such a program lasted about three hours, after which we returned to camp.

"Some of the rides through the forest by moonlight were indeed delightful. One evening, about sunset, a panther jumped across the road only a few hundred feet ahead of us and quickly disappeared in the jungle. On this tour we also saw jackals, deer and wild peacock. We do not take a gun along with us. At night it is often difficult to find the temporary roads winding through field and forest. Hence we usually start out about four o'clock in order to see the cart track to the village we want to visit and reach there before sunset. This gives us opportunity to meet the people and converse with them about our purpose in coming. On one very dark night it was most difficult to follow the faint cart road even with a servant walking before the cart with a lantern. All five helpers were so sure they knew the way back to camp, but after half an hour we discovered that somewhere we had taken a wrong turn on one of the roads radiating out from the village. Not even the stars could be seen through the heavy foliage. It was a queer feeling not to know where we would finally come out. After an hour of travel, we entered a village where there was not a single light or person to be seen. To our surprise we recognized the huge tree under which we had shown pictures several evenings before. We had gone a little more than a mile out of our way, but that is far enough when traveling only two to three miles an hour.

"When breaking camp at the last place, a crowd of villagers gathered to watch us pack. One of them said, 'We will feel lonely after you have left us. It was so pleasant for us to come to the tent and visit with you.' They do lead a very monotonous and dreary life. We ourselves experience a feeling of sadness when leaving them, and breathe a prayer that our presence may have brought some joy into their midst and a knowledge of Him whom we serve.

"Not only do they appreciate our visit, but also the fact that we take medicine along to relieve the simple cases of illness. There are so many blind and crippled, so much suffering of every description, often due to neglect or ignorance. The more serious cases we advise to go to our mission hospital in Tilda, about seventy miles away.

"The people are always very hospitable when one enters their home. The poorest will not hesitate to offer the best they have to make one comfortable. There may not be more than two or three families in a small village who possess a chair so they usually bring out their small simple bed into the courtyard for one to sit on. This is not always clean and may contain the ever-present bed bug, but one accepts their hospitality which is always so kind. When I leave, the women usually plead and ask me to remain longer, to sing more songs and tell them more stories. They hear so much evil day after day that conversation on a higher level is appreciated. They are eager to hear Gospel stories but caste and old customs make it difficult to break old chains.

"In one large village, the women were reluctant to be present at the evening meeting and asked me to have them gather in the courtyard of the village owner where they could enjoy more privacy. All the boys and men assembled at the usual place under the large tree in an open space in the center of the village. In this case we had difficulty in getting started. The trouble began soon after reaching the village. There were several wealthy high caste Hindus, each of whom desired the honor to have the meeting in front of his house. This often placed one in a dilemma. Either there was not sufficient room to seat all who would come, or the light of a rising moon would prevent the pictures from being seen distinctly. In this particular village we faced an unusual situation. At eight o'clock the helpers played their instruments and sang songs as a signal for the men to come. Gradually about 20 appeared, but not one would sit down. Only the children did so. Some distance away, several were squatting in the darkness, but refused to come nearer. More music was played, more songs sung. An evangelist walked through the village streets again, announcing the meeting. In the meantime, the cause was discovered. There were four different caste groups, and they refused to be present until assured that each group could sit separately. To sit in mixed groups would have wounded their pride and offended their respective caste honor. So we interrupted the program after several slides had been shown and eight small areas were designated for the various groups. The women's gathering had ended and many of them had come to see the pictures. This reshifting stirred up an immense amount of dust and caused considerable confusion, but eventually peace reigned. Seeing from a distance that this arrangement had been made, more people came and sat with their respective caste group. When the picture of

Jesus and the Samaritan was shown, the desired opportunity had come for my husband to explain to them that whereas Hinduism divides man from man, Jesus came to unite man with God and with his fellowmen.

"In one village of 85 families there were very few persons who could read; no one seemed willing to purchase a Gospel portion. Only one boy remained and I read a story to him. He and I also sang a few songs which he had learned in a mission school. He was present again in the next village where we showed the pictures, but he was reluctant to purchase a book. He also came to the third village and appeared willing to buy a book, but seemed to be afraid. I gave him an illustrated Bible story book, told him to take it home and, if he wished, he could meet us in another village some time during the week and pay for it. When we went to his village some days later, he brought the money and gave it to me when no one could see him."

During an annual meeting of the Bible Society in Allahabad, the Secretary reported that for a number of years individuals frequently purchased Bibles by mail. This was done quietly so that friends might not know that they were interested in Christianity. But since India has become independent, Bible sales by mail have decreased whereas sales in the open book market have continued to increase.

More and more people are becoming literate as a result of gradual compulsory education for children and energetic campaigns for adult education. With a population of over 350 million, of which only 3 to 15% was literate several decades ago, this educational program is a slow process. With the new enthusiasm of independence, it continues to gather speed. It is no longer necessary for an illiterate peasant to approach the country's hero crawling on all fours with a straw in his mouth like an ox to demonstrate the plight of the underprivileged class, as was once done in the presence of Gandhi. An increase in literacy naturally contributes to an increased demand for literature, including the Bible.

Mere Oxen

On one occasion while on tour, I found a group of farmers sitting in the shade of a stack of rice sheaves while one young man was goading the oxen to move faster around the post treading out the grain. Seeing my knapsack, one of the men inquired what it contained. Shown one of the books, he said, "We are oxen." Another added, "We are all oxen." The third person was a cowherd twisting a handmade rope to fasten a wooden bell around his favorite cow's neck. Offered a book, he shook his head, "I never went to school, how can I read?" The next man I met on that threshing floor stood like a statue on a high framework, holding a winnower of rice high above his head, waiting for another gust of wind to blow away the chaff as he dropped the rice to the ground. Without even saying a word, he shook his head. A bystander remarked that he too could not read. By that time a dozen more men and boys appeared from behind their mud-walled threshing floors. Each in turn was shown an illustrated copy of Luke's Gospel and asked, "Can you read?" "No," said one, "We are like the oxen treading out the grain. We also go round and round in circles—eat, sleep, and work. None of us can read." One of the men asked that I see his seven-year old child who could not talk. I tried to persuade him to take the child to our mission hospital in Tilda for a thorough examination. During the hour I sat there in conversation with the men, the child, longing for affection, insisted on standing at my side to be stroked and petted. A visitor then came, the octroi clerk of the area. He could read, and he purchased four tracts. Incidentally, he told me how the Indian Chief living nearby belonged to the Gond Caste. This Feudatory Chief's father had belonged to a lower branch of the caste and paid 100,000 rupees to the leader of the higher section in order to be received as one of them. He paid this sum in order to get his daughter married into the higher group. Asked what constitutes the requirement to be admitted into the higher caste, he could not answer. When I suggested that purity of heart and motive should be required, he did not seem to understand.

Changing Names

Joining a group of men on another threshing floor, I asked one of them what caused him to have such a rough, rasping voice. He explained that he was formerly a heavy drinker and user of opium. A roaming priest came to the village, called all the members of the Ganda Caste together and assured them that he had a method of raising them from that lowest caste and making them Hindus. He advised them to cease eating carrion and give up drink and opium. He then gave each man a sacred thread to drape over his shoulder like the Hindus do, also a thread with two beads to tie around the neck. For this ceremony each man had to give him a rupee. "Now," he said, "You are no longer Gandas, but Chetrapali Hindus," and left the village. No one knew from where this priest had come or where he had gone. It was a money-making scheme, pure and simple. In another village, the Ganda caste had welcomed an evangelist and listened to his preaching for a year, intending to become Christians. Suddenly that same priest appeared in their midst, spent a whole night arguing with them and gave the assurance that he had a much easier method to make them respected by the high caste Hindus. He harrangued them into the belief that his method would increase their prestige and improve their economic condition quicker and easier than by becoming Christians, which, he convinced them, was a hard way. He repeated the same performance: gave them a sacred thread, two beads on a string, and collected a rupee from each one. The victims soon became disillusioned. Police were hot upon his tracks and eventually caught him. He was a criminal who had escaped from prison.

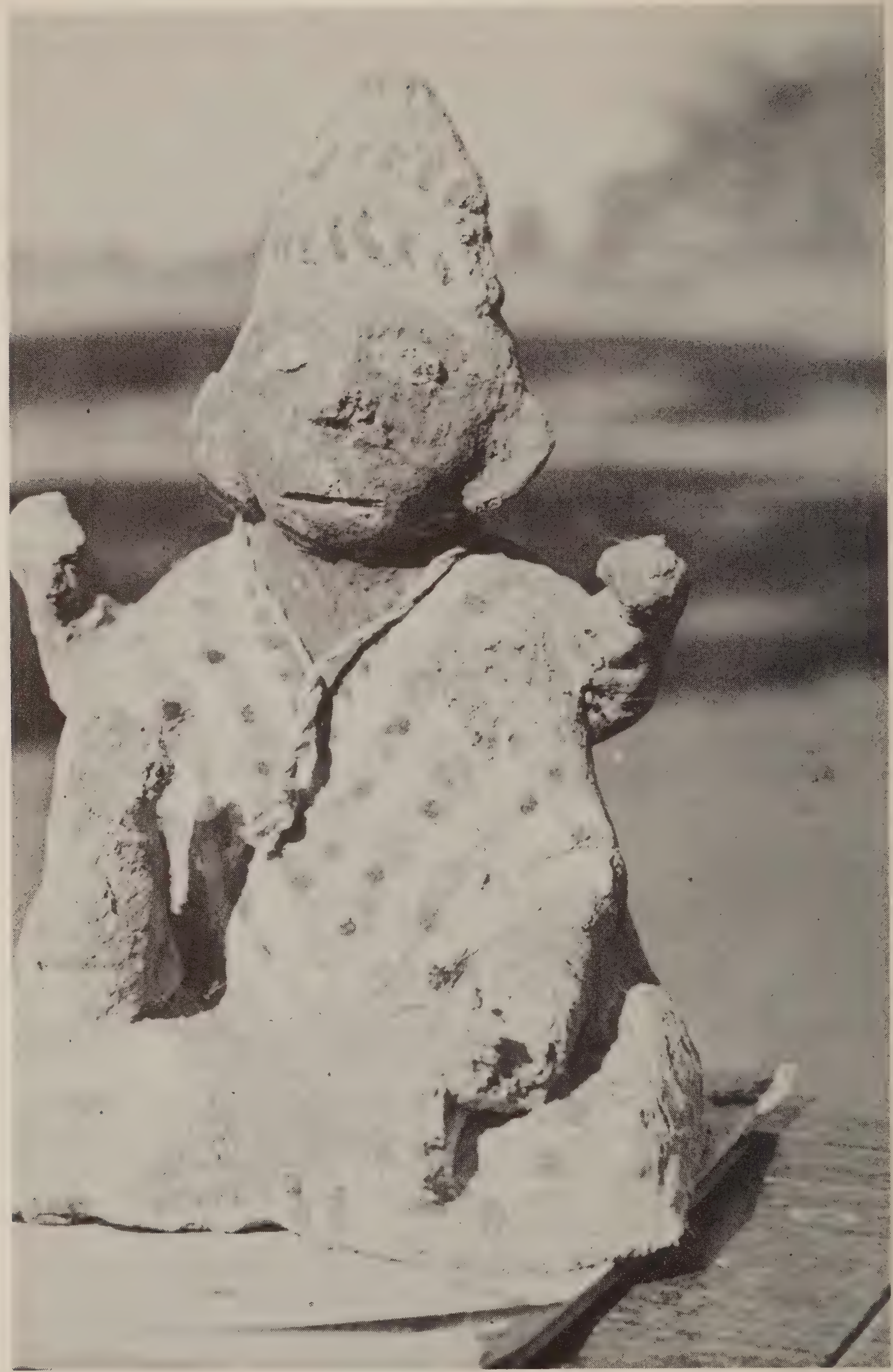
A Goldsmith Finds the Pearl of Great Price

We had been camping near a place of pilgrimage when an evangelist brought a young goldsmith who expressed a desire to be baptized. He was an itinerant goldsmith going from village to village plying his trade, repairing and making silver and gold ornaments. For a year he was a friend of the evangelist who gave him religious instruction. He had read the New Testament regularly and had asked for baptism several times, but was advised to learn more about Christianity. They both came to our camp and he said that he had waited long enough. A preliminary examination revealed that he knew more of the Bible than many Christians in the homeland. We asked him what the attitude of his elder Hindu brother and relatives in Mahasamund would be. He replied that he would remain on friendly terms with them, if they so agreed, but that he expected to be ostracized by them. He is related to a number of wealthy men of the area and earns well at his trade. Being 23 years of age, he did not think it necessary to wait. Seeing his keenness and determination, we arranged to have a service before the tent on the edge of the jungle. A small group of Christians was present. After the ceremony he asked for tracts and Gospel portions which he might sell as he continued on his tour of the villages.

We Acquire an Idol

Some years ago, a Gond came down from the hills where his ancestors had lived in their primitive state. He became a wealthy owner of a forest village and now wanted to find a girl to marry his youngest son. He made the long journey into the hill country of his ancestors and found a father who was willing to permit his daughter to marry a caste-fellow from the plains. The day of farewell was near. Her parents and relatives were anxious about one matter: would the new god of the husband's group on the plains take care of her? Doubtful about this, they gave her an image of Burha Deo, an idol worshipped "for ages", they said, by their tribe of the hills. They now felt at ease, the god of the hills would surely protect her in the village down in the forest of the plains. Like Rachel of old, she did not quite trust the god of her husband, and did not want to run the risk of entrusting herself to a less-known god. She therefore took Burha Deo along. The first thing she saw upon entering the courtyard of her father-in-law was Mahavir, the god of her husband's family. There he was resting on a small earthen elevation up against the wall of the cow stable. Burha Deo was placed there beside him. Years passed. One day the children knocked him off the altar and broke both legs at the ankle. Although carved out of heavy granite, 13 inches high and weighing 10 pounds, he could not survive the fall. There we saw him lying in two pieces, covered with dust and a wasp's nest of dried mud behind his shoulder. No one of her husband's family had accepted him as equal to their Mahavir. They ignored him completely. Worship ceremonies a few times a year centered around Mahavir, the Great God. She gradually neglected Burha Deo, the Old God. I asked if I might have the broken idol. The head of the joint-family nodded in the direction of his daughter-in-law. It was her property. "Ask her," he said. She gave no answer but looked about to observe the faces of all family members and visitors to ascertain their opinion. They nodded in agreement. Before removing it, I took a picture of both idols. I also offered to take a picture of the joint-family, but the senior member shook his head, "No," and in a side remark to the evangelist gave the reason, "Who knows what kind of sorcery and magic will be done after my death if someone possesses my picture." No one volunteered to pick up Burha Deo, perhaps a little fear prevented them from doing so. Finally the owner told the evangelist, "Take him away." There was a silence and awe among all the bystanders that reminded me of the atmosphere prevailing in a home in America when the coffin and body of a beloved member of the family is being carried out. When leaving I gave the little son of the daughter-in-law a bright silver rupee. This pleased them all. On a later visit they welcomed us and purchased a number of tracts and Gospels. Burha Deo is now an ornament in my study.

We arrived in another village where a religious festival had been observed for a whole week. Under a tree a stand of receding shelves had been erected upon which were a dozen images of different gods. On the top shelf was an earthen colored image of their highest god Krishna. When the festivities were over, and the priest had de-consecrated all the statues as of no further religious value, they kindly gave us the one from the top. He is now resting in the "Religionskundliche Sammlung" in the University's Museum of the Marburg Castle Institute for the Study of Religions. We took him there on our way to America in 1935.



Having served as an object of worship during a festival, this Krishna image now rests in Marburg University Museum.

A Museum for the Gods

During the years 800 to 900, Rajas of the Gonds, aboriginal dwellers in Chhattisgarh, ruled over a wide area. The royal city was in Sirpur along the Mahanadi River, about 25 miles north of Mahasamund mission station. Accepting Hinduism, at least nominally, they and their successors built beautiful large temples, only a few of which remain preserved. Jungle now surrounds what was once the city of kings. In addition to the temples, only a few huts are to be seen. Each year when thousands of pilgrims find their way over the forest paths and temporary roads much obstructing underbrush must first be cleared away. Here and there one finds discarded weather-worn ancient idols set up along the paths leading to the temples. They were rescued from the fallen temples. In the midst of the remaining temples, a building with open front was erected, about 100 by 40 feet, of which the concrete roof has partly collapsed. On the floor lie stretched out fifty to sixty images and statues, two to ten feet long, idols of a glorious past. Here they now lie, like petrified mummies, silent reminders of the worship once accorded them. Their fine cut features have been worn down by centuries of rain and blazing sun while they were hidden, forgotten, among the encroaching jungle and underbrush of centuries. For some time we stood nearby to observe the pilgrims who walked back and forth among the long rows of withering idols. It was a pathetic sight to study the reactions as revealed in their facial expressions. Most of them did not seem to know whether to consider them dead relics of the ancient past or as deities still worthy of worship. The majority seemed to consider the tour among the images as a stroll in a cemetery of graves and tombstones. Jesting and joking, laughing and talking, they passed in and out among them. A few did show a reverential spirit and even sprinkled a small shower of rice offering over them. It may have been an act of devotion or merely a mechanical custom. At the same time, they appeared to be confused, and did not seem to know if it was the proper thing to do or not, wondering if they represented living or dead deities. The two priests serving at the entrance did not receive the same amount of offerings given to their fellow priests serving in the richly ornamented temples nearby. The images in the temples were richly decorated, very colorful, giving them a sign of life. But one wonders how long it will be before they too will find their resting place in the museum.

A Temple Dedicated at Night

It was again during full moon in the month of February that we joined the thousands of pilgrims on their way to the Hindu festival at Sirpur, not to worship in the 800 year old temples, but to cooperate with several volunteer Christians and evangelists in the selling of books. Merchants from Mahasamund, Raipur and other towns had set up their booths and stalls in open spaces among the temples, giving the appearance of a county fair. To escape the noise, turmoil and dust during the three-day festival, our camp was set up two miles away. In spite of the fact that Sirpur is a lonely spot in the jungle it remains a popular center for the annual pilgrimage. It was here at Sirpur where fear overcame me, the first time in India—fear, not of animals, but of men.

The dedication of a new temple erected by the Gonds in honor of their special god Mahadeo attracted more than 6,000 to 8,000 pilgrims. On the second morning I walked there before sunrise. The night before a religious ceremony had taken place celebrating the marriage of Mahadeo. We arrived at the moment priests were placing a gilded iron ornament on the top of the temple. It was an attractive sight when lighted by the first rays of the sun. An officiating priest on the uppermost portion of the temple kindly pulled a pennant to one side so that the decoration might be fully visible. When all was over and the priests were leaving the temple and wending their way through the admiring crowd, I asked the chief priest, a Brahmim and long-time friend, if they would consent to have a picture taken. They gladly consented. It was a rather difficult task with so many people crowding so closely around them. The leading priest was accompanied by a highly ornamented young lady. While passing me he said in whispered tones, "Joree ke saman utarna," take it like husband and wife. With such a pressing and curious crowd it was impossible to get a picture of the priests alone. Hence it actually became a picture of a large group. The temple served as an appropriate background.

A half hour later I heard several men quarreling vehemently with one of the priests in the center of the market place. I asked, "Why do you quarrel in the midst of these temples?" The expression on the faces of the men revealed that trouble was brewing. Speaking in broken English which the others could not understand, the priest explained, "These persons accuse us of slandering our Hindu religion, saying that we celibate priests should not have our picture taken with a woman." The rest of the day we continued selling books.

Late that evening one of the evangelists came to the tent quite excited, saying that the priestly custodians of the temples and the manager of the festival were angry and resented my taking the photographs of the priests. He advised that I return to Mahasamund at once, lest trouble arise. I decided not to leave but to meet the offended leaders and explain matters. Early the following morning I walked to the temple area directly to the tent which served as an office for the custodians and promoters of the festival. In a rather sullen mood they courteously asked me to be seated on the large rug occupied by them. They complained that the picture of priests with a woman was an insult to their religion; moreover they feared that it might be shown in America and discredit Hinduism. I explained that for many years I had taken pictures of interesting scenes and events in their country, but never with the intention of distracting from India's reputation. Moreover, I made it clear that with such huge and curious crowds it would be an impossibility to get a picture showing only the priests. To placate them I offered to give them the film so that they could have it developed, under the condition that copies of the prints be given me. They could then return the film, retain it or destroy it, as they chose, after seeing the prints. I assured them that the pictures would not offend their religious feelings. This compromise satisfied them and we parted as friends. It seemed strange to me that they did not call the priests to substantiate my version of the story.

Only several days after the festival had ended was I told what had transpired in the new temple that night of the dedication. Apparently, certain religious ceremonies had been observed involving the girl in a manner which others suspected but only a few had been permitted to witness. The promoters of the festival feared that gossip regarding the event might provoke emotional worshippers to create a riot and this might cause decreased attendance at future annual festivals. I now understood a certain remark made the day before when leaving the office-tent after the interview with the leaders. I had overheard one of the men attempting to pacify the irate chairman with the remark, "It was all right, but it should not be advertised."

Leaving Sirpur when all festivities were over, I was again quietly approached by the chief priest. He requested that a copy of the picture be sent to him. I extended the invitation to visit our home in Mahasamund where I would give him copies of the prints. He accepted, but never came. I still have them.

A Haunting Spirit

In a certain area there was a group of villages in which there was no resident evangelist. Knowing that the men would be engaged in field work during the day, I went late in the afternoon in order to consult with them and find a house in which an evangelist could live. There was no Christian in any of the nearby villages. It was agreeable to them that one come to live in their midst, under one condition. The family to be placed there should not keep chickens. As good Hindus, they objected to having anyone who eats meat. The question of a vacant house then was to be considered. Usually they wish the family to live on the edge of the village, as other meat-eating guests may visit them. In this case, I was quite astounded when they led me to a well-built house in the center of the village, saying that it would be available for a low monthly payment of rent. The evangelist and his wife who were sent there were very happy to have such a comfortable home in that central location. But I noticed that the people glanced and smiled among themselves in a rather suspicious manner. But I asked no questions, lest they change their minds. Several months later when paying the family a visit they told an interesting story. After they had lived there a week, a number of the people came and inquired if they had heard any noises in the house at night time, or any voices. Then they explained that a man had been murdered in the house a year before and that several families had lived there after the event, but that none remained very long because the spirit of the victim returned every night and troubled the occupants. No one would again live there out of fear. This explained their willingness to grant permission for the evangelist to have the use of the house. But they wished to know how it was possible that they were not molested by the ghost. The evangelist led them to the front door that they might look through the room and see the picture of Christ above the door on the opposite side. Saying not a word, he took them to the rear door and they could see another picture of Christ above the front door. (In order to avoid defilement, according to caste rules, Hindus seldom entered the house of Christians or members of another caste.) He then used the occasion to explain to them that Jesus had said, "Be of good cheer, for I have overcome the world," which included tormenting evil spirits.

Caste Conflicts

A mission school teacher in another large village was having trouble and requested me to investigate the matter. As the house was not far from the main motorable road, I was able to go in the old Ford. A County official heard that I was going there and asked if he might go along. I had come to the mission station to collect mail which had accumulated two weeks while we were in camp. At the same time a sweeper was to return to camp with me. When the official heard this, he sent word through his servant that he would never ride in the same auto with a person of such low caste. It seemed expedient to send the sweeper by train, even though he would have to walk the several miles to our camp.

Arriving at the place where the teacher lived, I asked the headman of the village and several of his advisors to meet with us and present their matter. Briefly, it was this. Some pupils of the school had misunderstood the teacher when he was telling them about war events in Europe. The rumor was spread that he was strongly pro-British because he had expressed the hope that the allies, which included Britain, would win the war. This occurred during the time when Gandhi's agitation and passive resistance against the British Government was at its height in their effort to gain independence. Agitators stirred up ill will against the teacher with the result that they concocted a rather questionable method to harrass the family to such an extent that they would voluntarily leave the village. They soiled the large open well which the Government had built and was therefore open to all castes. They used the area immediately around the well to relieve themselves at night. This meant that no one would use the well, and all would have to walk half a mile to fetch water from the creek. They believed the teacher and his wife would soon tire of carrying all their drinking water from such a distance, and would eventually leave. These tactics did not frighten or anger the family. On the contrary, when several cases of cholera broke out in the village, the teacher and his wife sent for medicine and heaped fiery coals upon their heads by distributing it to anyone who asked for it. When the misunderstanding regarding the teacher's alleged pro-British remarks was explained, peace was restored. The villagers themselves cleaned the well and the area around it.

It was now dark. The auto refused to run. It was left there and a farmer was hired to take me to camp in his buffalo cart. It was a tiresome six-mile ride over field roads and through the forest. Sitting on a straw-filled sack immediately behind him, I noticed that he was continually glancing to the right and left and therefore asked him if he had ever seen a ghost or evil spirit. He assured me he had seen several while driving through the jungle at night, and enlightened me that they remain in hiding during the day. I showed him a silver rupee and promised to give it to him as a reward if he would show me one. After an hour had passed I asked why he saw no spirit, or why I could not see one. He had a ready explanation, spirits do not appear in the presence of a white man because he does not believe in ghosts.

On our homeward way to camp after an evening program, I frequently observed the custom not to ride in the oxcart but to walk with the co-workers. Adapting ourselves to the narrow forest and field paths, we walked single file. One man carried the lantern, but in order not to have the light shine into my eyes, which made it difficult to see the bumpy places, I walked ahead of the lightbearer. One night I asked the veteran evangelist, Mahajan, who was walking immediately behind me, if he knew why I preferred to be first in the line. Without a moment's hesitation, he said, "You missionaries are always in a hurry in everything you do, we walk too slowly for you." I said, "No, the reason is quite different. When we meet a tiger, he will get a whiff of me first and will think, 'he does not smell like a Chattisgarhi person, I'll pass him by.' Meeting you, he will say to himself, 'This is the odor I am accustomed to, he is according to my taste, I'll nab him.' In the meantime, I can escape." For some weeks, the others humorously called him "Dan Bagh," gift for the tiger.

As we approached small villages which were actually only a cluster of huts in the hill country, the people were more timid, and at times suspicious of our purpose in coming to their distant village. In one we found that only a few men came out to listen to us, but not a woman would venture out to meet Mrs. Davis. After gaining their confidence, they told us the reason. Some of the men had been making country beer from fruit gathered in the forest. As this was illegal, they feared we might be revenue officers. In another village, no young man was visible, only children and adults came to hear the singing and enjoy the evening slide lecture. Then they explained why. When the news reached them in the morning that a white man was coming to their village, they feared he might be a recruiting agent, luring young men with advance payments in silver rupees to become soldiers.

Attending another religious annual festival which was always a favorable opportunity to sell Christian literature, we encountered a quarreling group in the open market place adjoining the temples. This is what was transpiring. A policeman purchased six bantam-sized chickens from a man who had carried two baskets full of chickens from his home, 60 miles away. He had sold all of them excepting these six. The altercation arose because the policeman said he would pay the next day, which in the Orient may mean never. Others advised the policeman to pay at once as he had the money. His excuse for not doing so was that the purchase was being made for his superior, the Sub-Inspector of Police. He would go to get the cash from him. The farmer, who happened to be an illiterate Christian, pleaded in vain that he be paid at once, so that he could return home. The sad fact was that no priest, no influential business man, no other police passing by concerned himself with the injustice. Only two evangelists took his part. The policeman walked away with the chickens, leaving only the promise to pay later. We returned to camp a few miles away. The next day, the farmer came with several other Christians to visit us. As we finished having morning devotions with the group, that same policeman came on his bicycle. Again the evangelists begged him to pay for the chickens. One of them who knew the policeman well offered to advance the money. The Hindu headman of the village offered to do likewise. But the policeman offered an alternative. "Get on the bicycle with me. I'll take you back to the Sub-Inspector's tent and he will pay you." The farmer was wise, "Yes, and then in the midst of the jungle you will throw me from the bicycle, arrest me and make me a prisoner, accusing me of having attacked you. I'll not go, even though you have robbed me of my whole profit." The guilty one left without saying a word. The headman of the village encouraged me to report him to the Inspector of Police. I gave the fleeced farmer a note to take to police headquarters in Mahasamund twelve miles away, "Please listen to this man's story." They listened, told him to go home, almost eighty miles away, they would make inquiries. Weeks later he received a summons to appear in court in Mahasamund. He came. As the guilty policeman did not appear, the case was postponed. It ended in a stalemate. All he received was harassment, the loss of his profit, and loss of earning during three useless trips to Mahasamund.

Not All Are Happy

Only when visiting the villages repeatedly and after gaining the confidence of the people does one learn to see beneath the surface of their joys and sorrows. Not all are as happy as they may appear to the casual tourist. Their misery is not paraded on the streets in view of the public. During four touring seasons, for instance, I kept detailed account of distances and places visited. In that time, I walked one thousand miles and met with people in exactly 100 villages. During this leisurely wandering, I made a definite and detailed survey of one angle of their social life. The inquiry covered a period of ten years among a rural population of about 50,000. Among the simple, kind, mostly illiterate peasant people, 43 murders were committed: 12 women, 19 men, 12 children. Why so many children, 27%, should have had their life snuffed out, puzzled me. Three were by jewelry robbers, three by parents in a fit of anger, six by a jealous co-wife or stepfather. Methods used were excessive beating, poison, choking, drowning.

There were 71 suicides, 26 women whose average age was 26. The cause was usually quarreling. Forty-three men took their own life. The methods used were primarily hanging, opium, drowning.

Take Your Book Away

It was late in the afternoon. Awaiting the cultivators who would soon be returning from the fields, we sat on a log at the entrance of the village. In a short time, eight or ten men squatted on their haunches before us, asking for a story. They were told the story of the Good Shepherd. This they understood very well, as there was a herd of sheep in their village. When the words were used, "apne ko de diya,"—"He gave Himself," one of the listeners interrupted, "Say that again." The phrase was repeated, "apne ko de diya." Turning to the others, he said, "Listen men, have you ever heard anything like that?" And then he asked if the owner of the sheep did not have any sons to send for the strayed sheep; did he have no servant to look for it? Why did he go himself? The matter was explained, with more stories from the life of Christ. A few times I heard him say to himself, "apne ko de diya." It had made a deep impression on him. In the meantime, more people came to listen. Then a man appeared and remained standing in the rear of the group, holding a large book under his arm. It was the Brahmin priest. The spokesman in the front row looked around to the priest and waving his hand, said in a loud voice, "Take your book away, you have nothing like this to tell us." Rather haughtily, he stalked away. The men remained for more stories.

Publish Glad Tidings

In order to reach all persons in the Mahasamund area with the printed WORD, a definite and detailed plan was prepared to distribute Gospels in a special campaign. Because they loved to sing, non-Christians were more willing to purchase small song books than a New Testament, Gospel portion or Christian tract. Believing firmly in God's promise that it is HIS WORD that shall not return to Him void, and not man's, the purpose was to give people the opportunity to read it.

Two special books were prepared for this particular campaign. One contained the Gospel LUKE and the Book of ACTS with an introduction explaining that the Church as it is described in ACTS grew out of the Life and Work of Christ, as recorded in LUKE. This book of 128 pages contained three colored pictures and three black and white illustrations. The first colored picture was painted by a Hindu for this particular book. It represents Jesus with outstretched arms, standing on the map of India extending His great invitation (Matthew 11:28) "Come to Me." The shadow of His person falls across India in the form of a Cross. An edition of 4,000 copies was printed. As only 8% of the people were literate, this number of books appeared to be sufficient.

Believing that it was also necessary for the people to have an understanding of the essentials of Christianity, I prepared another booklet of 60 pages called "God's Way of Love." It contains a concise presentation of the Christian faith; the underlying thought of the book being the story of the Prodigal Son. It tells what Jesus expects of a true follower, how to live as one, that a Hindu convert need not eat meat, and need not necessarily leave home and family. Then follow the stories of five famous converts who tell in their own words how they became Christians. This book also contained three attractive colored pictures: "The Return of the Prodigal Son," painted by our own Rev. G. Hensel (then in Saukville, Wisconsin), "The Crucifixion" and "The Nativity" painted by the Indian Christian artist, D. A. Thomas. This was undoubtedly an improvement over previous tracts, many of which were drab, without pictures, printed on cheap paper. An edition of 9,000 copies of "God's Way of Love" was printed. Donations from friends in America paid the printing bills.

As the campaign was to be a cooperative effort, the area to be covered was divided into three geographical units. The local pastor in Mahasamund and volunteer laymen were assigned 16 villages within a three-mile radius of the church. The Rev. M. M. Paul who had charge of the Pithora sub-station and six evangelists had 146 villages to visit. With the help of 16 evangelists and 10 mission school teachers, the missionary was responsible for the remaining 460 villages. Thus every one of the 622 villages in the area would be canvassed.

A large map (4′ by 5′) was prepared on which all the names of the 622 villages were shown. Each one was numbered and checked so that any villages having similar names would not be missed. Each worker was given a large note book containing the names of the numbered villages which he was to survey. In this register he kept the desired information. The first visit was primarily for taking a census to gather the following information:

1. Make a note of each village having a primary school
2. The population of each village
3. The number of houses
4. The number of houses having one or more literate persons
5. The total number of literates
6. The number of LUKE-ACTS books sold
7. The number of Gospel portions sold
8. Total number of books sold.

The Rev. Y. Prakash, moderator of the Chhattisgarh Orissa Church Council, and the Rev. H. Kenswar, pastor of the local congregation, took part in a dedicatory Sunday service in which all persons participating in the campaign were present.

One month was required to make the survey at the end of which all workers brought their reports to the missionary and all information was entered in a large register. Each canvasser was then given copies of LUKE-ACTS and GOD'S WAY OF LOVE with instructions to sell the former to every home having a literate person. Each purchaser was to be given a free copy of the latter book. They were also advised to keep a record of each person purchasing a book to aid them in later follow-up work. At the end of each month they brought their notebooks and the facts gathered were entered in the office register.

After five months of effort, all 4,000 copies of LUKE-ACTS were sold. Due to wartime shortage of paper, a second edition could not be printed. In its place, a thousand copies of the Gospel Luke and John were purchased from the Bible Society. At the end of another month, these were also sold. The results were quite satisfactory in view of the fact that the time chosen for the undertaking was not a favorable one. The previous year the rice crop was very poor. The next year's crop was even less, many did not reap an amount equal to that sown. And when the primary cash-crop fails, people are not inclined to purchase literature. The most important part of the campaign remained, that of continuing personal contacts and carrying on personal work. This was done during the second stage of the campaign when the evangelists would again carry the usual supply of tracts and "Bhajan" books. Among the "Bhajan" song books, that of our singing poet, Simon Patros,* was most popular among non-Christians as well as Christians. He wrote 50 songs in the local dialect which could be sung according to Indian tunes.

The grand totals for the campaign were as follows:

622	villages visited
187,750	population
50	primary schools
46,885	houses
9,690	houses having literates
15,125	literates
4,000	LUKE-ACTS books sold
1,249	Gospel Portions sold
6,000	"God's Way of Love" distributed free

One valuable unforeseen by-product of the campaign was the refreshing enthusiasm it generated in all those who took part. The definite task and goal encouraged and inspired them to do their work more conscientiously and with greater joy. The repeated visits to villages and homes increased their number of friends, and gave them many more opportunities to have personal talks regarding Christianity. Such widespread distribution of the Gospel in all parts of India accounts for the far-reaching influence of Christian thought penetrating into people's thinking beyond the walls of the Church.

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*The autobiography of "Simon Patros, A Miracle of God's Grace" tells a most interesting story of this blind pastor. Available for 50c, Eden Publishing House, 1720 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis 3, Missouri.

Sorcerer — Deer and Panther

Mrs. Davis played an important role when touring and in camp. Let us turn to some of the incidents which had especial interest for her. The following experiences in this chapter are from her pen.

"Our camp was set up in a shady mango grove. Unfortunately, the tent could not be put up under the largest tree, as there was a nest of very active red ants marching up and down the tree day and night. It is not wise to claim priority right where they have established themselves, being of a large and strong species, they can wield their pincers most effectively. We had often wished to visit a group of villages across the river, but there was no ferry and no bridge. The Mahanadi was about three furlongs wide but the water was only three feet deep. A buffalo cart was hired to take us across. The little son of an evangelist asked to go with us. The water was so clear that one could see the sandy bottom. All went well until the return trip was made. In the center of the stream one of the buffaloes was determined to have his bath, apparently to justify the name "water-buffalo." The driver coaxed and cajoled in vain. Even a prick with the nail at the end of his stick did not persuade him to rise. The only alternative was to remove our shoes and stockings and wade across. The boy enjoyed himself while being carried on the shoulder of his father. Another evangelist held my arm, lest I get excited, stumble or fall. My husband snapped a picture of the incident. I had only one thought, hoping that no hungry crocodile knew of our predicament.

"While sitting in the tent that night reading, I heard the evangelists telling the cook about the recalcitrant buffalo. The boy became quite excited and we overheard him say, 'And do you know what I saw? The sahib had his trousers rolled up high and I saw that his legs are white way up above the knees.'

"Approaching a village we heard a loud commotion from a distance. I suggested to my husband that we make a detour around the village and avoid trouble, but he wanted to know what it was all about. I remained sitting on a chair in the cart while he and the evangelist went to investigate the matter. Many animals were suffering from the dreaded hoof and mouth disease, a number of them had already died. Farmers can ill afford to lose an ox or a buffalo, especially during the ploughing season. At a village palaver, it was decided to make a house to house collection and employ a

The buffalo demanded his right to take a bath.

sorcerer to exorcise the evil spirit causing the epidemic. He refused to come until paid 80 rupees in cash, a large sum indeed.

"This was his procedure. A white cloth was tied to the end of an 8-foot bamboo pole. An idol was placed before him and for several minutes he mumbled magic phrases which no one understood. The cloth was gently wiped over the face of the idol. He then explained the method of ascertaining which house harbored the witch responsible for luring the evil spirit to cause the epidemic. It was made clear that several women might be involved. He also warned them that the husband of any witch discovered would have to give him a promissory note for 25 rupees, payable upon demand. The flag was waved before certain houses. Only he could determine from the manner in which the cloth fluttered whether or not a witch lived in the house. The evangelist informed me quietly that the witch doctor seemed to tarry longer before the house of a wealthy man than before that of a poor person. Witches were discovered in two houses. The women were brought out and severely beaten to expel the evil spirit. The sequel is interesting. Animals continued to die. The husbands of the alleged witches filed suit on the priestly sorcerer for brutally beating their wives. The villagers employed a lawyer to compel him to refund the 80 rupees.

"It became necessary to interrupt our tour several days and to return to the mission station in order to attend to urgent correspondence and other matters. That evening our young black cocker spaniel had the first great surprise of his life. It was dark. We were at the supper table. He was enjoying his meal on the verandah just outside the screen door. Suddenly he gave a shrill yelp. Hearing his sharp shriek, the cook screamed, "Bagh", a panther, and pounded a tin pan. Not being able to jump over the woven wire fence with the dog in his mouth the panther dropped him. There were four wounds in the back of his neck. For weeks it was so stiff he could lap milk only from a vessel placed on a small box. From that day forward, for ten years, he was an excellent watchdog.

"As our chicken supply, the only meat available, had become exhausted and because one seldom finds fowl in any Hindu village, it was necessary to purchase half a dozen from Christian and Moslem families in Mahasamund. Returning to camp my husband cautioned the servant to cover the improvised chicken coop with an old sack so that no cat or dog would attempt to feast on them. Hardly had we retired when a suspicious noise was heard. Suspecting thieves, my husband grasped the flashlight, warning me to remain quiet. Hoping to surprise them, he did not turn on the flashlight until he was near the coop. It was he who was surprised. There was a panther with raised paw ready to overturn the coop. When the light shone directly into his eyes, he appeared to be as frightened as my husband was and slowly slunk away. Naturally, like Sarah of old, I had been watching from behind the flap of the tent entrance, trembling just a little. An hour later, we heard another louder disturbance. This time my husband flashed the light from the tent entrance. There were two panthers. They could do nothing more than overturn the large empty kerosene tin from the top of the log which had been placed on the coop to weight it down. The clanging noise apparently frightened them away permanently.

"Motoring on a main road through the forest to another camp we stopped near an open grassy spot a few hundred yards from the highway where I spread out a lunch. The servant remained near the auto to eat his "breads." Sitting quietly, we saw a buck in the distance leading two female deer who were followed by two fawns. They were walking slowly, majestically, one behind the other, as if marking out a large semi-circle around us for our pleasure. We observed them quite a while until the servant suddenly noticed them and called to us, not knowing that we had been enjoying the sight for some time. Hearing his voice they galloped away in long, graceful leaps and bounds. My husband assured me that he could never have killed one of them, even if he had had a gun. It was too beautiful a sight.

"Another time we were traveling in that area on the same road on our way to visit a congregation forty miles from Mahasamund. There was very little traffic, no autos at all, only now and then an oxcart or a single person singing loudly to frighten away spirits and animals, and at the same time to boost his own courage. Otherwise it was the peace of a quiet, sylvan forest about which poets like to sing. It was the hot season, grass and underbrush were dry and withered. Coming out of the forest at right angles to us was a large "Gaur", a white-footed buffalo or bison as high as a large horse, with a short, huge neck. He continued walking slowly as if unaware of our presence and stopped in the middle of the road, perhaps 200 feet behind us. My husband whispered to the driver to stop the car so that we could watch this unusual sight. I urged him to go on, lest the animal charge us. But it was too rare an opportunity to miss such a sight. I kept quiet, but trembled just a little. After standing there some seconds, sniffing the air and looking about as if wondering which way to go, he slowly walked away. It was such an entrancing sight that my husband forgot that he was holding a camera in his hand. Sitting on the rear seat in the old open Ford, it would have been a simple matter to take a picture of the only wild "Gaur" we ever saw.

Fear of the Evil Eye

"Superstitious fear in backward areas is very prevalent. I noticed a mother holding a beautiful, attractive child in her arms and approached them to carry on a conversation. Fearing that I wanted to touch the child, the mother jerked back suddenly and fled into the house. Re-appearing without the baby, the mother explained that my touch might have a harmful mysterious influence and affect the child's health. Even a close look might appear to be an "evil eye" that would inflict injury or cause bad luck. Never having seen white people, Indian children may be afraid when seeing them the first time. One day, while sitting before the tent close to the bazaar place where the weekly market was being held, I had a strange experience. A mother was standing near the tent with a two year-old child at her side. Suddenly the little child broke loose from her mother and ran directly to me, wanting to sit on my lap. It wore a necklace of shining cowrie shells and a charm of seeds and beads. Otherwise it was in undress costume. Upon being asked why they placed the charm around the child's neck, they replied, 'To keep away the evil spirits and to ward off the evil eye.' I asked why they did not protect themselves with charms. They explained that adult people recognize an evil eye and detect evil spirits hovering about, and could then cry out and frighten them away before they caused harm. Little children, they said, were too inexperienced to recognize the danger. I tried to explain to them that the love of God drives out fear. One wise man of the group did not wish to be identified with the superstitious crowd and replied haughtily that only ignorant persons have fear of evil spirits, but that educated and enlightened people like himself did not fear them. While thus assuring me he raised his arm with a sweeping gesture over the superstitious crowd. I noticed a silver charm, an inch square, tied around his wrist, rather large for a charm, larger than those the others were wearing. Pointing to it, I asked him before the whole group why he, as an intelligent man, had to wear such a large charm. He smiled in silence. The others laughed aloud.

"I then took a walk with the little child who insisted on remaining at my side. Other children soon joined us, several holding my hands at the same time. Never having seen white people, they were very affectionate. Now and then one of them would rub the back of my hand with an outstretched forefinger to see if the whiteness could be rubbed off and if brown color would appear underneath. After repeating the performance one child examined her finger to see if any of the whiteness had adhered to it.

"We enjoy touring and camping in the villages immensely, especially in the more distance places where strangers and visitors sel-

A sadhu says his beads and earns his own salvation.

dom penetrate. They are very happy for the opportunity to purchase medicines when ill, and equally pleased to be able to buy literature in case they are able to read. Seldom did we have an experience like the following. In one corner of this certain village, four miles from camp, deep within the forest, we discovered a number of families who had settled there lately. They had come down from the hills far in the interior. Their color was very dark, almost pure black. They were a rather peculiar tribal, primitive group, timid and reluctant to converse or associate with others. We walked through the narrow lanes in their part of the village and from everywhere we would hear the call, 'Mut chuo, mut chuo!' 'Do not touch, do not touch.' Their fear of taboo exceeded anything we had ever seen. They deeply resented anyone from another caste touching their person, their possessions or their mud house. While walking close to one of their houses, my husband's topi inadvertently touched some grass dangling from the low roof. A man at once pulled that portion off and threw it away in disgust. Children of other castes followed us and immediately frightened women would call out to them, 'Don't touch, don't touch, don't come so near.' Few of the occupants would appear out in the open. It was most amusing to see both men and women peeping from behind doors partly open, over the walls enclosing their small courtyard, and from behind their rice stacks, trying to get a glimpse of us. They were eager to see us, but only from a distance. If a man permitted a person from another caste to touch him, his group would fine him heavily. In a few castes, the offended person whose house had been touched by some one of another caste would at once vacate it and build another. Having only mud walls and a grass-thatched roof, this was no costly undertaking. Very few of this group were present when we would have morning devotions before the tent. And those who did venture out, stood far away.

A Frigid Reception

"It was an exceptional experience, the first and only time in more than thirty years that we had received such a cold reception. Or to be more correct, one would have to say that we were not received at all. It was a case of passive non-cooperation. It was a pleasant day, hence we walked the several miles from camp to the village Narra. The cart followed later with the medicine kit, screen, projector and box of literature. It was a very old village with a population of over 1,000, the seat of a Feudatory Chief. We took a stroll through the village to find an open convenient place where the evening program could be carried out. We found it in the center of the village where the people usually congregate for their daily palaver after the day's work is finished. For pastime we walked to the edge of the village where the Chief's ancient palace was located. The haughty young supervisor was a relative of the Chief. We informed him why we had come and that a good spacious place had been found to show the slides of the Life of Christ. My husband said, 'It is right in the center . . . ,' but, he did not allow him to complete the sentence, and said emphatically, 'THIS is the center of the village.' Not where the people congregate, but where the Chief lives, there is THE CENTER. How true! For centuries, taxes from the surrounding villages of this Native State flowed to this center, the palace; all else was insignificant. The former Chief and his parasites had spent more for their Center than for the welfare of the taxpayers. Deeply in debt, the Government appointed an officer to manage the State until all debts were paid. The present Chief was a minor, away at school. The old schoolmaster, about to be retired, actually took over nominal control. He knew in advance that our party was to arrive in their midst and through the pupils he warned one and all not to have anything to do with us, not to speak to us, to buy no books, to boycott the evening entertainment. We did not know about this opposition propaganda at the time of our arrival. People, including the children, glided past us like ghosts, only now and then casting a furtive glance in our direction.

"In spite of the cold reception, we displayed the attractive literature, set up the screen and projector, and played Hindi records on the grammaphone. No one listened, only a few children in the distance. From five until eight o'clock all efforts of my husband, myself and the evangelist to persuade passersby to view the display were in vain. Only one poor person, who apparently had little to lose, asked me for some medicine to give her feverish daughter. Groups of two and three would come, pause a moment to survey our outfit from a distance and walk silently away. The intimidation of the old orthodox teacher had effect. Twice he 'passed over on the other side,' staying as close to the buildings as possible in order not to be seen near us, proudly looking in the opposite direction, seeing only the blank house walls.

"As the villagers were now eating their evening meal, my husband and I sat on the palaver platform. A few women came later and sat on a nearby doorstep. After sunset, the air became quite cool. I draped a light garment over my shoulders. Suddenly I jumped to my feet with a shriek. One of the women clapped her hands and shouted to those whose curiosity had lured them to their side, 'Be quiet, everybody, the memsahib is now going to sing and dance!' It was only a mouse that had crawled up under the outer garment, seeking a warm place to sleep. The onlookers were visibly disappointed when I sat down again without performing. Where did they get the idea of singing and dancing? The evangelist solved the mystery. My husband had requested the village 'town-cryer' whose duty it was to make all public announcements, to tour the village streets and lanes and by beat of the drum announce that a religious program with pictures would take place for their entertainment. As it was free, all should come. But what had he done? He had announced that a dance and vaudeville would take place. Asked why he did not inform the people exactly as my husband had instructed him, he replied with a mischievous smile and yet in dead earnest, 'Sahib, if I would have announced it as you told me, no one would come. I made it more interesting!' In spite of his 'high pressure salesmanship' only about 200 persons were attracted. Under ordinary conditions, a village of this size would supply an audience of at least 500. It was not a responsive audience. After the program was finished, a few stragglers remained to examine the display of books and bought five tracts and Gospel portions. Orthodoxy and intimidation had won. According to protocol, the town-cryer and village servant came to bid us farewell. We gave him a copy of Luke's Gospel, and a second copy to give the schoolmaster with our compliments. (In spite of the mixed reception, Mrs. Davis did not lose her sense of humor. On the way back to camp, she remarked, "The proper name for that village is not Narra, it should be "Narak", which means, "hell".)

"Often I arranged a program for the women and especially for the children. It served to bring a little pleasure into their monotonous life. In the 22 villages visited during one cool season, not one could boast of receiving a newspaper. Visits to the weekly market, which may be five or six miles away, supplied the news which then traveled from mouth to mouth, often in exaggerated form. Older people and parents spend little time conversing with the children. Hence my coming would be considered a pleasant diversion. On one occasion, 50 children and the mothers gathered before the tent expectantly. Three girls about ten or eleven years of age stood alone at one side. Only after much persuasion was it possible to induce them to join in the games. I was informed that they had recently been engaged, and that it would be considered improper for them to be seen running about; they were now to be careful and act like married women, with dignity and decorum. Seeing them take part in the games, other child-brides also made their appearance and modestly joined in the sports. Their childhood was prolonged at least a few hours that afternoon. For two hours, the merriment continued. Many mothers standing in a large circle seemed to enjoy it as much as the children. It was new to them that a stranger, or any one for that matter, should come to their village and organize play for their children. For an intermission, all were asked to be seated so that I could teach them some Christian songs. I selected some songs written by our blind Pastor, Simon Patros. As these were written in the local dialect according to familiar Indian tunes they joined in the singing with great glee. It was remarkable how easily they remembered the words. After several more games, they were again asked to be seated when a basket of candy was brought forth which had been purchased in Mahasamund. Their happiness was complete. At least a third of them had not sufficient clothing on their bodies to find a corner in the loincloth in which to tie the candy. It was almost comical to find some of them with both hands full of candy, no place to keep it, and no free hand to put some into their mouth. One can readily understand the mothers and the children when they gathered around the tent on the last day of camp. They pleaded that I come again next year, because, 'It is so empty when you are not here, every time we pass this spot where the tent was, we shall think of your presence in our midst.'

The Widows' Plight

"One morning in camp when women were occupied with house duties and the men were in the fields, a young widow came to the tent for medicine. We enjoyed a long conversation. She talked very freely when relating the difficulties of a widow who has no immediate relatives. At times she seemed to be very discouraged and sad; and then again she would take the extreme attitude of one who is defeated as if to say, 'Well, what's the use, these rigid caste rules hold us widows so tight one can do nothing about it.' Her story was a sad one indeed, 'Who cares for a widow? Every person who comes to my house has only one purpose, to beg. They all take everything they can get. Even the holy monks are not satisfied with the usual gifts, they also always want more. Yesterday, I fed one rice, vegetables, butter and sweets. But he was not satisfied. Seeing a new blanket I had purchased a few days before, he asked for it. And when leaving demanded five rupees. If it is not given, even these holy sadhus will get angry and curse one. I am only a widow. If my husband were living, the priest would not be so greedy. My husband's relatives avoid me; only when they want help do they come. You see, memsahiba, it is like this. According to caste rules, I am not allowed to sell the farm. When I die, all my land and other property goes to my husband's brother. I can only live from the proceeds of the farm. But every year that is less and less. I sow the same amount of seed once sown by my husband, but custom does not allow me to supervise the sowing and reaping and the amount reaped is always less. Moreover, is there any man in India who will listen to a woman when she tells him what to do, even if it concerns her own seed, oxen and land. Who respects a woman, especially a widow standing alone?' But that did not end her story. Several weeks later she called on me in Mahasamund and brought an older friend of the same caste along with her. This widow's story was similar: 'I rented my land to the village schoolmaster for 80 rupees. He reaped the crop and has not yet paid me a copper. If I file suit on him for the amount, court and lawyer's fees will cost more than what he owes me. Moreover, I cannot appear in court to testify. A widow's fate is a hard one.' During a long conversation, I answered their questions regarding a widow's condition in America, and explained that Christ taught us to show mercy to children and widows. As the younger visitor was literate, I gave her some literature which she could read to her friend. When leaving, one of them said, 'You made us happy, no one ever talks to us like that.' "

A Tiger — "Beautiful in his Dreadful Perfection"

"It was again time for the famous Sirpur mela (religious festival and pilgrimage) to take place. An official of the Public Road Maintenance Department called at my husband's office for a visit and informed him that the temporary road through the forest to Sirpur had been cleared and repaired sufficiently that wealthy pilgrims with high slung cars could go by auto. Anxious to see the 1500 year old temples again and the ruins not completely covered by the encroaching jungle, we sent the camp outfit to be arranged in a village nearby. While there we also visited other villages found here and there in the forest. To reach a certain one it was necessary for the cart to go in a long round-about way. My husband and I decided to take the short-cut on a path through a denser part of the forest. The sun was just setting. While going along the path in a leisurely way and talking about the home-furlough due several months later, we suddenly saw a tiger, about 150 yards away. He came out from the underbrush of the jungle near the path we were on. He pranced and cavorted around a separate small shrub, playful as a kitten, completely unaware of our presence. We at once stopped short and stood watching it without making a move, not at all panic-stricken as I had always imagined I would be when meeting a wild animal. It was so fascinating a sight, we just stood still and marveled at the graceful prancing of the animal. When it finally disappeared into the jungle, I turned to my husband and said, 'Wasn't that a beautiful sight?' We were both amazed at my calmness. Neither of us was excited."

"I want to say in the very clearest terms possible that the Church in India does want missionaries, as many as you send. It is the missionary, the human being who lives and loves in the ordinary everyday life of Christ, that is always welcome. We want missionaries, Christ-like missionaries, who will come and live among us and identify themselves with us, who will share with us our joys and sorrows in the spirit of Christ."—*K. T. Paul, famous Indian Y.M.C.A. leader and Christian Statesman.*

CHARIOT CONVERSATIONS ALONG THE HIGHWAY

Not all the conversations recorded in this chapter took place in a chariot, but they remind me vividly of Philip's experience when he was invited by the Ethiopian Finance Minister of Queen Candace "to come up and sit with him." Some of the conversations took place in two-wheeled oxcarts, in tongas, on trains, in buses, and while walking on paths from village to village, often in the courtyard of a farmer's home, frequently in my study, occasionally at night before the tent in camp. Some of those who conversed with us became and remained good friends, others were never seen again. Few of them would have been able to purchase a costly handwritten copy of the book Isaiah as the Eunuch was able to do, in fact some of them did not have even a copper on their person to buy a 1c Gospel. But they all had one trait in common with the African seeker, they were willing and happy to carry on a religious discussion, which is much easier in India than in America.

Are You Happier?

My first venture was a complete failure for which I feel ashamed to this day. Five lawyers and officials came to the tent in the Native State Kawardha for a friendly visit. Fortunately they all spoke English very well, whereas I had not yet passed the first Hindi language examination. In a very serious tone they asked why missionaries came to their country to present a new religion, and how old my country was. I told them about 300 years. They smiled as one remarked, "Batcha," a mere babe. They reminded me that India was writing classical literature, philosophy and books on religion 1,500 B.C., several thousand years before my ancestors became civilized. I proudly exhibited a pin and countered with the remark that India had not yet even manufactured a pin, and to clinch my argument I took a German army knife from my pocket and displayed the sharp cutting blade, a saw, screw driver, scissors, corkscrew, tooth pick, tweezers, etc. They shook their heads, expressing both sympathy and disgust. One of them asked, "Has that made you people happier and better?" I blushed and admitted defeat. That was in 1918 when I was suffering from the same disease afflicting our country today, as if our 'American way of life' were a proof that we are all right and others wrong. The experience taught me a lesson in humility. It taught me to delve deeper into a study of the basic differences between Hinduism and Christianity, to conduct conversations at higher levels than those of material progress.

Where the Gods Walked

But the transition was not an easy one. The next step in evaluating Hinduism was, "Each tree is known by its own fruit," (Luke 16:44). Early one morning I was on the way to conduct the annual Bible examination in an outstation Mission School. A peasant was going in the same direction; in fact he informed me that his son was a pupil in the school and had told him that the examination was to take place. He wished to be present for the occasion. With great pride he informed me that many years ago the god Rama, an incarnation of Vishnu, had once traveled through their village and had left an imprint of his one foot on a stone slab. Hindus, he assured me, come by the thousands annually to worship that stone. I inquired what else Rama had done for their village. To this he replied quite soberly, "Kuch nehin," "Nothing at all."

A similar event transpired when conversing with a group of pilgrims on their way to Brindaban 1,200 miles away. I remarked that there were many famous temples in our area and that it seemed unnecessary to undertake such a long and costly journey to so distant a place. But they were not convinced, saying that Brindaban had a special attraction, it had been made sacred by Krishna, an incarnation of the god Vishnu. He had lived there many, many centuries ago. It was therefore one of Hinduism's most hallowed places. They were asked the same question, "What did Krishna do while living there?" They merely shrugged their shoulders and replied rather pathetically, "Nothing!" I then asked what his purpose really was in dwelling there, had any improvement in the people's character or in their living conditions taken place as a result of his presence in their midst? They had never given this any thought. I explained to them, as I had to the man mentioned above, that when our Saviour lived on earth he revealed the loving God, transformed people and served them. Their response was, "India needs that."

The Poor

Walking to a village I met a high caste Hindu woman about 60 years of age. She was a pleasant person, talkative but illiterate. She wished to know why I, a white man, should be walking from village to village with a knapsack on my back. Did not all sahibs have a motor car, or at least a pair of oxen? Did I not even have a servant to carry the bag? Taking out an illustrated Gospel, I told her what my purpose was. A curious man in the nearby field came to see what it was all about. He bought a few books and awakened in her the desire also to possess one. Apologizing, she explained that although she could not read it herself, she would ask one of the literate women in her village to do so. The cost of the book, 1c, she would send to our camp the next day. I suggested that she might accept the booklet as a gift and give the price to a poor, hungry person. Smilingly she understood and said at once, "Oh, yes, to a Brahmin." "No, No," I interrupted, "not to a priest, rather give it to someone who is really in need." She got the idea. "Oh, you mean to the blind woman in my village!" I nodded.

My Son Shall Never Work

Field paths from one village to another often cross and re-cross each other so that it is difficult for a stranger to know which one to take. Not wishing to lose my way, I asked a young man to accompany me a short distance lest I take the wrong path and arrive where I did not want to go. At the same time, it would offer an opportunity to speak to someone. He soon told his story. When a boy he attended the Primary School in Mahasamund and later desired to attend the Mission Middle School, but his father feared that he would be weaned away from farming and refused to send him. Later his father arranged his marriage and purchased an 8-acre farm for him. Gleefully he added, "I now have a year-old son and when he gets older I will send him to the Mahasamund school and then to the Mission High School in Raipur." As a climax he added with conviction and satisfaction, "I will never allow him to do any work with his hands." His good intentions regarding an education were commended, but I pointed out the danger of his becoming a useless person unless he also did some work with his hands, as this is never disgraceful or undignified if it is honest work. But he insisted that he would never permit his son to do manual labor. I told him about the work Jesus did, adding that He had said, "My Father is working still, and I am working." But this did not impress him at all. He would not compromise his position in the community by detracting from his son's honor. He purchased a copy of the Gospel John. I underlined the passage John 5:17, and invited him to visit us in Mahasamund.

At that same camp I unconsciously told a story about work without speaking a word. The malguzar, (chief owner of the village) had invited the evangelist, the pharmacist and a servant to his home for supper. This delayed the evening program considerably. As it was past eight o'clock, the usual time to begin, and as guests were gradually gathering for the occasion, I myself unlocked the box, set up the frame for the curtain and the tripod, screwed on the projector and displayed the literature on a table. A group of men sitting on their haunches nearby were quite interested in watching the performance. With noticeable surprise one of them said to the other, "This missionary is doing all the work himself. If he were one of our kind he would make others do it for him." This remark gave me the opportunity to speak about the dignity of labor when giving the slide lecture. The same false conception of hand labor was revealed on another occasion. The tripod had been set up by a helper who then went through the village telling the people that all was ready. I noticed that the machine was not standing level and that one tripod leg needed to be raised a trifle. Going to the oxcart about 30 feet away, I pulled out a handful of straw, twisted it into a tight rope-like bundle and placed it under the leg. One man remarked, "He went to fetch the straw and did the work himself, even though he is a great man." While explaining the slides that evening I naturally stressed the fact that Jesus being a great Saviour also worked for the welfare of the people.

On another occasion I was severely scolded for advocating work —and strangely enough, the reprimand came from a woman. Walking along a narrow village street I looked through each courtyard gate to find some one. All the men and most of the women were in the fields repairing and building up the field boundaries in order to be ready for the storing of water when the rains came. Finally I saw a man sitting on a low cot, speaking to several women. The prominent colored caste mark on his forehead implied that he was a man of piety. All surroundings pointed to poverty. I inquired what he, a man, was doing there alone with women—not considered good manners in India. He replied quite stoically, "I am a Brahmin and have come to beg." I informed him of the Bible teaching, "If a man will not work, let him not eat," and added that it seemed shameful for a strong, healthy person like him to be begging when he should be working. Somewhat angrily one of the women, the poorest clad of all, objected, "Why do you scold him like that? Begging is his profession." The other women nodded in his defense, and then went indoors with my wife. He and I were now alone. He smiled, and judging from his remarks he seemed to assume that I was in the same racket and secretly approved of his begging. He became quite talkative and boasted that he owned 12 acres (four times the average owned by others). He admitted that he spent this season of the year going from village to village, exercising his right as a twice-born Brahmin to beg. I called his attention to the tattered saris the women were wearing, and pointed to the wild plum seeds on the ground which implied that the people were trying to appease their hunger with this wild fruit of the forest. Again I asked if he was not ashamed to accept gifts from such poor people who had perhaps only one acre. I suggested that he beg only from those farmers who had more land than he himself cultivated. This would mean that he could expect to receive gifts from only a few families in each village. He replied, somewhat haughtily, that in accepting gifts from even the poorest he was giving them the opportunity to accumulate religious merit and they should be grateful to him that he supplied the opportunity to do so. I asked if it were more meritorious to feed a rich Brahmin than a poor, starving person. "Of course," he said, "why do you doubt it?"

Ceremonial Piety

It was sunrise, and we were having our morning tea before the tent. The noise of cymbals, drum and conch shell reached us from the center of the village. As it continued for an hour we went to investigate. Entering a large and roomy courtyard of a wealthy farmer, the first thing we saw was a monkey chained to a veranda post. Its owner was a priest sitting on a low stool surrounded with numerous articles for worship purposes. He was a wandering itinerant priest, on his usual annual tour. He placed the brass idols on a rather faded red cloth, placed spoon, incense and oil beside them, and then blew the conch shell for the members of the household to gather for worship. His assistant, the monkey, representing the monkey-god Hanuman, kept on chattering and pulling on his chain as if to say, "Hurry and have it over with so that I get something to eat." To feed him also meant to accumulate religious merit. It was a long ritual and ceremonial worship. After he had finished, we asked permission to speak and spent an hour discussing the Christian Way of life and the will of God. He listened more out of politeness than from a desire to discuss religion with a missionary. Straight across the courtyard, about 50 feet away, crouched a three-year-old girl, suffering from high fever, very listless and restless. All these hours, while sitting before his temporary altar and host of idols, he could see the child. Mrs. Davis asked if he had done anything for the girl. They tried to smile but said nothing. A neighbor who was present during the ceremony whispered to the evangelist, "He sees only what he expects to receive." We asked the priest if he could not do something for the child, the more so as he was enjoying the hospitality of the girl's father and mother, and this included better food than they themselves usually could afford to eat. He merely shook his head and said, "Mera kya kam," "It's none of my business." We told him and the worshippers the parable of the Good Samaritan. It had no visible effect on him. He excused himself by saying that it was his hereditary task to worship and to perform religious rites for others, to receive gifts and nothing else.

Mrs. Davis went to fetch quinine pills and a lemon from the tent. She made a little lemonade in order to wet the child's parched lips and dry throat so that she could swallow the pill more easily. She explained to the mother how to give the remaining pills, sent over a few more lemons and advised her to keep the girl warm as she was now getting fever chills. The evening of the second day, the child was walking about. The third day, she was normal and playing. The incident made a deep impression on the parents and others who heard the conversation with the priest and had seen how the girl was suffering. The matter was spread throughout the neighboring villages, and explains perhaps why evening programs were so well attended.

The Evil Age

We had often wondered what had robbed the villagers of initiative and ambition. The will to improve his lot, or even to save his own health and life from curable disease seems to have been weakened and dulled to such an extent that it functions only on a minimum basis. An incident soon occurred which partly helped to supply one of many reasons. A Brahmin came to our tent to pay his respects, saying, "You are a guru (a religious leader and preceptor) and I am a guru, considered by some to be equal to god in the ability to mediate salvation, hence it seems very proper that we fellowship with each other." It was not long before his definition of fellowship was revealed. He asked for an offering, the right of a Brahmin. I remarked that just herein lies the difference between a Brahmin guru and a Christian leader. Whereas the former is "a receiving one," the latter is taught to be "a giving one." At this moment of the conversation a pious peasant from another village sat down on the ground beside the chair of the Brahmin and at once gave him a copper. For a moment the Brahmin was embarrassed, but he accepted it and quickly let it slip into his shirt pocket. Others who had heard the conversation naturally smiled. I remarked that even he, presuming to be nearing godhood, still had a good portion of greed within him. He was speedy with an excuse, "What can I do about it? We are now in the age of Kali-Yug, the evil age, when all evil is destined to have the upper hand, all and everything are its victims, even Brahmins. Cows give less milk, fields produce less crops, rain supply is decreasing, gifts to us Brahmins are getting less—the era of Kali-Yug is surely upon us, no power on earth can prevent its advance." I objected, "We Christians are taught by Christ to preach that the Kingdom of God is at hand, a new age of truth and love, of mercy and kindness. He promised to give us help and the power of His presence to put an end to the reign of evil and to replace it with His truth which makes man free." He pretended not to understand. To show interest in the presence of potential donors would not be advisable on his part. I related an experience to enlighten him and the other listeners. In a village he knew, several Brahmins had invited me to take a stroll with them. (They suggested taking a walk because they did not wish that others should conclude that they were interested in the Missionary's message.) They courteously asked me to lead the way to the edge of the village along the banks of a shady pond lined with beautiful mango trees. But they cautioned me not to go to the farther end of the pond because only low caste Chamars went there to wash their clothes and to fetch water. With "malice aforethought" I said such as that was not a good reason to avoid that part of the path. Impatiently they insisted that it was a filthy place, as Chamars relieved themselves on the other side of the embankment. I asked, "Since when?" They replied that the custom had been observed for many generations. Asked how long it would continue to be filthy, they replied, "To the end of the things." That, I reminded them and other Hindus who were following us, was the Kali-Yug complex which prevents them from bestirring themselves and improving unpleasant conditions. I then called their attention to the millions of low caste people for whom the preaching of Christ's Kingdom had put an end to the Kali-Yug fatalism, pessimism and filth, and had even made it possible for Brahmins to associate with them safely. I repeated, "Where Christ enters, there Kali-Yug disappears and Satya-Yug, the era of Truth enters with Him." They agreed that life would be more worth living if such a change would take place. I insisted that it would not happen automatically or by merely wishing that it would take place. Repentance, conversion and submission to His will are necessary and would make the reformation possible. That was too great a price for the Brahmin. He confessed that it was more pleasant in his case to let Kali-Yug take its evil course. In order to uphold his dignity as "a taking one" and my reputation as "a giving one," I presented him with a copy of John's Gospel and called his attention to the story of Nicodemus and Jesus in which He explains how one can bring an end to the evil age.

Perhaps Kali-Yug was also to be blamed for diluted milk. One morning I was joined by a cowherd who had delivered milk to the merchants in town. Asked how many cows he milks, he replied, "Fifteen." "How much milk do they give?" "Eight quarts." We talked and walked two miles to his village. When taking leave of each other, I asked how much milk he had delivered that morning." "Eleven quarts!" He was reminded that his cows had given eight quarts. His reply came quickly, "People would get indigestion if I did not mix water with the milk."

We Also Pray

A number of Hindus joined the camp staff one morning when we had our usual devotions. It was a new experience for them to see and hear how Christians worship. When we had finished with the Bible-reading, the explanation, prayer, and several songs, the visitors were happy to remain an hour for fellowship. In the course of conversation one of them volunteered to inform us about their worship, saying, "We also pray." Mrs. Davis asked them what they pray for in their home or when they went to the temple to bow before the idol. Their spokesman cheerfully offered to enumerate the things asked for and in each case the others nodded assent. "We pray for sons, good crops, health, for protection against evil spirits and thieves. That is the extent of our prayers, never more and seldom less." We asked, "Do you pray that *others* may also be fed and protected, that *others* also may have sons and reap good crops?" "No, we pray only for ourselves." As they were in a responsive mood, I continued, "Do you ever pray for forgiveness, for peace, for a pure heart, for strength to overcome temptation, for a desire to please God, for a desire to help others and for a good conscience to be honest, and to do your work faithfully?" To all these questions, various ones replied. The essence of their answers was, "No, we pray only for things to fill our stomachs and for sons to inherit our possessions and to take care of us when we grow old." We then asked if they would like to hear a model prayer taught by our guru. They were willing. Together with the evangelists, helpers and servants we prayed the Lord's Prayer and asked if they would like to have a printed copy. Several marked copies of Luke's Gospel were sold.

A Fire Ordeal

Several men, excited and gesticulating, talking in loud voices came to share an important matter with us. One of them had a copy of the orthodox religious magazine Kalpataru and asked if I would listen to a miracle story of a woman who was asked to undergo a fire-trial in order to prove her innocence. She had denied the accusation of immorality and agreed to go through with the fire test. According to the magazine report, the procedure was as follows. A four-pound iron hammer was placed on a heap of burning cowdung cakes and when it became redhot they smeared clarified butter on the palm of her hands, and then laid green leaves of the sacred banyan tree in both hands. With a blacksmith's tongs the caste leader lifted the redhot hammer from the fire and while holding it made a brief speech and gave her the opportunity to speak in her own defence. He then challenged her to take the hot iron in her hands if she were innocent and to walk seven paces. Her reply included a prayer that her innocence might be established. The iron was placed on the leaves in her hands, she walked the seven steps and threw the iron to the ground. "The grass where it fell was burned to ashes, but her hands remained unburned," the report stated. In a foot note, the editor commended the young pregnant wife for proving to her husband by this method that she was innocent and loyal to him.

The men now wanted to know what I thought about the fire-ordeal miracle. This was my comment. Having spent many hours in the blacksmith shop of my father, and having sat near blacksmiths frequently while on tour among their villages, it seemed impossible, in my estimation, to heat a four-pound iron redhot on cowdung cakes without a bellows. Moreover, a considerable amount of heat must have escaped from the iron during the time the leader held it in the tongs while he and the accused person made their speeches. And finally, that the thick green banyan leaves in her hands served as temporary non-conductors of heat while she hurriedly walked the seven paces. A long discussion followed about guilt and forgiveness. Before they dispersed, I asked them two questions:—why did they not call the man considered guilty with her and make him submit to the fire-ordeal? When a husband is considered guilty, do they ever make him prove his innocence by the same method? The man who brought the magazine bid farewell with the compliment, "Sahib, you know too much about us!"

A Moslem Visitor

A Moslem came to the tent one noon and said proudly, "We also honor Christ. He has gone to a place far away, and some day He will return again." I replied, "He is not far away, He is here, even now, working through us to serve Him and others lovingly and unselfishly." To this he said, "We also collect money and give it to support our Moslem Urdu school in Raipur." To which I replied," Just there is the difference between Moslem and Christian love. You give for those within your group only, Christians give for those outside their own group with the same joy with which they give for the members of their own group. Do you ever give a donation for the Satnami orphanage in Raipur?" He was silent. To ward off the need to give a reply, he encouraged all the people present to come and attend the lecture after the evening meal.

Broken Cisterns (Jer. 2:13)

A member of the Panka caste came to tell us that he had become a member of the Kabir Panth, the WAY of the reformer Kabir. The caste he forsook does not rank much above the Chamar caste. Asked why he made the change, he said that he thereby rose higher in the social scale and that his prestige was now greater among the villagers. He also had the impression that the new Way gave him more satisfaction. When asked just how this newly acquired guru had actually helped him, he said, "He takes us across this ocean of existence, we therefore worship him as god." It so happened that while on this tour the evangelists and I were studying the biography of Kabir who lived 1440-1517. He had made an attempt to combine the best doctrines and practices of the various prevailing religions. We enlightened this new disciple of Kabir that his guru was a good, sincere person who himself felt the need to confess his sins and to seek forgiveness. We admitted that Kabir could take his followers part of the way. He had taught them to cease idol worship, to cease eating dead meat, to live purer lives, but that he was unable to take them the whole distance into the presence of God. This, we believed, only Christ could do, for only He could say, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." He and his friends remained a long time discussing religion in a very friendly manner. Before they parted, one of the catechists gave the leader a Gospel and suggested that he read it at home and consider this statement:—if Kabir had had opportunity to become fully acquainted with Jesus, he would surely have proclaimed Him to be his Saviour. Since Kabir did not have the opportunity, and was himself in need of a Saviour, we sincerely advised them to consider Christ's claim seriously.

Disillusioned

To know the real India it is necessary to speak their language and to dwell among the rural people, for they constitute 75% of the population. Living in villages most of the years we were in India, and touring extensively in the rural areas, it was possible to come into close contact with them. They invited us to their homes, or, to be more exact, to their courtyards. They visited us in our home and in camp, confiding in us and talking freely like trusting children. Knowing that we were not inquisitive officials and not seeking their money, they appeared uninhibited in every way. It thus happened one day that a number of them came to Mrs. Davis taking their turns to receive medicine. No one was in a hurry. Suddenly one of the men expressed a deep desire to make the pilgrimage by foot to the Jaganath temple at Puri, 300 miles away. He assured us that for many years he had entertained the wish to worship there. A woman spoke up, "I can tell you, it's nothing at all." She then explained her experience with much disgust. "I had saved money many years to make that pilgrimage and joined a group to realize my dream. What did I see? A priest with his hair braided in high coils on the top of his head like a woman. There were charms on his arms and neck and garlands draped around his body. More ornaments were dangling from his ears. When I stood nearby, his disciples told me, 'that is a god.' I made a deep bow before him and when I rose to go he asked, 'Where is your offering?' He took my money and said, 'Now you can go.' That is all there is to it. I shall never go again. All the way home along the dusty jungle road I kept on saying to myself, 'There is nothing to it, I shall never go again.' Now, why do you go uselessly, only to see a man with long hair who craves your money and nothing else?" Various people continued the conversation and complained that temple priests gave them no instruction or any useful advice, merely told them to take a good look at the ancient, crude wooden idol. The disillusioned woman tied the medicine powder received from Mrs. Davis in the corner of her sari, turned to the crowd when leaving and repeated, "Nothing at all, the only words I heard from his mouth were, 'Where is your money?' and 'Now you can go.' Why should I walk 300 miles and back for that?"

Only Eleven Years to Live

Early one morning about sunrise a sadhu (a Hindu mendicant monk or priest) wearing a bright coat which reached down below his knees, came out of the jungle and was passing on the footpath near the tent. Around his neck he wore a double strand of heavy sacred beads, in a bundle under his arm he carried all his possessions, a blanket and two brass vessels. We hailed him to join us and tell which WAY he was traveling. "The WAY of RAM," he explained. We asked him if he knew the WAY of Krishna, of Buddha, of Kabir or the Arya Samaj (a reform militant Hindu sect). He did not, but assured us that he had definitely renounced the world, and was now on a long eleven-year pilgrimage, seeking to earn his salvation. After achieving this goal he hoped to leave this body and enter into Brahma, the eternal, divine reality. He was then 31 years old and had left wife and children in the care of his brothers in the holy city of Banares. It was his desire and conviction that exactly 11 years after he set out on this quest, he would most certainly enter eternity and merge with the gods at the age of 42, irrespective of where he might be at the time. For half an hour we listened while the evangelists engaged him in conversation. The sadhu informed us that he knew all there was to know about salvation and had no need to accept or to learn anything from a

A mendicant sadhu examines the display of literature.

white sahib. I assured him and all listeners that his boundless pride was proof that he had not yet even begun to walk the way of religious life, the beginning of which is humility. He smiled and confessed that he had fallen into a trap. We offered him a child's Bible story book and suggested that he read it aloud. He read haltingly like a second grade pupil. He had a pleasing and cultured manner. More Hindus came to join us and became very interested in the discussion, but he became uneasy in their presence when he had to confess his limited experience and education. I proposed that they all remain and join us in our daily devotion with the camp group. We chose John 10 and stressed the story of Jesus the Good Shepherd who gave His own life in order that others might have abundant life here and hereafter. This, we insisted, could be had without undertaking long pilgrimages. The fact was impressed upon them that when Christ gives the abundant life it does not create the desire to want to escape this world after 11 years, or at any time, but rather to live a long and rich life in order to help and serve others rather than to load the burden of supporting one's family on the shoulders of brothers. This seemed to be a strange and foreign teaching to them, especially to the sadhu. He was given some Gospels and tracts. For a while he was reluctant to accept them even as a gift, lest it give the Hindus present the impression that by accepting them he was admitting the possibility of their being true and that he still had something to learn about THE WAY of salvation. Ten days later he appeared in Deori, the village where one of the evangelists lived who was present when the above incident took place. But, for some mysterious reason he left suddenly when he saw the evangelist. Perhaps the police were on his track, for not infrequently criminals escape the law in the garb of a sadhu.

The Downward Pull

Milau was an intelligent Satnami, 30 years of age, a recognized leader among a thousand Satnamis of the area. By virtue of having passed the fourth class of a Mission School and developing greater initiative than the average low caste person usually develops, he attained to this leading position. Even though his co-religionists looked up to and respected him as a leader, they did not consider him to be one of their religious leaders. For a year he had lived in Raipur where he frequently attended our Sunday School and church services. The evangelist and Mission School teachers of his village area had weekly devotions with him and a number of other wide-awake young men of his caste. Their response was so favorable that it appeared as if the whole village of Satnamis were willing to receive instruction and later be baptized. After a year, their friendship for the Christian workers cooled considerably, and quite suddenly. One of their number revealed the reason. One evening, several religious leaders of their caste appeared in their midst, called them together and spent the whole night in a secret meeting cajoling and threatening them into submission. We were never able to learn by what method they had achieved that end.

Not long after the secret meeting Milau, the "almost persuaded one," came to visit the local evangelist while I happened to be there on a visit. For half an hour he remained silent and sullen as a prisoner in the hands of questioning police. The evangelist reminded him in detail of his interest in the Gospel and of the influence he wielded over other Satnamis. He confessed having read the whole New Testament and other Christian literature. A brief examination revealed that he knew more about Christian truths than many Christians. He pretended that caste pressure was filling his mind with fear. He admitted that for a thousand years Hinduism had done nothing for the welfare of the Satnamis, that their religious leaders continued to bleed them white in assessing penalties for every trivial transgression of caste rules. He complained that their highest leader, the guru of all the Satnamis in Chhattisgarh Division was then in prison for murder. Nevertheless, the pull of caste and the past held him a prisoner. More than that; he, like all Satnamis, had been robbed of a great possession, the power to do what the will and the conscience told them to do. He then related his latest dream:—"I saw myself with a Gospel-bag on which was the sign of the Cross, just like the evangelists carry. I was walking from village to village selling Christian books." He claimed, and the evangelist corroborated his statement, that many of his friends would become Christians if he himself took the step. But he lacked the will to make a decision.

I gradually became suspicious and concluded that he was aspiring to become a Satnami guru, and was now in the temptation of capitalizing on his popularity and influence. The fact that Satnami religious leaders considered him a key-man, whom to lose would involve great loss of income, had increased his pride, even to the extent of accepting hush-money from caste fellows who were guilty of infringing caste rules, thus doing exactly what his superiors were accustomed to do when accepting bribes from wealthy and poor members for evil done. The question seemed to be this: was he not succumbing to the temptation to pretend a desire for baptism only for the purpose of co-ercing the caste members and religious leaders to recognize him as a guru? Was he using his pretended possibility of becoming a Christian as a threat so that he might squeeze more advantage out of them so that they would not lose him completely? I did not express my suspicion or doubt about his sincerity, but advised him and the evangelist to select several young married men who had been instructed and were inclined to receive more instruction. They could decide later to be baptized in spite of all opposition. A warning was added that their religious leaders would do everything in their power to stop them, because, like the silversmiths of Ephesus, they feared the loss of revenue. Five months passed. The final outcome was similar to experiences in the past. The Satnamis desired something better, their purpose and motive were sincere, but they had been robbed of the power to act courageously in the face of the downward pull of caste and of the past.

Substitutes for God

Again and again we met with the situation so often recorded in the Bible that when man strays from God, he begins to create his own substitute gods and idols. His attention, effort and worship are directed and diverted to the newly made gods. Late one afternoon while visiting in the home of a merchant, a number of visitors came to listen to what would transpire. The topic was: has a religious leader the ability and power to lead man into the knowledge and presence of God? As darkness advanced, a servant brought a lighted lantern into the room and every one present bowed down in deep reverence, joined the palms of both hands in salute and said, "Salam" to the light, a form of adoration usually accorded to an idol.

The following day a similar incident occurred. The evangelist and I entered a threshing-floor and watched a farmhand pile up the rice which had been threshed by the oxen the previous night. His employer ordered him to tramp it down tight and firm. Before ascending the pile of rice he bowed down reverently, joined the palms of his hands, touched the grain gently with his right hand and religiously touched his forehead, as is done when worshipping a temple-idol. "Why such worship?" I asked. The answer came cheerfully. "Without this grain we would all die, why should we not worship it?"

That afternoon we walked to the weekly market to sell literature. Many times when purchases were made we noticed people would lay their money on the ground before the merchant, (who feared defilement in case the purchaser was of low caste). He would take up the money and religiously touch his forehead with it in a gesture of worship. "Why?" The same reply was made, "My life depends upon the money I earn, why shouldn't we all worship it?"

In a Mission School I asked Hindu pupils the question, "What is sin?" Spontaneously several boys gave the identical answer, "Beating the cow is sin." "Why?" "Because she gives us milk and bears oxen to plow our fields, therefore we reverence her."

The day before a corpse had been cremated and the ashes suspended in a jar from the branches of the sacred peepul tree. Relatives poured sacrificial water over the jar daily, a ceremony to be performed for eleven days as an act of worship. "Why?" "He gave us birth, why should we not worship his ashes?"

That one week we saw them worship light, grain, the cow and ashes. Rambling along in the oxcart on the homeward way I pondered this matter of man creating substitute gods. Under a beautiful shady mango tree I noticed a short post in the ground being smeared with vermillion paint by a lonely worshipper. I asked the Hindu driver what this god represented. He replied that they consider this tree to be like a son. Loyal Hindus will never cut it down and will always perform an act of worship before eating of its fruit. Creating new gods continues to this day.

Strong Men are Needed

In one of the villages a young man came to us and said that he was seeking work. An English-speaking Moslem farmer heard his request, got down from his pony and said, "Here we need strong young men for farm work, and not weaklings like you!" To which I added, "Honest men are also needed." My remarks seemed to confuse them both. Just then a strong farmhand came out of the house where we were standing. He was carrying an axe and a heavy log on his shoulder. His employer stopped him and asked angrily if he had measured the grain as he had been told to do. The servant mumbled, "No." I again interrupted, "Not only strong workers, also honest, obedient workers are needed!" His employer continued to scold him, "Why did you not cut up that log yesterday as I ordered you to do before I left?" I repeated, "You need an honest man more than a strong man." All three men were strangely silent, the farmer, the weakling, the farmhand. The conversation continued as a monologue on my part for some time. They went their way and I walked to the center of the village where two men were sitting, waiting for something to happen. I inquired about the three men just encountered. Information was gladly given. The young man seeking a job had been dismissed from work lately because he was caught stealing in the railway restaurant where he had been employed. The wealthy farmer was once a government official and was dismissed for drinking and graft. The strong log-carrying farmhand was about to be dismissed for flirting with his Moslem employer's daughter, a married woman.

Evening came. The Moslem farmer requested us to set up the projector and curtain about ten feet from the front of his verandah, so that his "women-folk," as he called them, might be able to see the pictures from the rear of the curtain, which served as a screen. This was done. A large cotton cloth sheet served as a screen. The picture can be seen almost as clearly on the back of the sheet as on the front. Thus Hindu and Moslem women observing strict seclusion could also enjoy the pictures without being seen by the audience. When darkness came and all villagers were gathered before the curtain, the Moslem's "women-folk" slid out of a side door, went up the outer steps to the upper verandah where they could see the pictures on the thin white sheet. He himself sat at the bottom of the stairway watching his harem, for there were young men about, strong in body, less so in purity and integrity, and it was dark! We showed the 52 slides of the life of Christ, using the opportunity to tell them that He gives the power that creates honesty and purity. Returning to camp that night the thought continually revolved in my mind: how similar man is the world over, he asks only for strength in the form of horse-power, forgetting the need for strength in character, honesty and integrity.

You Kill Life

One of the most deeply ingrained doctrines of the Hindu faith is that one should destroy no life, not kill insects, birds or animals of any kind. It is one of their primary objections to Christianity, that we eat meat and "take life," even though we assure them that no convert needs to eat meat. Yet when many Hindus wish to discard an old useless cow they instruct a servant to sell it in the open animal market, well knowing that most probably a Moslem butcher will purchase it.

An orthodox Hindu once invited Mrs. Davis and me for a cup of tea. The host exclaimed that in his home no meat is ever served, as he would not "take life." Just then, after he had complained that rats were causing a great loss and damage to the grain in his large grain bin in the corner of his large house, three cats marched in before us. They did the killing for him!

Later we met a Hindu with the skin of a freshly killed salamander. I asked him on which tree the object grew. He smiled and said, "It does not grow on a tree, it is the skin of an animal." Chiding him, I replied that Hindus do not kill animals. "I did not kill it, another person did. But I shall dry it and use it to make a drum. Then I will travel among the villagers and sing praise to the god Mahadeo, beating rhythm on the drum. Both the salamander and I will later go to heaven."

A Goldsmith Did Not Think Hard Enough

It was a hot day in a small village. The farmers were indoors eating their noon-day meal or resting. I sat on the earthen pallaver platform for a brief rest on my return from a village further down the river. It was not long before a twice-born orthodox Hindu clad only in a loin cloth with a sacred cord over his shoulder appeared. Coming down a narrow stone-slab passageway in his clattering wooden sandals, he sat down next to me. The village evangelist had informed me that he was not friendly toward Christianity. We greeted each other formally. Showing a rather haughty and resentful mien he waited for me to speak first.

I—"It probably makes you feel sad to see so many Hindus becoming Christians."

He—"I'm a twice-born Brahmin, some people consider Brahmins to be next to God."

I—(Moving away a few inches.) "Excuse me, I'm not worthy of sitting so close to Divinity."

Hearing us talk, men began to gather. They had told me previously that he was a gold and silver merchant who often cheated people when purchasing their gold ornaments.

He—"Why have you come here?"

I—"Thinking you might be unhappy because your conscience troubles you, I thought that perhaps I could help restore your peace of mind."

He—"I'm no sinner, my conscience does not bother me."

I—"Do you sleep well at night after giving a peasant only 30 rupees per tola of gold when the market price is 48?"

He remained silent and restless as the listeners squatting on their haunches before us began to smile understandingly.

I—"An unfortunate man may come to sell his wife's gold ear rings in order to have an urgent operation performed for her in the Raipur Hospital, but the doctor says it will require much more money. He returns to you and sells her gold nose ring and one bracelet. In the meantime his wife dies due to the delay. Her death would be on your conscience."

He—"Come, let us take a walk."

He led me straight out of the village in order to escape the smiles of the audience and accompanied me a few furlongs. We both remained silent.

He—"Why don't you say something?"

I—"I'm still concerned about your peace of mind when you fleece ignorant villagers who are compelled by circumstances to part with their gold."

He—"Can you not forget that? It is getting hot, you better hurry to camp and rest in the shade."

During the mile walk I feared that my blunt remarks may have caused him to become more antagonistic. That same evening Mrs. Davis and I were sitting before the tent. The children were asleep inside. It was quite dark, the lantern was kept burning to keep away any curious wild animal lurking in the vicinity. Ready to retire for the night we saw a light in the distance coming closer and closer. The dim outline of two persons could gradually be seen. One remained behind, out of hearing distance after turning his lantern low. The other man came to the tent alone—like a modern Nicodemus. Mrs. Davis disappeared inside the tent. It was my friend, the twice-born Brahmin. He was offered a chair. I remained silent.

He—"Why don't you talk to me?"

I—"I am still worried that your unfair gold purchases are robbing you of your happiness."

He—"Can you ever forget that matter?"

I—"No, because a person doing wrong is usually troubled by a guilty conscience, and that takes away his happiness."

He—"A twice-born Brahmin is not affected by his deeds, be they good or bad."

I—"But when your conscience does trouble you even a little and you feel only a tiny bit of guilt, how do you get rid of that feeling?"

He—"Soch bichar karne se, (by thinking hard), by the power of the mind that evil does not really exist. It is only because you think it is wrong which makes it appear to be evil." (Christian Science in ancient form.)

I—"To take advantage of a simple farmer who does not know the market rate of gold is surely not a meritorious deed, is it?"

He—"No guilt attaches to me if I am not concerned whether an act is good or evil. Being neutral in my thinking, it leaves me innocent. Desiring no result of my deed, no fruit for my action, it is the same as if I had not done it."

His philosophical discussion of good and evil, innocence and guilt, was gradually guided into a theological direction regarding the source of peace and happiness. John 14 was read to him and verse 27 stressed in particular: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world (or gold) giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." He listened carefully and accepted a copy of John's Gospel gratefully. Two hours had elapsed. It was now midnight. His servant was fast asleep and had to be awakened.

Several years later I inquired from the evangelist of that village what had become of the Brahmin goldsmith. It is a sad story. A boy of that village, only 12 years old, had strangled a little girl while robbing her of her silver necklace. He then buried her body in a shallow sandy grave along the river's edge, only a few hundred feet from the Brahmin's house. The boy sold the necklace to the goldsmith who surely should have suspected the boy. There were less than half a dozen little girls in that village of her age wearing such a costly ornament. In short, the boy confessed and the Brahmin was sent to prison.

I have often wondered if he recalled that midnight conversation while confined to the lonely cell in the prison. Perhaps he had not "thought hard enough." The judge in Raipur did not share his philosophical conception of the "non-reality and non-existence of evil," —that only one's thinking seems to make it real.

"The majesty and power of God are revealed in nature, but only in persons is His character made plain. God becomes most real to us, and His character looms most vividly when we see Him incarnate in human life."—*Kirby Page*

"There is in all Greek thought no appreciation of the excellence of self-sacrifice. Plato never took the step from Justice to Love in his conception of the idea of God."—*William Temple*

"Some of our Indian doctors mix water with medicine, you missionaries mix medicine with love and religion."—*A Hindu patient*

"The deepest sympathy for man springs out of the loftiest communion with God."—*Dr. F. von Bodelschwingh*

Villagers come to the Mission camp for medicine and to attend morning devotion.

RELIEVING ACHES AND PAINS

During the first 25 years of this century there was but one small Government hospital in the whole area served by our mission. This was at Raipur. There were only a few public dispensaries. Thus there was but little medical service available for the several hundred thousand people, many of whom needed medical attention. People had to travel anywhere from fifteen to fifty miles to receive medical help. The first missionaries were practically compelled by great and urgent need to have a small dispensary at each station where ailments of a simple nature could be treated. It was impossible to turn a suffering person away who stood before one's door pleading to be relieved, especially when one knew that it was possible to bring relief. The missionary's wife usually had charge of the dispensary. A diligent study of medical books, advice from older missionaries and actual experience enabled her to treat ordinary maladies successfully. In 1928, sixteen years after our arrival, the first medical missionary arrived on the field to establish a hospital in the center of our field. Here bright young men who had received their education in mission schools were trained to become pharmacists, called compounders in India. And after the first trained nurse arrived from America, a class for training nurses was also opened for young Christian men and women. Gradually the number of trained pharmacists increased and it was possible to place them in the various mission station dispensaries. This was a great relief to the missionary's wife and a greater help to the patients. These dispensaries became very popular. There was a reason. As one of the Indian patients remarked, "Too many of our Indian doctors mix the medicine with water, you missionaries mix it with love and religion."

Having had an early ambition to become a trained nurse, Mrs. Davis was always interested in nursing and medicine. Adding her inborn sympathy for the sick people, dispensary work was a real pleasure for her. One of the Christian leaders remarked to me privately, "Whenever one of us is ill, your mem-sahib (wife) worries more about us than we do ourselves." Riding on the train one day, a railway contractor greeted me most graciously and remarked that I would hardly remember him. He said, "Twenty-seven years ago my wife had been suffering with a severe case of dysentery for a week. We expected her to die. Then Mrs. Davis came to our home and gave her medicine with her own hands. After two days, my wife was well again. We may forget you after 25 years, but grateful patients will remember her after 50 years." I agreed.

A dozen or more prevailing diseases and ailments cause perhaps 90% of all ill health, suffering and pain: maleria, infected eyes, ring worm, skin diseases, rheumatism, indigestion and intestinal disorders, boils and sores, leprosy and venereal diseases. Pyorrhoea was also common. Scorpion sting and snake bite occurred frequently during the rainy season, likewise dysentery. For most of those ailments specific remedies could be applied and quickly dispensed. The average attendance at the dispensaries under Mrs. Davis' care was 3,000 to 5,000 annually.

Being timid of nature, she was frightened when serious and complicated cases came for treatment. Diagnosis was often very difficult. If not urgent, the more difficult cases could be sent to the hospital 30 miles away. But during the first sixteen years before the mission hospital existed and before she had the assistance of a trained pharmacist, patients appeared who required immediate emergency treatment. Not fully trusting her ability and diagnosis at such times she would come to the office expressing her fear and reluctance to prescribe a remedy. But a patient in distress could not be turned away. Such worry and anxiety taxed her strength considerably. She experienced what Dr. Eleanor Chesnut expressed in a poem to her Mission Board a few months before being murdered by a Chinese mob in 1905:

"Being in doubt, I say,
  Lord, make it plain!
Which is the true, safe way?
  Which would be in vain?

I am not wise to know,
  Not sure of foot to go,
My blind eyes cannot see
What is so clear to Thee;
Lord, make it clear to me.

Being perplexed, I say,
  Lord, make it right!
Night is as day to Thee,
  Darkness as light.

I am afraid to touch
Things that involve so much;
My trembling hand may shake,
My skilled hand may break—
Thine can make no mistake."

Her greatest worry came when an epidemic swept through the area. The 1918/19 influenza epidemic took a toll of over 12 million lives in India. Madras city reported 300 deaths daily, Bombay, 700. The Bisrampur congregation which we were serving at the time, had 53 deaths in one month. Another congregation lost 10% of its members. So many persons were ill and weak over a long period that it was difficult to find sufficient well men to dig the graves. Along the main road passing the village, there were seven corpses one day, people who had fallen exhausted, unable to continue their homeward journey. Half the 150 children in the orphanage and hostel were bedridden. This was Mrs. Davis' worry, day and night.

It was a serious problem to care for the small babies whose mothers fell victim to influenza. Widowers came for bread and milk to keep them from starving. The supply of arrowroot and sage was soon exhausted. Milk was scarce. To send to neighboring villages for milk was useless, as they were in the same predicament. Powdered milk was unknown in those days.

She faced this same milk problem when mothers came to seek help and advice on what to feed their babies at weaning time. In the first place, milk was costly; in the second place, it was scarce, especially during the long hot season when cattle had little more than rice stubble and leaves to eat. The country has always been overpopulated with cattle, but the average milk yield per cow is only 600 lbs.; (in the United States, a farmer loses money if the average yield is not almost ten times as much). In later years when powdered milk was available, the task of feeding babies was much easier, although it was necessary to be watchful even then. Mrs. Davis noticed that some of the weaker babies were not gaining strength, even though she gave the mothers a liberal supply of powder. It was discovered that they were diverting part of it to some of their other younger children. She then made the rule that any mother desiring milk would have to bring the baby to the bungalow at each feeding time and feed it in her presence. It was a time-robbing service, but a pleasure to see the babies thrive. When Hindu mothers came, the problem was somewhat complicated. They would not accept powdered milk from America, as caste rules of diet would not allow it. Neither would they feed the babies a soft boiled egg, believing that an egg contained life, and strict Hindus will not eat meat or eggs. Thus they had to rely on the usual, but scarce milk supply.

Unfortunately a cholera epidemic in virulent form followed the influenza ordeal two years later. Depressing figures were reported in the daily papers; out of 183 persons attacked, 126 died; out of 901 persons attacked, 565 died; out of 13,204 persons attacked, 8,466 died. Four children in our orphanage fell victim to the dread disease; 28 lepers in the Asylum died and six untainted children. The disease took the lives of some of the mission's best teachers and evangelists. Several of them had volunteered to visit villages and distribute medicine to any one desiring it. They died serving others.

Never did we see such a plague of flies as during this epidemic.

They also caused the disease to spread. Careful people ate no food during the daytime while the myriads of flies were swarming about. They ate after dark to escape the danger. Due to ignorance regarding the germ theory, many foolishly washed the clothes of cholera victims in the pond from which they got their drinking and cooking water, thus causing cholera to spread even more. At times, foolish caste scruples hindered those who were distributing preventive medicine and giving anti-cholera injections. If the person began his work of mercy in the high caste section of the village, the low caste people of the village refused to accept help. If he began with the latter, the high caste people would not cooperate.

At times they resorted to their own method of driving out the cholera goddess. In one of our neighboring villages a sorcerer was called to save them from her fury. He selected four women whom he designated as the guilty witches who had caused the outbreak by enraging the goddess. Each one of them received a severe beating, but the goddess was not placated, cholera continued to claim its victims. Because our own village took preventive measures and very few deaths occurred, outsiders began to seek refuge in our midst. In order to prevent the spreading of the disease, men of the village took turns every night as watchmen to keep outsiders from entering the village secretly.

One morning at our home in Mahasamund, we heard loud wailing coming from across the street. Three hundred persons were mourning the death of 165 relatives and friends who had died during a two-month period. They took their purification bath and observed ceremonies en masse. But they did nothing to remove the carcass of a dead cow lying in the nearby ditch, which drained the village waste water into the pond where they bathed, and from which they drew their drinking and cooking water.

The heavy death rate during the influenza epidemic followed by the cholera epidemic and two years of poor harvests due to a lack of rain, caused agriculture to suffer. Rice became costly, labor camps were opened for the destitute and rice provided for the most needy. Cartmen were reluctant to transport rice during the night lest a hungry person in hiding sneak up from behind and poke a hole in a rice bag to collect the leaking rice. Sometimes a rice leak occurred by accident when a cart nail or bolt wore a hole in a bag by the wobbling of the cart. When the cartman was not aware of the continued trickle of rice making a trail on the dusty road, one could see poor people sweeping up dust and rice, winnowing out the dirt and thus gaining a little food. Several times we saw children gathering undigested kernels of grain out of fresh manure droppings along the road.

Emergency Cases

It was about sunset time when a boy came running to the bungalow, all out of breath, and urged Mrs. Davis to come to the dispensary quickly. They had brought his mother on an oxcart from a neighboring village. In a sobbing voice, he explained that she had been gored by the sharp horn of their cow. While she was tying it in the stall, the cow suddenly swung her head around to chase away troublesome flies and in doing so accidentally ripped open her abdomen causing a six-inch wound. It was bleeding profusely and causing great pain. There was no pharmacist or doctor at the station at the time. A message was sent to the Leper Asylum ten miles away requesting the sub-assistant surgeon to come at once. In the meantime, Mrs. Davis sterilized the wound and administered sedatives until the doctor arrived two hours later. As no anesthetist was available, the patient had to undergo the operation without it. While the sixteen stitches were being made, she bravely bore the pain, all the time clasping Mrs. Davis' hands tightly. All turned out well, in a few weeks she was again able to go about her household duties, a grateful person indeed.

While working with account books at my desk in the office one morning, I heard commotion at the dispensary across the village street. Going out to investigate, I beheld a most unusual sight, a Hindu gentleman reprimanding Mrs. Davis in a loud, agitated voice. Coming nearer, I heard him say, "Why did you tell the people in my village at Arjuni that I had been here?" Here was an interesting example of Hindu belief and merciless caste pressure. One night about 9 o'clock two months previously, a man appeared out of the darkness and called for Mrs. Davis. I went out and suggested that he occupy the dispensary rest room for the night and await her in the morning. He insisted that his was a very special case. A few weeks before, he had stepped in a thorn, the wound festered, became infected and now had maggots. In her usual kindness, Mrs. Davis relented, went to the dispensary, boiled water, added disinfectant, cleaned the swelling wound with syringe and bandaged it well. He begged her not to tell a soul that he had been there and hobbled back to his cart. Apparently someone in his village learned of his secret visit to the mission dispensary and informed the caste leader. A meeting of his caste fellowmen was called. As punishment he was ostracized for permitting the maggots to be killed. Pious Hindus believe that all life is sacred, even a maggot's, and to destroy it is a crime. Being put out of caste worked great hardship on him. Family members would not allow him to eat with them, the village barber was warned not to shave him, the washerman was forbidden to wash his clothes, the herds-man refused to graze his cattle. He endured this complete ostracism stubbornly for a week, became tired of preparing his own food, washing his own clothes and looking like a vagabond without being shaved. He finally agreed to pay the penalty originally decreed for his crime against the maggots. After submitting to a religious cleansing ceremony for which the priest demanded a large fee, he had to serve a sumptuous meal to all caste men of the village and was then declared purified and reinstated into caste fellowship.

It was 4 a.m. when Fudru, our low caste cartdriver drove me on the six-mile, two-hour trip to inspect a mission school. After examining the four classes and eating a part of a light lunch, we started on our homeward way. It was now high noon, 110° above zero. The driver complained of high fever, he had not eaten anything for 24 hours. I offered him a sandwich, but he absolutely refused to accept it. Caste rules forbade him to accept food from a person not a member of his own caste. Even though we were crossing a wide open field with no person in sight and no one could see him eat or ever know that he accepted bread from me, he strenuously refused to accept the food, even in this emergency case. I then offered him a drink of cool water from my thermos flask. This he also declined—a brave decision with high fever on a hot day! Arriving home at sunset, he went to the dispensary and Mrs. Davis measured his temperature. It was 103°. He accepted quinine tablets and hesitated when she offered to give him some bread. "But," he whispered, "if you will place it on top of the pillar on the back verandah, I will come after dark and get it." Whether or not *he* ate it, or gave it to one of his children (who are not yet bound by caste rules), we never inquired. One cannot blame this uneducated lowcaste man for refusing our food due to caste rules when one recalls that even Mahatma Gandhi's wife, otherwise obedient to him as husband and the Father of India's Freedom, refused to take a beef cube as medicine prescribed by the doctor when she was very ill and weak.

A Hindu woman came from a nearby village and pleaded pathetically for the loan of our Ruth's chestnut colored pony. Why? Her daughter was having hard labor pains for two days and only the sight of a horse would induce a successful birth. Mrs. Davis was not inclined to encourage superstition or prolong agony by loaning the pony. She advised the mother to look about for a larger horse, and received the reply that there was none within a radius of ten miles. That was probably true. Instead of sending the pony, Mrs. Davis herself accompanied the mother and assisted the midwife. She found the young woman groaning and writhing in pain.

Soon all was over, a healthy boy was born, without the presence of a horse. Most probably none of the members of the family knew the origin of the belief that the sight of a horse would assure the easy birth of a son. In Vedic times, 1,800 to 1,500 B.C., kings performed the "aswameda," the horse sacrifice when desirous of having a male offspring as heir to the throne. Long, costly and tedious ceremonies had to be performed by numerous priests on behalf of the king's chief wife in order to be assured of a son being born.

Interspersed among the routine tasks of dispensary work, humorous incidents also occurred. Thus it happened that a cart halted before the bungalow for temporary rest in the shade. Returning from the dispensary, Mrs. Davis asked if they had come for medicine. No, they had not. Then they explained that a young mother expecting her first child was lying in the cart. They were on their way to another village because labor pains had been going on for a long time in her home, and when matters were delayed the astrologer assured them that evil spirits were preventing birth and advised them to take her to a village several miles away, taking a circuitous route to lead the evil spirit on the wrong track. An hour later, the child was born in the cart. It fooled them all and the evil spirit.

When the cholera was raging, a Satnami woman walked sixteen miles to another Christian village to purchase an "ulta panka" chicken, one with ruffled feathers. At night time she threw it secretly into the courtyard of an enemy neighbor. She hoped thereby to placate the cholera goddess who would divert the disease from her house and let it strike her enemy. An ordinary chicken would not have served the purpose. Therefore she had to pay three times the usual price for the odd breed. Fortunately, cholera hit neither home.

A man came for medicine to cure his rheumatism. The pharmacist prepared a mixture of turpentine and linseed oil to massage his joints. Apparently the patient did not listen carefully to instructions. Several days later he returned and said, "Please give me other medicine, the medicine you gave me last week was so bitter it almost killed me."

An experiment was made to treat a large number of patients in the Mahasamund area who were suffering from venereal disease. Mimeographed notices were sent to about fifty of the surrounding villages informing them that Dr. H. Freund of the Tilda Mission Hospital would be at the dispensary on a certain date for blood examinations and to give injections. It was made clear that for two months thereafter he or an assistant would be present on Thursdays, the weekly market day, to continue the treatments.

On the first day, 83 patients came, of whom thirty had venereal disease. They were given injections at a lower rate than private practitioners usually charged. Our hope that most of them would complete the course of six injections was too optimistic. Only nine returned regularly to receive all six treatments. Some failed to return on account of poverty, others due to carelessness, still others because a few injections made them feel so good that they did not think more were necessary. Some ceased to come because the cure was not rapid enough. In addition to the above patients, several hundred were treated for other diseases. A number of them agreed to go to the hospital for necessary operations. When I told one of the County officials about the clinic for venereal disease, he shook his head with a grin of doubt, "What's the use? After being healed they will only get it again!" In the end it is a moral issue, and in the final analysis, a religious issue, for he who refuses to consider his body to be a temple of God will not worry about keeping it pure.

Not many minutes after we entered a certain village a man came to ask if something could be done for his brother of whom he said that he was "crazy." Mrs. Davis and I went to see him, taking the medical helper, the pharmacist, along to see what could be done. There he stood, a strong, well-built young man of about 23 years of age, restless as a tiger in a cage. After hearing the family describe all the symptoms and his behaviour in detail, and after receiving replies to a number of embarrassing questions, we assumed it to be a case of syphlitic insanity. We tried all methods of persuasion to have them accept a letter from us and take it with him to the Mission Hospital. The older brother protested, "We have had five or six sorcerers and medicine men here already to drive out the evil spirit torturing him. They accepted all the money we gave them, but my brother continues to get worse. He does not work, only sometimes he carries one of his two children around here in the courtyard." A brief family council was held, but their decision was negative. They would not send him to the hospital.

An hour later the evangelist called us to come quickly, as another sorcerer had arrived and was beginning his "hokus-pokus" ceremonies to exorcise the evil spirit. We entered the dark room which had been emptied of all its contents for this occasion. There he was squatting near the wall with a small earthen openwick lamp before him. Nearby he had a small pile of rice kernels, counting them out according to shape and color in order to ascertain what the next move in the ceremony would have to be. It was not long before a strong odor revealed that he had imbibed. As our eyes became accustomed to the semi-darkness, we could see a half-empty bottle of country liquor beside him. Our presence did not disturb him in the least, in fact he took no notice of us whatsoever. After various re-arrangements of the rice kernels, he resorted to the bottle again for further inspiration. His eyes were getting heavy, his counts became confusing and uncertain, yet he pretended to continue the performance according to his own ritual. Family members stood in one corner, worried yet hopeful.

He now called for his evening meal. This consisted of rich foods, more costly and elaborate than the family could afford for themselves. This finished, he continued his ceremony after emptying a second bottle. Another coconut was called for to sacrifice before the house idol in order to persuade the evil spirit to leave the patient who continued to roam about out in the courtyard during the whole performance, babbling the whole time. For an hour we argued with the sorcerer (Beiga) and the patient's family, but all in vain. We explained that with the fifteen rupees, a month's wages, which they had to pay the sorcerer, the patient could have received a double set of injections at the hospital and probably have been cured. In spite of all previous futile attempts to cure him, they still cherished hope that it could be done their way. The sorcerer now took a nap. We returned to our tent. Mrs. Davis reminded me of a letter our veteran missionary, Mr. Hagenstein, once sent to the Chief British Officer of the District, advocating the banishment of all sorcerers and medicine men to a distant island, as they were hindering the progress of India. She remarked that even in Germany and America people not only tolerate, but even pay out millions of dollars to fortune tellers and astrologers, many of whom are on a level not much higher than an Indian sorcerer.

Later in the day we made another attempt to persuade the family to call no more sorcerers, but to send the patient to a hospital. I tried to make clear to them that when termites eat and destroy the beams of a roof they do not call a sorcerer to drive them away; that when rats dig through their grain bin, they do not call him to drive them out; that when a cobra snake is hiding in a hole in their house, they do not call in Beigas to bewitch him to leave—why then are they so foolish as to call a drinking ignorant sorcerer to drive out the "worms" (germs) from the body of a sick brother? For a few moments it seemed that they would be willing to carry out our suggestions, but they accepted a letter to the hospital only to please us. After a few days, they succumbed to the persuasion of relatives to try another sorcerer.

"What the eye does not see, love sees."

"When God measures man, He puts the tape around the heart, not the head."—*Irish Digest*

"Mutual sacrifice which expresses mutual love is the most joyous thing in the world. It is the life of Heaven."—*William Temple*

"And the work that we have builded,
   Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
Oft in error, oft in anguish,
   Will not perish with the years;
It will live and shine transfigur'd.
   In the final reign of right:
It will pass into the splendor,
   Of the City of the Light."
—*Dr. Felix Adler*

Samson and Tabitha, once famine orphans, never failed to have daily devotion. 40,000 copies of a colored painting representing this scene were sold.

MOTHERING OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN

During all her years in India, babies, children and youth were Mrs. Davis' primary concern. Their welfare and happiness occupied first place in her heart and mind. Whether in the Leper Asylum, occupied in Church work, touring in the villages, serving in the dispensary, or in charge of an orphanage or hostel, the little ones and youth always received first consideration and devoted attention. During the four years we lived in Raipur, she was made a member of the Municipal Child Welfare Committee. Here she was in her element.

Day or night calls could come from a midwife that a mother in birth pain wished her to be present—she went gladly. Having children of her own, mothers trusted her and frequently came to her confidentially seeking advice or help.

One problem with non-Christian mothers caused her much worry, the custom of giving opium to babies. In order to go about their work undisturbed, many mothers placed a small pellet of crude opium under the tongue of the baby in order to cause it to sleep quickly and long. This was done especially when the mother was called upon to help in the fields at the time of weeding and later reaping the rice. The difficulty arose at such times when the child suffered from dysentery. The baby was so accustomed to the benumbing effect of opium that no medicine containing an opiate of any kind would have the desired effect. Most Christian parents ceased the custom many years ago. They had observed the healthy growth of the missionaries' children without it. They also began to realize that many pupils who had been given opium in early childhood made very slow progress in their school work compared with those who had not received it. Today, the custom of giving babies opium is slowly dying out among the non-Christians.

It was very interesting to notice how parents closely observed the manner in which missionaries trained their children. Many of them were willing to discuss the matter freely, recognizing and admitting their own wrong methods. In disciplining a child, they were all more or less inconsistent and capricious. Their children became confused, not knowing what they were allowed to do and what not to do. A missionary family living in the midst of the rural village community unconsciously served as a demonstration center for a wholesome, happy life. Attending the annual meeting of the National Christian Council, I heard an ardent Indian nationalist who had also been in England pay tribute to the ideal family life in a Christian home. The meeting was discussing the question of making greater effort to Indianize the Church and make it less mission-centered. He closed his part of the discussion with these words, “You may give us the complete control of the Church, you may place into our hands the colleges, schools, hospitals and other institutions, you may give us all the funds which come from the Church in the West—we shall accept the responsibility gratefully. But we have one sincere request to all missionaries; please remain in India, for we urgently need the beautiful example of your home and family life!”

Parents naturally enjoyed visiting in our home, knowing the interest we both had in their children and a better home life. The children appreciated our interest in them even more perhaps than their parents. When Mrs. Davis and I would go out for a stroll after sunset, it would not be long before children joined us, sang and pranced about, vieing with each other to hold our hands. They were attached to Mrs. Davis more than to me. Their affection gave her a bright idea. Read the story in her own words. “We haven’t a large congregation, but there is a large number of children, many of them too small to attend services. But mothers do bring them and are very little disturbed when the children become restless and noisy. It does disturb the pastor, however. I then decided to arrange a service for children. The parents can now enjoy the services with less worry and disturbance, and the children are delighted to come. For some months I led them myself, but there were among them so many pre-school children, tiny tots two to three years old that it was difficult to manage them alone. Now a different mother comes to assist me every Sunday. We meet on the bungalow verandah as there is no other room available. A number of the Christian children are bringing their non-Christian playmates along, increasing the attendance considerably. It is now between 35 and 45. We open the service with prayer, often by one of the older children. One of them takes up the offering and once a month six or eight children take it to the adult service and present it to the pastor at the altar. Those who cannot afford to bring a copper coin are encouraged to bring some rice. Singing and a simple Bible story follow. They love the colored Bible pictures used in story telling, as they have no such pictures in their homes. After the service we play a few games until the elders come from church. They love flowers and are tempted to pluck them, I must therefore watch them when walking in the garden that they do not pick all of them. Occasionally we take them all to the adult service in Church. Amusing things may happen. Last Sunday, a little fellow came walking in, wearing his brother’s shoes, which were far too large for him, and, of course, they made considerable noise on the stone slab floor. When he sat down, they fell to the floor. To amuse himself he picked one up

The Junior congregation in Mahasamund worships under the tree where "Mangel's ghost once hovered."

and consoled himself by chewing the shoelaces. Another tiny tot was wearing his first pair of panties. He wears none during the week. But apparently the stone floor was too cold to sit on, so he ceremoniously removed the panties, folded them nicely and used them for a cushion to sit on. As he was sitting in the midst of other children on the floor in the front of the church, his performance did not disturb the audience in the least.

"We needed more room for the Junior congregation and with the help of the newly arrived pastor's wife we arranged a better meeting place. In one corner of the 13-acre mission property is a beautiful large banyan tree giving a large space of shade. But it was overgrown with weeds and tall grass. The pastor's wife and I took the children there and suggested that it would be an ideal place for the weekly service. But they were not enthusiastic at all. Finally one of the older children gave the reason. An old man in the village had told them the gruesome story of how long ago a man named Mangel had hanged himself from the branch of the tree. Pointing to a broken branch high up from which long root sprouts were dangling, the child assured us that they were the remains of the rope with which Mangel had committed suicide. But worst of all, she added, his ghost came every evening at sunset and paraded around the tree. The children were becoming afraid and began to leave. We thought it best to abandon the idea of choosing this place for our little church. But talking over the matter, the pastor's wife and I decided that it would be a good opportunity to teach them not to believe in or to fear ghosts and evil spirits. Some distance away the children were asked to be seated while the pastor's wife explained that at the time of the crucifixion Jesus also hung 'on a tree' in the form of a cross, but that it was quite different from Mangel hanging from the tree. Jesus had died on the tree to cause life and He had overcome the evil one and all evil spirits. Now they were powerless and could do no harm.

"Daily for several weeks they brought their hoe and other instruments, hacked down the weeds and grass, made the ground smooth and covered it with several cartloads of clay soil. On this was built a platform about five inches high made of similar clay which they themselves mixed with water and made it firm and smooth with their own little bare feet. Each one was then allowed to make a small seat for his very own. There were five rows, eight seats in each row. A few feet away, on one side, an earthen altar and seat were made for the pastor's wife, who now took over the leadership. Having just returned as graduate of a Normal School before her recent marriage, she is well prepared to carry on the work. Two of the boys made a wooden cross, covered it with tin and painted it with aluminum paint. One Sunday the whole adult congregation was invited to be present at the dedication. Colored paper chains were draped in the branches above the children's seats. The cross was suspended from a branch above the altar over which a white cloth had been spread. It was an inspiring service for all of us. The children are proud of their out-door church and have no more fear of ghosts and evil spirits."

At the various mission stations at different times, Mrs. Davis had charge of the orphanage and hostel. The first one had 80 girls and 60 boys, of whom half were orphans. The paying boarders came from the more distant villages where there was no school. At another station, she had two hostels, one for 55 Christian boys and the other for 45 non-Christians. They were all pupils in the English Middle Mission school, attending grades 5 to 8. The Hindu boys lived and ate separately in order to observe caste dietary rules. There was an excellent relationship between them in all other respects. The Hindu boys attended the Sunday School voluntarily, each one possessing his own New Testament. There were also six Hindu girls attending the school. It was the first time girls continued their studies as far as the eighth grade in this area. Mrs. Davis had a special sewing class for them which they and their parents appreciated very much.

As the hostel for the Christian boys was near the bungalow, Mrs. Davis devoted much time to them. They enjoyed the opportunity to read English to her in order to improve their pronunciation and conversation. Most of them continued their studies in the Mission High School at Raipur. From among them were chosen candidates for advanced study in order to prepare for the teaching profession, or the ministry, or to be pharmacists. It was a great joy to us one year when two of the boys, one of whom was an orphan, came out first and second among 94 graduates in the High School. This was a surprise to all, for they were from the despised Satnami low caste, whereas many of the other students were sons of high caste Hindus and prominent Moslem business men. These latter students and their parents always believed that those of the Untouchables were of a lower mentality and blessed with less intelligence. That these two boys of inferior status should have outshone the other 92 students came as quite a shock to them.

In July of one year, the supporting congregation in Evansville, Indiana, celebrated a "Summer Indian Christmas" and sent the special offering of several hundred dollars to India so that plans might be made to help the children and poorer Christians have a happy Christmas. Using a portion of the liberal gift, Mrs. Davis

Hindu pupils learn how to sew.

made plans for the boys to have a pre-Christmas picnic. It so happened that the schools were closed during October for a ten-day period. She made an agreement with the 45 Christian boys. If they would cut the 8 to 10 acres of tall grass with locally made sickles and dry it for the pair of mission oxen, whitewash the buildings and have a general clean-up, she would then have a surprise outing for them. They entered into the game with enthusiasm. A place was chosen at the wide Mahanadi River, seven miles away, next to the high steel railway bridge. Two oxcarts left early in the morning with firewood and cooking utensils and a number of the older boys. A goat had to give up its life to contribute its share to a real savory rice and curry meal. Twenty-eight smaller boys went by train, as they could ride for half fare. It was the first time most of them had ever been on a train. The housefather and his family were invited to enjoy the day with us. The whole party consisted of 55 persons. Arriving there the boys at once had a grand splash and swim, as the river was only two to three feet deep along the shore with a fine sand beach. Four older boys prepared the meat, rice and vegetables. Each one received an orange for dessert. At the end of the day, tired from playing games and swimming, the smaller boys rode home on the carts and the older ones walked the seven miles. They all voted it a happy day. The railway fare, the goat, and the oranges cost only five dollars, and 45 grateful boys enjoyed their first pre-Christmas celebration.

Among the 45 boys were a few about twelve years of age who had not been well trained by their indulgent mothers. When they arrived the first time they felt lost without their mothers who had done everything for them. Upon rising in the morning they were seen sitting outside on the edge of the verandah, long after all the others were finished and busy studying, as if waiting for someone to wash their faces and comb their hair. Two of them regularly wet the cotton blanket in which they wrapped themselves at night. At first we assumed it was due to physical weakness, but learned casually from one of the others that they were just too lazy to get up at night and walk out of doors, without mother! Mrs. Davis took drastic action. She called the two boys out of school, told them to get their blankets, made them stand in the middle of the village road before the bungalow with the blankets covered over their heads until the sun had dried them completely. They were then sent to the washerman. It was not necessary to repeat the performance.

But not all discipline was so simple. The Raipur missionary asked if we would accept one of the boys from his hostel, as the big city gave him too many opportunities to play truant and he was otherwise unmanageable. It was thought that he might behave better in a small town. Let Mrs. Davis tell the story of this problem boy, the spoiled only-son of lenient parents. "The housefather complained that Kushal (which means joy) was bringing no one joy, only trouble. He was rather sullen and disgruntled, easily quarreling with the other boys. In order not to humiliate him he was placed in a separate room near the school in the Hindu hostel. During Holy Week we allowed him to return and live in the Christian hostel. But he remained the same. One Sunday afternoon, I called all the boys for an informal gathering, gave each one pencil and paper to play a serious game. They were told to write the name of the best boy in the group, and why they considered him to be the best boy. Then they were asked to write the name of any boy who they thought was not worthy of being educated by his parents and the Mission. Underneath his name they should write the faults of the 'naughty' boy. They were not to sign their names to the paper. We read the virtues of the good boy, but did not mention the person or persons they so designated. Then we read to them the faults of the unworthy boy, without mentioning any name they wrote. My husband and I studied the 45 verdicts and appraisals. Of the 45 boys, 43 mentioned the name Kushal. His faults were tabulated: he is always late (perhaps the fault of his parents' leniency), he often beats the smaller boys, he uses abusive language, he takes things that are not his. We called the boy privately and informed him frankly that 43 boys had expressed their opinion that he did not deserve to have parents and the Mission spend money for his education. We explained that if he sincerely promised to overcome the faults the boys mentioned, he might continue to remain and continue his studies, otherwise he would be asked to leave the school. He promised to observe the following program. For two weeks he was to put forth effort never to be late. The next month he was to refrain from striking any boy. During November, he would concentrate on avoiding abusive language, and during December put forth effort to stop stealing. When that period had elapsed, we told him, all the boys would again be called to express their opinion. If, in their estimation, he had even partly succeeded in improving his character, if they and his teachers assured us that he was trying to do better, he could return after the Christmas holidays, continue attending the school and live in the hostel. He did not return. He made his parents believe that everybody was against him in Mahasamund!"

The orphanage brought us two more parent problems. Among the blind inmates in the home for the blind was Soniya Mangtin and her little daughter Olga who later married an orphan boy. All went well until one day a dilapidated Satnami came to the village and claimed the privilege of living with Olga, her husband and mother. We investigated. He had left Soniya fifteen years before. She became a Christian, also a member of the blind-home family. We called Olga and her husband to meet with us and her Satnami father. I agreed to give him permission to remain in our village and live with them under two conditions. First; he would have to bring a letter from the headman of the village where he had been living the past fifteen years to assure us that he was an "honorable citizen." Secondly: Since he had deserted his wife and child, he would have to bring 100 rupees, half of which would be credited to the home for the blind which had cared for them those fifteen years; the other half would be put on deposit for the daughter to feed and clothe him. All agreed to this arrangement. He left the next day, never to return.

Another case was similar. Rev. Armin Meyer, our predecessor, had found a crippled boy crawling along the dusty main road. He had to propel himself by walking on his knees and hands. His Satnami parents compelled him to leave home and beg, as he would never be able to work. He was brought to the orphanage and sent to school, a new experience for him. Although thirteen years old, he sat with the little ones and in three years completed the four-year primary school course. One day Dr. Whitcomb visited us, saw the boy and expressed the opinion that if he were sent to the Mission Hospital, his legs might be straightened, making it possible for him to walk erect. The operation was successful. The boy was employed as gardener and part-time watchman. He married and established a happy home. Like his wife, he became a loyal member of the Church. Then one day he came privately to the office and reported that his Satnami parents had come and wanted to visit them "a long time", which really meant always. The boy was not earning enough to support them, and to us it did not seem fair that he should be expected to do so after they had discarded him ten years previously. I made this suggestion. Feed them well for two days, liberal portions of rice and meat; the third day, give them less; the fourth day, plain rice and vegetables without meat or trimmings; the fifth day, the same menu, only add little grains of sand in their portion of rice. That evening I met them and suggested to the parents that as they had had a pleasant visit, it was now time to return to their village and to come back another time next year. The next day the son and his wife came to say thank you for helping to make his parents' "leave-taking smooth and easy."

The Christian boys asked Mrs. Davis for permission to give a play for the entertainment of the congregation. Under her direction, they prepared to give a religious drama, "The Prodigal Son," a play written by the dramatics professor of a Christian college in India. It was very well adapted to an Indian setting and to Indian life, interspersed with appropriate songs according to native tunes. A few locally made instruments added to the presentation. The boys learned their parts well and rehearsed the play faithfully and earnestly. They responded enthusiastically to Mrs. Davis' encouragement, as usual. After presenting the drama to the congregation, Hindu friends requested that it be repeated in the town. Other villages asked for the same privilege. The climax was reached when an official of the Feudatory State, Fingeshwar, heard about it and requested that the boys also come there for the same purpose. The fifteen-mile ride in oxcarts over dusty country roads was not very inviting, but the boys were willing. To them it was like a picnic.

A satisfactory date was arranged. The evangelist prepared a stage and attractive decorations out of doors. Government offices loaned us chairs for the elite and upper class in the front to one side of the stage. The crowds sat on mats spread on the grass. The inviting official graciously supplied several large kerosene pressure lights for the occasion, although these were really not necessary as it was a beautiful, balmy moonlight night. The attendance was much larger than was anticipated, as many guests came from surrounding villages. The acting and singing were exceptionally good. The story has a strong emotional appeal to the Indian heart. When the play was over officials and others were lavish in their favorable remarks. They expressed their amazement that the boys had command of such good classical Hindi and could act and sing like professionals. This event enhanced the prestige of the Christian community in general. The public, having had little contact with Christians at close range, did not expect such a classical entertainment from the sons of Satnami converts. The evangelist reported another favorable by-product. When he went about selling Christian literature, people were very willing to purchase the Gospel of Luke when he told them that it contained the story of the drama. He then marked the page so that they could easily find it after returning home.

When the boys in the Hindu hostel heard about the Christian boys practicing English conversation and reading with Mrs. Davis, they asked if something might be done for them. As our work program was already filled, it was not possible to give regular hours to help them also. But we did give each of them a copy of the Gospels in Basic English. Basic English is a scientifically selected list of about 900 carefully chosen words used all over the English-speaking world. More than fifty books have been published using only such words as are contained in this list, allowing extra ones for scientific subjects. This Basic English is much easier for those persons to read to whom English is a foreign language. The boys were exceedingly happy to receive these books. Later as they made more progress with the language, they passed these copies on to other boys and used the King James version.

One dark night there was a loud commotion in the boys' hostel. They had left the sleeping rooms and were gathered outside. I went to investigate and was told that one of the boys had seen the ghost of a dead boy up under the rafters. Therefore they all rushed out. I warned them that the next boy who saw a ghost would get a whipping and the boy who informed me that he had said he saw one would be rewarded with five annas (10c). No more ghosts or spirits were seen.

They also have a sense of humor. Two single missionary ladies had recently arrived from America and visited us in Mahasamund, at the edge of the large government reserve forest. They had heard that wild animals are found there. One evening they wished to take a little walk around the mission property within "yelling range" of the bungalow. It was getting dark when they went out the gate. Both gave a shriek and screamed "bears, bears." Trembling, they came indoors telling of the frightening experience. Both at once sat down and wrote letters home telling all about it. Several days later, two of the older boys confessed to Mrs. Davis that they had covered themselves with black blankets and were hiding behind the hedge near the gate. When the ladies opened the gate, they growled, leaped forward a few feet and growled some more. When told of the boys' action, the two ladies were not inclined to believe them, it had been so realistic.

One of the boys came rushing to the bungalow one evening and said excitedly to Mrs. Davis, "Manfred keisa karta hai, keisa karta hai?" What is Manfred doing, what is he doing? Mrs. Davis rushed to the hostel. There he was in convulsions. She feared that a poisonous snake might have bitten him. He rolled his eyes, foamed at the mouth, threw himself back and forth on the bed as if in spasms. While trying to calm him, she glanced aside and noticed some of the boys with a mischievous smile and suspected a joke. She turned to the boys and said, "Watch him carefully that he does not harm himself or fall on the stone floor while I go to get some medicine." As she left the room, Manfred kept on babbling incoherently. She returned with a pail of cool water and doused it over him. They all enjoyed the double joke immensely.

It was difficult to find work for some of the orphan boys after they had finished their schooling. One of them wanted very much to be a carpenter. Fortunately there was an opening in the Bisrampur vocational school and we sent him there. Another asked if he could become a blacksmith. I went to one in the county seat nearby and asked if he would take the boy as an apprentice for a year without pay. No. Would he accept him if the Mission paid several rupees a month for his trouble? No. I doubled the offered amount. A definite NO! Asked the reason, he answered without even looking up to me from his squatting position, "I will teach only my own sons. How will we prosper if there are too many blacksmiths?" He wanted no future competition.

A third boy desired to learn the tailoring trade. This time we hoped to be successful. A Hindu tailor who had done much sewing for the orphanage was about to be called to the bungalow again for sewing the Christmas shorts and shirts for the orphan boys and for the servants who received a set for their Christmas present. This order would keep him busy several weeks. He brought his machine to the bungalow, occupied one end of the verandah and made it his temporary tailoring shop. The condition was that he would also teach the boy how to sew and how to cut shirt and shorts patterns. He agreed. We were preparing to go on a two weeks' evangelistic tour. The boy was quite delighted for the opportunity, and we both felt that at least one more boy would be trained to earn his livelihood. While we were packing and loading the carts for camp, the boy was told by the tailor to sit next to him and watch him closely. When we returned two weeks later, there was no tailor shop, the job had been completed the day before. The boy was called and asked how he liked tailoring. Completely frustrated, he told us about the training he had received. Two days he just "sat" and observed the master tailor. He was then told to go to the forest and bring a few long thorns from the largest "bambool" tree. The first day he was taught how to hold the thorn as if it were a needle. The second day he was shown how to make a forward stitch, going through the motion as if it were a needle and he were sewing stitches away from him. The next day, a new motion was taught, as if he had the cloth pinned to his knee and was sewing toward him. In this way, imitating various needle movements with a two-inch thorn, he spent a week without touching a steel needle. The master tailor accomplished his original purpose, to discourage the boy from wanting to be a tailor.

Dr. J. Gass had a similar experience when he arranged to have the students in the theological school learn to play a musical instrument. It was considered wise for them to be able to play one to accompany their singing when doing evangelistic work in the villages. A famous Hindu music teacher was employed to instruct them. After a week Dr. Gass asked what progress they had made. They said, "He taught us how to clean the instrument." The music course was dropped.

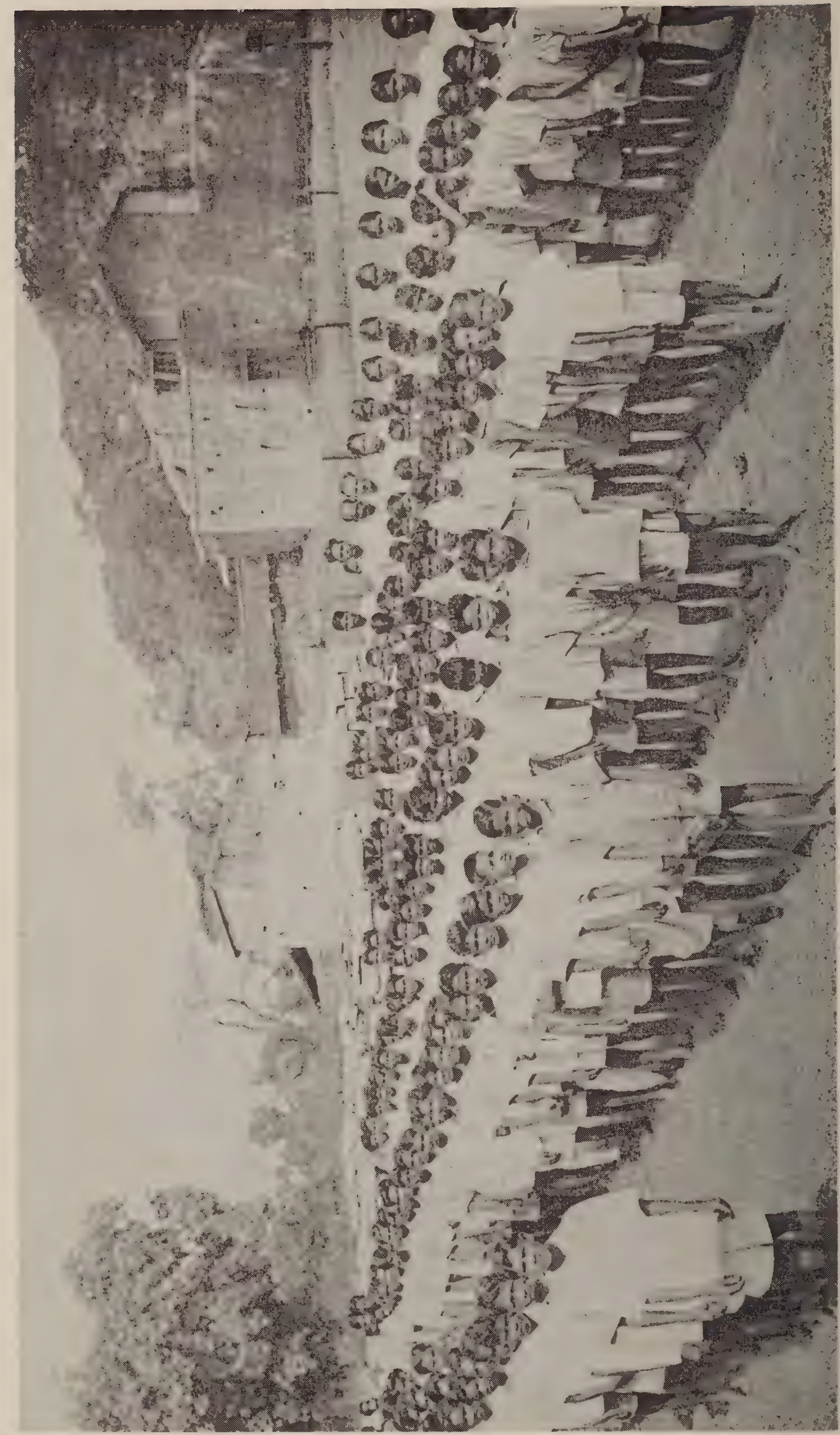
This "closed shop" also came to light in another field. A newly married orphan boy was being trained as our cook, and learning very well. Among other things he occasionally purchased a duck and duck eggs for baking. He wished to raise ducks himself, and asked the farmer to sell him six eggs. The farmer asked if they were for us or himself. He told him the truth, that he wished to raise ducks. The farmer said to come a few days later and he would be given fresh eggs. After purchasing the eggs he placed them under a hen, waited the allotted time, but not one of them hatched. Examining each egg, he found that they had been par-boiled. The farmer wanted no competitor. Thus orphan boys found it difficult to be trained for a profession.

Clothing the orphans and the poor children in the hostels was a difficult task, especially during the war and the post-war period when cloth was very scarce and costly. The situation was aggravated by the fact that India was boycotting cotton goods manufactured in England from cotton raised and purchased in India. Indian mill owners took advantage of the scarcity and increased their prices. It was indeed pathetic to see how men and women in the rural areas and the laboring classes in the cities were compelled to wear old clothing ready to fall apart. While on furlough in 1947, we requested the rural churches of southern Indiana and Ohio to donate empty feed sacks which could be taken along to India when we returned to the field. We were almost frightened when parcels arrived, many more than we expected. The cartons were piling up on the verandah, in the basement and in the attic. It required four strong wooden boxes to pack them for shipment, 1,200 clean white, multi-colored and attractive flowered feed sacks of strong quality! The customs officer in Bombay permitted them to be entered free of duty. Later shipments received by missionaries were heavily taxed. There was no difficulty in making distribution, the need was so great. A limited number were given without cost to only the very poorest families. Several hundred were assigned to the various mission orphanages. Three hundred were sold to the Leper Asylum for the lepers and the untainted children. One hundred fifty were given to the Women's Guild in the large Bisrampur congregation. They made clothing for the poor and sold it at a very low price. Parsabhader congregation received 100 for babies, orphans and the poor. Many were sold for 15c to 18c each, which was less than half the market price for similar first class cotton goods. Many people were willing to pay much more, but we limited sales to only the poorer ones. Money received for those sold was placed in the Church's Fund for the Poor, and this helped to do more charity work. It is unbelievable how these 1,200 feed sacks relieved the cloth situation temporarily in our institutions and congregations. Mrs. Davis wrote to the donating congregations in America as follows: "It is Christmas Day, December 25, 1948. This morning early, various groups came to wish us a 'Merry Christmas.' Many of them were wearing their feed-sack jackets, frocks, dresses, shirts and shorts. We called it the 'feed sack parade.' Some of the women have been very skillful in making even two half-sleeve jackets from one sack. One orphan girl was quite artistic. She made a waist from a colored one, a skirt from a white one, which had a three-inch colored border at the bottom made from cloth left from the piece from which the waist was made, really attractive." That Christmas service was a happy and colorful one in all those churches where worshippers appeared in the gracious gifts from the congregations in southern Indiana and Ohio. When Mrs. Davis herself made dresses and other garments for a number of babies and small children, one of the elders stood nearby, watching the happy expression of gratitude on the faces of grateful mothers. He turned to the Indian pastor and nodding toward Mrs. Davis said, "She is a diamond."

"Dr. Glover gives a reason why Christianity replaced the religions of the Roman Empire, 'The early Christians out-thought, out-lived and out-died the pagans'; to which one may add that they also out-gave and out-served them."

"Love, the thought of others, as the motive for and the foundation of character is the distinctive contribution of Christianity to the religious life of the world."—*A. M. Varki, India*

The English Governor of a North India Province was visiting a famous Hindu temple. The head Brahmin priest served as guide. He called the guest's attention to the beautiful architecture, the multiplicity of costly gold and silver ornaments and precious gems adorning the various stone images of gods and goddesses. He pointed to the light burning before the largest idol and said with pride, "This lamp has been burning continuously for 2,000 years." The Governor replied, "I suppose it will be burning another 1,000 years without being extinguished." Hesitating a few moments, as if in deep thought, revealing an expression of sadness and doubt on his face, turning his head back and forth slowly, the Brahmin priest replied in two brief words, "JESUS CHRIST." He seemed to be aware of the fact that the 'Light of the World' has already replaced myriads of lights which once burned before idols in many lands.



English Middle School pupils.

EDUCATING THE CHILDREN

During its 90-year history in India, our Mission has made commendable contribution to the literacy of Chhattisgarh. Even as recently as 1950, only 6 out of 100 girls and women in India could read and write, and 15 boys and men of every 100. Since independence, a multiplicity of schools and the impetus given to adult education has increased the rate of literacy considerably. Believing that the Church should have an educated membership, the pioneer missionaries began early in establishing schools, not only for the Christians, but also for any others who wished to avail themselves of the opportunity to receive an education. In 1918 for instance, the Mission was conducting 54 Primary schools, (grades 1 to 4), 5 English Middle schools, (grades 5 to 8), of which one was exclusively for girls, and one High School, which later became coeducational. There were 5,000 pupils in these 59 schools; less than 2,000 of that number were Christians. After independence, the number of mission schools decreased when Government took over some of them by mutual agreement.

Whereas literates among non-Christians in 1950 averaged about 20%, the average for the Christians in our area was 40%. This was a high percentage indeed when one takes into consideration that the majority of Christians were from the so-called depressed classes. In order to ascertain definitely what education was achieving among the children of converts who came from the Satnami and Chamar castes, I made a survey which revealed the economic progress they were able to make.

Of the 3,500 Christians descending from the untouchable castes, 700 or 20% were in school. This was a very high proportion as the percentage for whole India at that time was only 4%. Among their former caste fellows in our area, only 1½% were in school. Again, whereas the literacy for this area was only 8%, the figure for the whole Christian group of the area was 40%. Literacy for the whole country was only 13%. Due to the increasing education among these 3,500 Christians of low caste origin their economic condition advanced considerably beyond that of their former caste fellows. Among the 3,500 Christians were: 112 stone masons, 66 men teachers, 75 trained evangelists, 48 carpenters, 44 tailors, 10 auto drivers, 14 lady teachers, 15 Bible women, 30 nurses and 4 pastors.

In addition to other mission work, it was a pleasure and privilege to manage schools, all of which were in villages. This enabled one to remain in close contact with many people. While in Bisrampur, there were 8 schools to supervise; from Parsabhader, 14; Mahasamund, 6. Three-fourths of the teachers were Christians; less than half of the pupils belong to the Christian community. Regular visits to the schools, three to twenty-five miles distant, required considerable time, since most of the trips were made by oxcart. Helpful monthly meetings for the teachers were held on payday.

The Bible was taught in all schools conducted by the Mission, at least one period daily. Very few parents requested in writing that their children be excused from the class in religion. Inspectors from the Government school department visited the schools several times a year and conducted the annual examinations in all classes. In localities where there was also a Government school, parents often preferred the mission school because there was better discipline and a greater personal interest in the individual pupil.

Christmas celebrations in a mission school were always a special occasion for joy to pupils, parents and friends of the school. Here is the report and experience of one celebration, characteristic of most of them. In the Letua school, there were 180 scholars, only four of whom were Christians. A large number of villagers were present. Several former pupils came with their native instruments and were happy to accompany the boys as they sang Christmas songs. The village chief, a graduate of our English school, led the program and for one of the numbers requested me to speak on a subject selected by him: "Christ brings swaraj (freedom) through love and service." This was an unusual topic for a Hindu to suggest. The struggle for freedom was then at its height, naturally they were very interested in "swaraj" After I spoke several minutes, he asked permission to speak also. He spoke briefly as follows: "I know Jesus Christ of whom the sahib spoke and want to tell you what a great religious teacher he is. He healed lepers, served the poor, taught us to forgive, not to strike back, but to offer the other cheek," etc. It was a brave witness indeed for one who was in danger of being put out of caste for speaking so favorably of Christ. One of the guests tried to counteract the favorable impression the speaker made, but the audience told him to sit down. After a two-hour program, fruit and sweets were served to the pupils.

In so many schools pupils are given the impression that the primary purpose of education is to pass the annual examination. Not a few students have committed suicide after failing, afraid to face the disgrace when returning home. In the following newsletter, Mrs. Davis reports an experiment to counteract that attitude. "The former students have all returned from their vacation, many new ones have been added. There are now 49 boys in the Christian hostel and 42 in the Hindu hostel. When we came here four years ago, there were only 19 Christian boys. That num-

Hindu and Moslem students attend the Bible Class.

ber has increased every year, 19, then 27, then 35, and now 49." (In her modesty, Mrs. Davis does not mention one of the primary reasons for the increase. The house-father explained it. Her active motherly interest in children at other stations where we had served impressed the parents and won their confidence and they were happy to entrust their sons to her care.) "The school enrollment this year has also increased in spite of semi-famine conditions due to poor crops. Last year it was 152; this year, 192; the highest enrollment this school has ever had.

"Last year, we introduced a new feature. Formerly silver cups and other prizes were given for sports and good grades. My husband and I decided that high honors in sports and the three R's do not necessarily imply that a pupil has been encouraged and taught to be honest or to behave like a gentleman. We therefore decided to give a character-cup for the best all-around boy. We compiled this list of traits desirable in a good student: 1—Have well prepared lessons; 2—Honesty in examinations; 3—Obedient to the teacher; 4—Loyal to the school; 5—Fair in games and sports; 6—Trustworthy in keeping promises; 7—Honest in money matters; 8—Faithful in duties assigned; 9—Respect for girls; 10—Observe cleanliness; 11—Clean speech; 12—Willingness to serve the sick; 13—Kind and helpful to low caste boys and to poor people.

"Point 9 was stressed in particular, because living in a land where generally womanhood is not respected, we wanted that point to be brought out clearly. When one of the teachers wrote the list in Hindi and came to number 9 'respect for girls,' he used the word which means 'little girls' (girl child, he wrote) instead of the word signifying a grown girl over 12 years of age. It required considerable effort on our part to convince him that it was necessary to use the word for older girls. He was not too willing to do so.

"The scholars in the upper three classes and the teachers were permitted to vote. Several days before the end of the school year, each pupil was permitted to express his opinion regarding the boy most worthy of receiving the character-cup; they and the teachers were given a mimeographed sheet of paper containing the names of the 8th class boys and a list of the 13 desirable virtues expected to be found in a good character. They were to grade each of them on the basis of the above-mentioned characteristics. The result was always interesting. This year they chose a low caste boy of the aboriginal tribes. The boys were all deeply impressed when the cup was awarded and presented to the winning boy. We are planning the same for next year."

The following year, Saul, the untainted son of lepers, referred to in Chapter 2 was voted the most deserving of the prize, named by the boys, "The Mrs. Davis Character Cup." The winning boy's name was engraved on the cup as well as the name of the cup. During the term we served there, two of the four boys selected for the honor were Christians. This is significant when one remembers that only 50 of the 192 pupils were Christians. One cannot help thinking of Paul's statement: "Wherever the Gospel goes, it produces character, and develops it." (Col. 1:6, Phillips' translation)

During the transition period from British rule to independence when sporadic riots broke out between Hindus and Moslems, a missionary accompanied Prime Minister Nehru on a tour of looted and burned villages, and to inspect the refugee camps. At the conclusion of the visit, Prime Minister Nehru said, "Whatever one's religious views may be, one had to admit that India cannot do without the help she is getting in the social field from missionaries and the training in character her young ones can obtain in mission-run schools and colleges."

"The Church spends thousands of dollars to make people literate and then lets the devil provide the reading material." — *United Church Review, Oct. 1948*

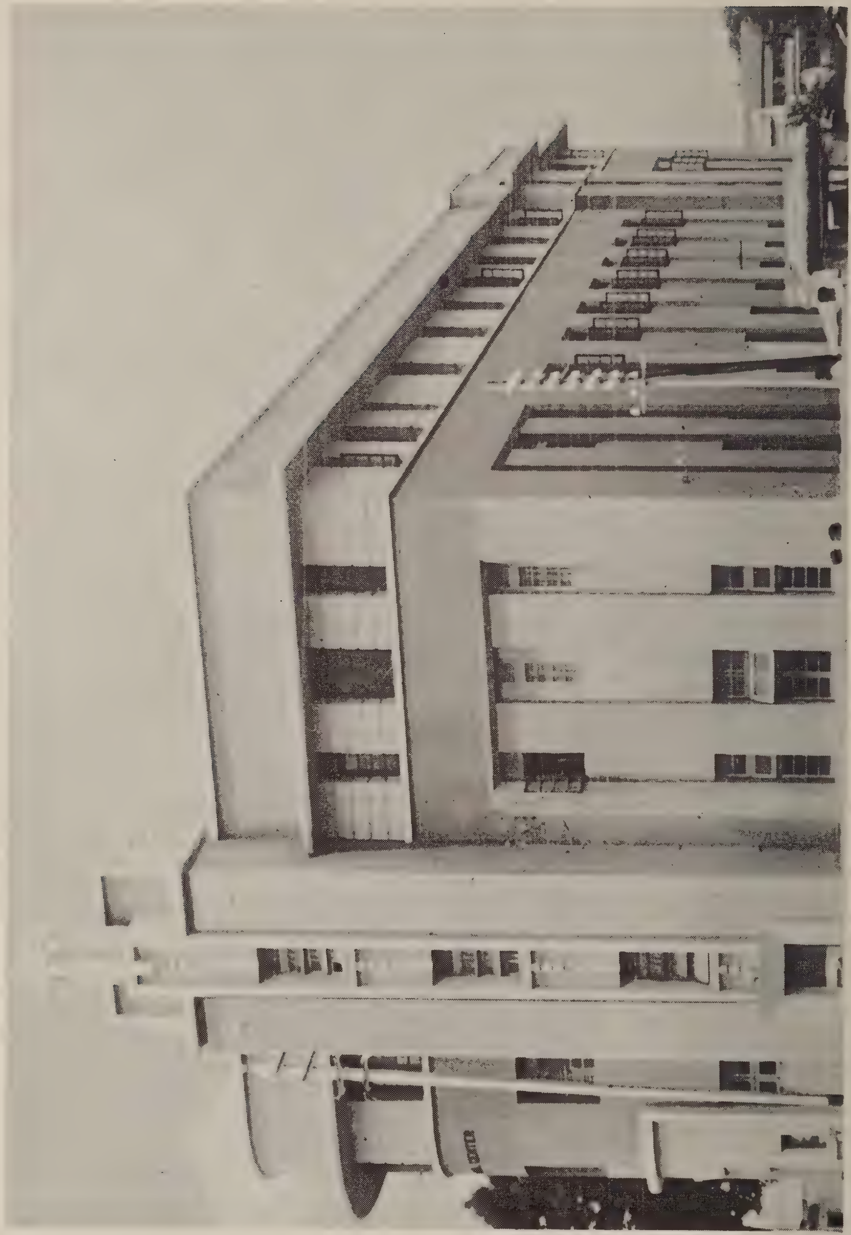
"A land of lights and shadows intervolved,
  A land of blazing sun and blackest night,
A fortress armed, and guarded jealously,
  With every portal barred against the light.

"A land in thrall to ancient mystic faiths,
  A land of iron creeds and gruesome deeds,
A land of superstitions vast and grim,
  And all the noisesome growths that Darkness breeds.

"Like sunny waves upon an iron-bound coast,
  The light beats up against the close-barred doors,
And seeks vain entrance, yet beats on and on,
  In hopeful faith which all defeat ignores.

"But time shall come, when, like a swelling tide,
  The Word shall leap the barriers, and The Light
Shall sweep the land, and Faith and Love and Hope
  Shall win for Christ this stronghold of the night."

—*John Oxenham*



The Gass Memorial Center.

DESTRUCTION OF THE GASS MEMORIAL CENTER

Raipur and the surrounding area had always been peaceful. The past 85 years, the city had served as our mission headquarters without ever being molested or disturbed in any way. During the 35-year protracted struggle for freedom, the frequent political parades and hartals (closing of all stores and cessation of all business) were conducted peacefully. Hindu, Moslem and Christian marched side by side in a fraternal spirit. The relationship of missionaries and the Christian group with non-Christians was always friendly and congenial. In fact, many of the latter had received part or all of their education in one of our six mission schools in the city. The following figures give the total number of pupils enrolled in the Raipur mission schools since their establishment:

3 Primary Schools for girls	8,418
1 Primary School for boys	4,671
1 Middle and High School for girls	3,365
1 Middle and High School for boys	6,082

This is a total of 22,536. Making allowance for duplication of those of the lower grades who continued their studies in the higher schools, the total would still be very considerable. Parents were glad to send their children to mission schools because of the thorough instruction given and the good discipline observed. Thus good will had always prevailed.

Ten years after India had achieved Independence, smoldering embers burst into flame, suddenly, unexpectedly. Conflicts and clashes between various castes and communities broke out in different parts of the country, apparently unrelated to each other. One such volcanic eruption destroyed the Gass Memorial Center in Raipur. This shocking tragedy provides enlightening observations in mob-psychology—a nightmare for authorities responsible for preserving the peace and protecting the innocent public from violence. The cause of this outbreak was quite different from the sporadic clashes which often took place on a small scale between Hindus and Mohammedans. The unbridled passions and vandalism displayed in Raipur were a repetition of what frequently took place when paganism or a decadent religion met the advance of vital Christianity. Church history records many such conflicts. The Christian missionary enterprise inevitably gives offense to those of other faiths merely by its presence, perhaps because it awakens the conscience of the adherents and makes them aware of certain insufficiencies in their own beliefs and practices. To understand the Raipur incident it is necessary to give a brief history of the Gass Memorial Center.

The Rev. T. Essebaggers and Rev. Gurbachan Singh were keenly interested in organizing a program of religious, social, educational and recreational activities for the youth of Raipur, a city of 100,000 persons of whom about 1,300 are Christians. The work was begun in 1940 on a modest scale in rented buildings. It developed slowly but soundly with the energetic assistance of the Rev. Gurbachan Singh, a recent Sikh convert. During the furlough of Mr. Essebaggers, I was delegated to cooperate with Mr. Singh who directed the activities. Mr. Essebaggers reported to the Home Board after his return to India: "Rev. Gurbachan Singh and Dr. Davis developed the hostel aspect of the Center, set up a popular reading room and greatly expanded the book depot and other branches of the work. Many were the disappointments and difficulties in those pioneer days, but their efforts are bearing fruit." It is worthy to note that in expanding the Center's work, Mr. Singh successfully enlisted the help of Hindus and other groups to a large extent. Ninety per cent of the reading room and sports club members were of other faiths. Of the fourteen committee chairmen guiding the various activities, only four were Christians. Mr. Singh was assisted by fifteen paid staff members and nineteen servants. The following list reveals the wide outreach of the Center's efforts:

General Welfare Work
Recreation
Drama and Fellowship
Literary and Cultural
Distribution of Relief Supplies
Arts and Crafts
Library and Reading Room
Social and Adult Education
Children's and Boys' Work and Camps
Social Committee
Audio Visual Aids and Photography
Ladies' Activities
Hostel and Mess
Religious Programs and Lectures
Village Uplift, Rural Reconstruction

The great day came in 1951 when a $100,000 building could be erected on an ideal spot in the center of the city. It was named "Gass Memorial Center" in honor of the Rev. J. Gass, D.D., who had given 46 years of uninterrupted service to the area. It was acknowledged to be one of the finest and best equipped social service institutions in the country. Among the many guests were his son, Dr. H. H. Gass of Vellore Medical Christian College; Pandit Ravi Shanker Shukla, the Chief Minister of the Province, who gave an address; the Deputy Commissioner of Raipur and many prominent citizens who took keen interest in the erection and activities of the institution. Mr. Singh related with pride and gratitude that friendly officials granted permits for rationed building materials so that nothing had to be purchased in the black market. The Chief Minister, a long-time friend of Dr. Gass, kindly unveiled the memorial tablet in his honor. It became THE popular social, educational and recreational center of Raipur. Being so conveniently located, the Center's spacious auditorium served many public functions. When the Governor of the Province made a tour of the Center on a special occasion five years after the dedication, he left the following commendatory message:

> "I have gone round the different corridors and have been delighted to see the exhibits displayed there for public view. They form excellent aids to adolescent education. The enthusiasm shown by the boys who came from far and near in the evening to learn lessons based upon these exhibits is really a natural product of an organization so well conceived and so ably conducted."
>
> *Signed*: B. Pattabhi Sitaramayya,
> *Governor, Madhya Pradesh*

Considering the widespread appreciation and use of the Center by the harmonious, cooperating community of all faiths in and around Raipur, the wilful destruction of the institution seems almost inexplicable. Here is the story in brief.

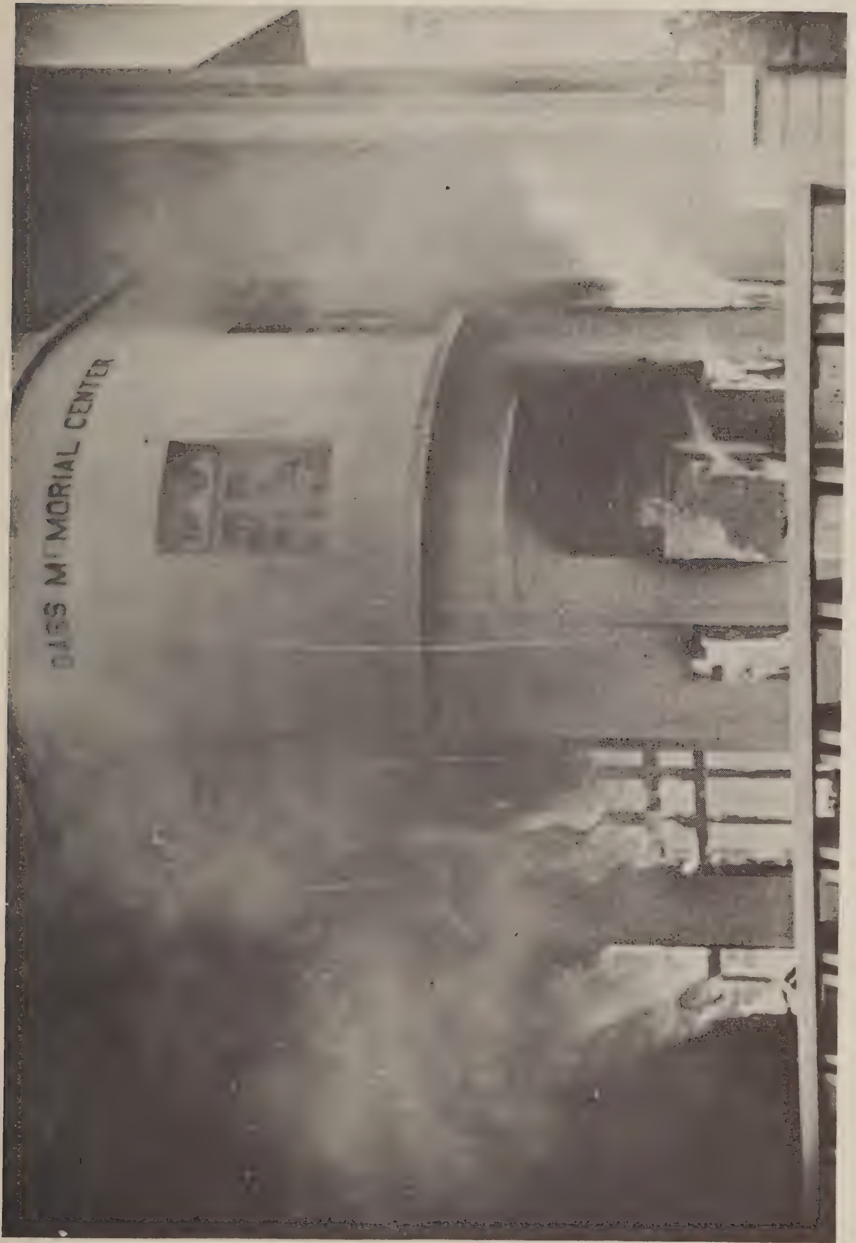
On the occasion of the tenth anniversary of India's independence, August 16, 1957, a government sponsored committee was granted the use of the large auditorium free of rental charge to celebrate the 1857 centenary. Noticing that an idol was being brought into the building, Mr. Gurbachan Singh requested the promoters of the celebration NOT to display idol-worship on the stage, as it was against the constitution of the institution. He assumed that they would abide by the rule and went to attend a Rotary meeting in the same building. They nevertheless included idol-worship in the drama of the evening. Although it was done contrary to his request, the incident was considered closed, at the time.

On August 26, ten days after the program at which the image was displayed (in spite of the Superintendent's request that this item be omitted), and disregarding amicable conversations between the superintendent and the persons concerned in the presence of a representative of the City Magistrate, and disregarding also Mr. Singh's printed statement which was widely distributed in an effort to clarify the situation, the Center was attacked. Officials estimated the mob to number 12,000 persons, instigated by fanatical leaders and a local newspaper, and augmented by rowdy hoodlums they broke windows, poured gasoline over the furniture, started fires in various parts of the building, stoned the staff, tore and damaged Christian pictures on the walls, destroyed most of the 7,000 library books and all the Bibles, some of which were torn and thrown out on the street. The rioters continued the vandalism and destruction the second day, stoned the city officials and police (60 of whom had to be hospitalized), prevented the fire department from extinguishing the fires, and threatened to murder Mr. Gurbachan Singh, whom police rescued and sent to another city for safety. Antagonism on the part of Hindu leaders against Mr. Gurbachan Singh had been brewing for some time. It seems that he became a target for those who were anti-mission and anti-Christian due to the part he played when traveling with the Enquiry Committee three years previously. (Referred to below.) Officials advised the missionaries to leave the city until the turmoil ceased. Many Christian families were intimidated and were caused to flee the city. The looting and destruction the second day included the breaking of the safe and removal of valuable documents and over 10,000 rupees in cash. The city officials and police had lost control completely of the frenzied rioters, among whom were many high school and college students. The police fired 49 rounds of ammunition, during which one youth was unfortunately killed.

The whole interior of the building was wrecked and ruined. Only charred walls and the roof remained. Before the flames had spread one person ascended to the tower with a crowbar and damaged the large neon CROSS. Apparently it was a predetermined, systematically planned attack on the Christian venture by men who themselves remained in a sheltered background. Similar outbreaks took place against Christian groups elsewhere; they desecrated and damaged churches in neighboring towns at the same time. Very few prominent Indians of the city had the courage to condemn the awful outrage.

Local Government officials apologized personally to the mission authorities the very first evening while the rioting was still going on. While one local newspaper instigated the riot, another paper courageously and severely criticized the attack on the Center the day after it happened. It is said that the 26th day of August would go down as a black day in the history of Raipur. Prime Minister Nehru himself said of the event, "I am sorry that this should have happened." An official Government investigation conducted by a Hindu High Court judge evaded the primary issue of pinpointing the instigators and leaders of the riot.

When the first air mail letter arrived informing us of the Center's destruction, we were on furlough in America. Mrs. Davis was bed-ridden at the time, her body slowly wasting away, but


MEMORIAL CENTER

An outburst of opposition sets the Center ablaze.

she always eagerly welcomed every message received from India. She could hardly wait until the letters were read to her. But this one was so shocking that before reading it to her, I marked sections with a red pencil making a note on the margin, "Do not read to Edna." Only gradually was the whole sad news told to her. The Center was also a part of her dream in which she was actively interested during the four war years we were stationed in Raipur.

More than a year later, 23 participants in the riot were finally arrested. Some of the loot taken was found in their possession. Twenty-one were committed to the sessions being charged with looting, assault on public servants and rioting. Eleven of the miscreants were sentenced to four to six months rigorous imprisonment. Those who instigated the riot and fed the flames from behind the scenes escaped being tried in court.

The following observations and facts may help to understand the reasons for the riot, and why such a spontaneous outbreak of animosity could take place when good will had prevailed over such a long period.

1. Gandhi and other leaders had unintentionally led the masses to believe that when India became independent it would be governed by the Hindus according to Hindu social and religious customs. It was largely for this reason that Moslem Pakistan insisted on separation from India.
2. The recent upsurge of nationalism was identified with a revival of Hinduism of a conservative type, forgetful of the fact that divided India still had 40 million Moslem citizens.
3. A false rumor had been deliberately spread in Raipur that Mr. Singh had kicked the idol and thereby had insulted India and Hinduism.
4. Students were encouraged to leave their classes and join the mobs. Pupils of our Mission Middle and High Schools refused to join the parade of demonstrators.
5. The outbreak was an expression of opposition and antagonism against the whole Christian venture, largely because Christian ideas are making a breach in the fortress of caste-ridden Hinduism. Some high caste Hindus consider it an affront and resent the fact that their superior, privileged position is becoming insecure as the Christian converts from lower classes continue to rise and make such remarkable advances educationally, economically and socially.
6. In the latest analysis it is outspoken antagonism against the CROSS of Christ and His message—also shown by the fact that when the first parade of rioters marched toward the Center they carried a crudely made Cross from both arms of which old shoes dangled—the Indian way of showing insult and contempt. The prying loose of the neon Cross on the tower was motivated by the same purpose.

WHAT NOW?

1. The Christian community has forgiven the guilty.
2. The missionaries and the Center staff unanimously favored repairing the damage and continuing the work, even if the Government made no restitution, (which thus far has not been done).
3. The Superintendent, Dr. Gurbachan Singh, and his Staff are again on the job, gradually building up the same program of service carried on in the past. To place the Center in its original condition requires at last $50,000.

A few weeks after the awful episode, we received a letter from the retired Director of Public Education of the Province, a devout Indian Christian and friend of the Center. Among other things he wrote, "You folks should not worry over the Gass Memorial affair. Out of those ashes will come forth greater splendor. It is noble to suffer, and it is time we did." With their faith and our support, surely "greater splendor will come forth."

There is a very puzzling, contradictory sidelight regarding Hinduism's attempt and effort to stage a revival which is difficult to understand. Historically tolerant, it broke away from that traditional custom and resorted to a method of attack. Behind-the-scene agitation was being carried on in Nagpur, the Provincial Capital, bringing pressure to bear on officials to investigate and curtail progress of Christian work. Article 25 (1) of Part III "Fundamental Rights" in the newly accepted constitution guarantees freedom of conscience and religion: "Subject to public order, morality and health . . . all persons are equally entitled to freedom of conscience and the right freely to profess, practice and *propagate* religion." (Italics are the author's.)

It was reported that when the Constitution Framing Assembly was discussing the above article regarding the inclusion of the words "to propagate," to which some members objected, Sardar Vallabhi Patel, Deputy Prime Minister, encouraged the Assembly to include the words as he had seen the extensive volunteer service rendered by the Christian groups in helping to alleviate the suffering of the sick and wounded refugees when India was partitioned. In the face of this constitutional guarantee of religious freedom, the systematic endeavour to discredit Christian activity and the demand for Government interference regarding missionary methods of work became a ticklish, risky matter. Nevertheless in 1955 the Government of the Middle Province (Madhya Pradesh) appointed six men to form the so-called "Christian Missionary Activities Enquiry Committee" to investigate the matter. (It was this Committee which Mr. Gurbachan Singh accompanied for a time.) Five members were Hindus and one a Christian. For months they toured cities and rural areas, interviewed countless people and published the findings in a 750-page report. Unbelievably fantastic accusations based on rumors were accepted and recorded. False criticism of evangelists based on hearsay were accepted without thorough investigation or cross-questioning. The most astonishing and ludicrous reason for limiting mission work was one mentioned several times by opponents. Some evangelists, they said, were paid agents of the United States Government, de-nationalizing converts, and when touring among the villages they preach to the people that the American Government is conspiring to take over the rule of India. Seldom were missionaries called to refute such perverted testimony. Most of the accusations were directed against the Catholic Church and their alleged allurements to win converts. A number of India's secular newspapers courageously branded the Committee's procedure "as prejudicial, partial and contrary to justice and fairness of inquiry and weighing of evidence." Not a few neutral observers were inclined to consider the one-sided report a contributing factor in creating an unfriendly atmosphere encouraging the Raipur riot.

The prejudiced report of the Enquiry Committee caused many Indians outside missionary and Church circles to brand it as such. This widespread criticism within and outside the country wisely caused the Provincial Government to take no action on the Committee's adverse recommendations.

Strangely enough, Mr. Niyogi, Chairman of that Committee, was himself later converted to Buddhism. In view of that Committee's unfriendly and controversial report one is perplexed and at the same time pleased to find that it includes the following commendatory paragraph praising missionary work.

> "The contribution of Christian Missionaries in the shaping of Indian life in modern times has indeed been very impressive . . . They established schools, colleges, hospitals, dispensaries, orphanages and institutions for the maimed and the handicapped. They elevated neglected classes to high social positions and made them worthy of filling responsible posts in public services, and in all cases made them conscious of their dignity as men and inspired them with self-respect . . . They have helped in the elevation of the status of women by giving lead in female education. The Community centers and industrial schools opened by them are, like their other institutions, the best of their kind. India will ever be grateful for the services rendered by them."
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> (Reported in *The Guardian,* Sept. 11, 1958)

"The lamps are going out all over Europe; we shall not see them lit again in our lifetime."—*Sir Edward Grey on the night of Aug. 3rd, 1914 as he stood in the Foreign Office looking out at the lamps being lit in the summer dusk.*
"Until we can justify ourselves, let us hide ourselves".
Tagore

"The great use of life is to spend it for something that outlasts it."
William James

RAILWAY CANTEEN SERVES 800,000 SOLDIERS

In her scrapbook two letters were found addressed to Mrs. Davis, one from the Maharaja of Surguja, patron of the Chhattisgarh States Canteen, the other from the Military Officer, Kamptee War Supplies Camp. Apparently similar letters were sent to the English ladies who also served at the Canteen. The Raja wrote, "I would like to thank all Canteen workers, particularly the ladies, who for more than four years worked so hard. I shall be glad to make my contribution to cover any deficit that may be found when its accounts are closed." The Commanding Brigadier wrote, "I take this opportunity to congratulate you and the committee and all those who actively assisted at the Canteen on your memorable record of serving refreshments to over 800,000 men of the Forces during the past four years and to thank you all for your kindness, generosity and hard work in catering for so many. I can assure you that your outstanding efforts have been greatly appreciated by the Forces."

Being almost in the center of India, 700 miles from Bombay and 515 from Calcutta, Raipur was a most convenient location for such a Canteen. Most of the soldiers coming to India, excepting the Air Force which came via Karachi, West Pakistan, landed in Bombay to be transported overland to the Northeastern war front in Assam and Burma. A dozen Rajas of Chhattisgarh Division in the Central Provinces and several Raipur business men supplied the funds for the complete operation of the Canteen. The first year an old railway coach housed the supplies, and soldiers were served from temporary tables along the outside, namely tea, cookies and cigarettes. A number of ragamuffin beggar boys arranged their sleeping quarters under the car. One night they built a fire to warm themselves and set it afire—a blessing in disguise. The sponsors had a new, spacious and more convenient building erected, including a commodious room to seat military officers. Adjoining the Canteen was an arrangement where thirty to forty men could enjoy a showerbath simultaneously.

During the four critical war years, 1942-1946, we were stationed in Raipur and took turns with several English ladies in serving when not otherwise engaged in urgent mission work. The Canteen was open from sunrise to 10 p.m. on those days when troops passed through the city. Some days three long trains arrived, other days none. Usually the stationmaster informed us several hours in advance, so that refreshments could be ready the moment the troops arrived. As it was usually an hour's halt, the 600 to 900 men on each train had to be served speedily. Indians, Africans, Aussies (Australians and New Zealanders), Americans and Britishers were all served with equal pleasure. One event on a Sunday morning at sunrise captivated the Canteen staff, the Indian helpers and casual onlookers. Among a West African contingent, about 200 Christian Negroes gathered on the spacious platform to conduct a brief service. The singing of the hymns from memory astounded and thrilled not only the other troops but also the local listeners, an experience long to be remembered. One felt the Unity of the Christian Church.

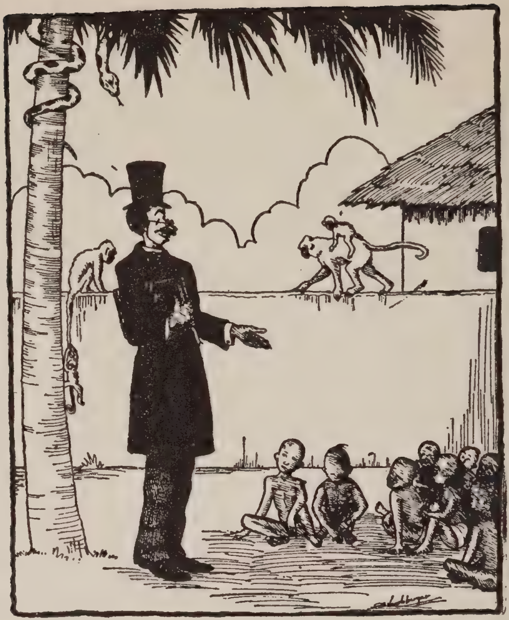
There were many homesick young men among the Americans. It was touching indeed when now and then a soldier would approach Mrs. Davis, the only American woman present, and proudly show her the photograph of mother, wife or child. I was somewhat disturbed by the fact that so few soldiers mentioned their father. The observation caused me to wonder about my status as father in the estimation of my own sons and daughters. Several other incidents stand out clearly in my memory. The group of begging boys seemed to have a sixth sense for knowing in advance when a troop train was expected to arrive. Almost from nowhere they rushed from behind freightcars on the sidetracks on the off-side of the troop train. They whined, pointed to a caved-in stomach and to the mouth, a universal language the soldiers quickly understood. They could make pathetically sad faces to melt the heart of any soldier. Most of the men in uniform demonstrated an abundance of sympathy. Many of them passed out their parcel of rations, including small tins of cheese. These the begging boys did not relish and found them difficult to open. But they soon became good salesmen and were happy to sell the cheese to us, a rare and welcome delicacy. Grasping the money they would rush to the market and purchase the food they liked best. American soldiers had a good reputation wherever they were stationed in various sections of India. Their sympathy, kindness and charitable deeds, especially on behalf of the children, were frequently commended by the public in the newspapers.

Another experience disturbed us. Learning that we were missionaries a number of soldiers gave donations for mission work, but almost all the gifts were from members belonging to the Church of God, the Pentecostal Band, the Nazarenes; very seldom from a Methodist, Presbyterian, Evangelical and Reformed, Congregationalist or Baptist. The question naturally arose whether perhaps the former had a more dynamic mission program than the latter.

One day the four of us serving the soldiers were standing on the platform waving farewell to the troops as the train was slowly leaving the station. Suddenly an officer jumped down from the train, pressed a new, unwrapped fountain pen into my hand and as quickly boarded the moving train again. The ladies looked at each other in utter amazement. They were the more surprised when informed that a few weeks previously while I was ill with malaria fever one of the servants stole my fountain pen from the pocket of a shirt hanging in the dressing room. Pens were exceedingly costly during the war, $20.00 to $30.00 each. Such stolen pens soon found their way into the black market. It became a racket. I wrote a letter to the U. S. Army headquarters through the Commanding Officer of the next troop contingent inquiring who the donor might be, but received no reply. The pen is still cherished as a gift from "The Unknown Soldier."

In order that soldiers might have an opportnuity to become acquainted with the Indian Church and its activities, the National Christian Council requested me to write a booklet containing an outline of India's secular and religious history and to include a detailed account of mission work. In a short time they purchased 4,000 copies of the 60-page book, "I Never Saw A Missionary." Due to strict rationing and shortage of paper, another edition could not be printed. A brief summary of the book was printed as a 6-page folder of which 8,000 free copies were distributed. The book and folder showed an etching representing the narrow conception some people have of a missionary. It pictured a tall person wearing a silk top-hat, long clerical coat, holding a book under his arm, preaching to a small group of naked children under a palm tree on which a coiled snake is dangling ready to strike the missionary. On the mud wall fence are two monkeys each with a young one. A copy of the leaflet was given to a British General's wife occupying a private compartment of a troop train.

In a humorous vein, I remarked, "Surely the General will not object if you accept a copy of my photograph!" and quickly walked along the train distributing folders to any soldier requesting one. The General called me back, asked for six more copies and with a



rather puzzled look asked, "Which one is you, the one under the tree or the one on the fence?" The joke was on me.

Several times seriously sick soldiers were taken off the train and placed in the city hospital. We called on them regularly until they were sufficiently recovered to rejoin their contingent. On one occasion six patients suffering from malaria fever were brought to the hospital and after recovery were invited to our home before being sent on to Calcutta. Although all were Americans their parents had come from Germany, Italy, England, Sweden, Finland and Persia. It was not long before a letter arrived from their spokesman. "Accept our thanks, Mrs. Davis, for the macaroons and cookies while we were in the hospital. All six of us send our greetings and again wish to say 'Thank You' for the pleasant evening we enjoyed in your home. Yesterday we received your package of magazines and leaflets. The boys of the post appreciate them immensely."

Soon after the United States entered World War II, a medical contingent passed through Raipur in charge of Major Dr. Isidor S. Ravdin. He had volunteered for service and headed the Army's 20th General Hospital in the China-Burma-India theater. In the course of conversation, he remarked that he was from Evansville, Indiana. I asked if he knew a Dr. Ravdin who had once saved my throat which had suffered from a cold and over-abuse while on an extensive deputation tour. With great delight he replied, "That is my father," and at once called the group together and related how here in the heart of India he had found one of his father's patients. A few days later he sent an SOS call for several pairs of rubber boots as he and his co-workers were finding it difficult to navigate in the swampy areas of Assam, especially during the monsoon season. Unfortunately not one pair was available in Raipur. Two years later it was a pleasure to meet his parents who had come to attend the service I was conducting in the supporting congregation, St. John's, in Evansville.

On another occasion when the troops were enjoying their refreshments, we noticed one of their number standing all alone at the end of the fifteen-car train. He was invited to enjoy a mug of tea and some cookies. At once he inquired if I happened to know a missionary by the name of Davis. He introduced himself as a chaplain and said that his friend, Chaplain Setziol with whom he was serving in the Pacific area had asked him to make inquiries and send his greetings. At once he was taken to meet Mrs. Davis, for Setziol is our son-in-law. He was as surprised as we were that the first person he should meet after arriving in India should be his friend's father- and mother-in-law. Later when I was in Calcutta on business this same Chaplain, Major A. P. Colbourn requested me to conduct services for his men at the U. S. Military Base near the city; 220 men were present. That same evening an informal service for 80 men was held in the famous Lee Memorial Mission superintended by Dr. W. J. and Mrs. Griffiths. At both services a number of men expressed their appreciation for the refreshments received when passing through Raipur.

Another chance meeting at the Canteen was no less surprising. Again seeing a lonely soldier at one side, apart from the others, I asked where his home was. He replied, "In Kansas City, Kansas." I told him about a former member of my Teachers' Training Class in Newton, Kansas, who also lived in the same city, that she frequently corresponded with us and had since married a man by the name of Lawrence Daisch. His face lighted up when he replied, "I'm her husband." Only a short time previously we had received a photograph of her and the baby, but there was not sufficient time to fetch it from the bungalow.

Services were arranged every Sunday at 6 p.m. for the British soldiers of the various military establishments in and near the city: the Air Force Base, the Medical Supply Depot and the Military Hospital. Several truckloads attended regularly. During one service the city electric light system failed the moment I entered the pulpit and failed to function again for an hour. It was a strange feeling to preach in complete darkness to an unseen audience.

Mrs., Rev. and Malcolm Davis, guests of the Raja of Khairagarh.

While serving the soldiers we became more intimately acquainted with a patron of the Canteen, Raja Bahadur Birendra Singh of Khairagarh, one of the local kings and a liberal supporter of the Canteen. He kindly invited Mrs. Davis, our son Malcolm, and me to be his guest during an agricultural fair and exhibit to be held in his royal city. He was one of the more progressive rulers among the semi-independent Native States in Central India. Having been educated in the Raipur College for Princes and elsewhere, and having traveled in Europe and America, he was more enlightened than some of the less energetic rulers who were dominated and often restrained by orthodox Brahmin advisers. After India achieved her freedom and all the independent States were merged with the Union of India this Raja was appointed to an office in the Foreign Consular Service. The palatial guest house was quite modern and elaborately furnished. Each of us enjoyed a separate bedroom, dressing room and bath. During the visit his private auto was at our disposal. Special foods arrived daily in dry-ice from Calcutta 515 miles away. A large hall in the palace served as a museum containing many trophies and especially a huge collection of weapons, mostly swords, ancient and modern, daggers, bows and arrows, armor, and spears. These had been accumulated by his ancestors through the centuries. We were particularly interested in several very unusual swords about two feet long, two inches wide. The blade had a double edge, serrated with tiny sharp teeth. In all museums we ever visited we had never seen any like this type. The Raja explained their particular purpose. In war time the queen and her maids each carried one, and when there was imminent danger of enemy soldiers forcing their way into the zenana quarters (rooms reserved exclusively for girls and the women in seclusion), the ladies were taught to hide behind doors, thrust the pointed sword into the abdomen of the intruder, and at the same time give the sword a sharp twist. Such tactics would, of course, tear and lacerate the inner organs beyond repair and totally incapacitate the intruder.

The gala occasion to which we had been invited was a banquet in the spacious dining room of the palace. Costly draperies, rugs, antique furniture were very attractive, oriental splendor at its best. Mounted trophies, tigers, bears, panther, wild boar and buffalo heads, and deer antlers were a proof of his hunting successes. The meal of many courses was typically Indian. All dishes were silver. Around each plate were a dozen small silver bowls containing various vegetables, spiced condiments, sauces and relishes. The rice and curry were of the best. Fruit from Calcutta and tea ended the feast. All guests ate with their fingers, for us they graciously supplied knife, fork and spoon.

Retiring for the night, I reminded Mrs. Davis of a boyhood dream. Often when walking home in the moonlight admiring the fleecy white clouds floating across the sky I imagined that I was really the son of a King, a prince. But in order to prevent me from becoming proud and to encourage the virtue of humility the King had parceled me out to a blacksmith and his wife where I would grow up in modest circumstances with their children. He had revealed his plan to no one. I assumed that in due time he would appear on the scene, reveal the secret that some day I would be King, and take me to the palace. But when he failed to come I consoled myself with the thought that he had died suddenly without telling anyone the facts, consequently I remained a prince in the home of a blacksmith.

"I WILL BUILD MY CHURCH".—*Jesus*

In Mahasamund at the edge of the jungle in the heart of India, in view of the Southern Cross, stands St. Peter's Church. It did not always have a tower. This was built in 1937 by friends in Bellevue, Ky., as a memorial to a cheerful, winsome boy, our son Kenneth, ten years of age. He had been suddenly taken away by death Sept. 25th, 1936. In the top story of the tower are crosses, carved out of the four walls. During the dark hours of the night a pressure lantern suspended from the center sends out its rays of light through the four openings. Pilgrims traveling on the highway, passengers traveling on the evening train, and farmers going to market in their oxcarts during the coolness of the night are attracted by the cross shining out into the darkness. Observers have noticed: "The darker the night, the brighter the light."

The Mahasamund Church with the shining Cross. Middle School Christian teachers (standing); (seated) the pharmacist, the pastor (center) and the author.

BEYOND THE WALLS OF THE CHURCH

Until about thirty years ago, the work of the missionary was largely mission-centered. This could hardly have been otherwise when most of the converts came from among the illiterate depressed classes. Only as mission schools were established to include low caste children, who were not acceptable in the schools for caste Hindus, was it possible to train these children to become teachers, evangelists, and helpers in various Christian charitable institutions. Until 1920, practically all the congregations in our mission were served by missionaries as pastors. During the following fifteen years Indians were sent for theological training and by 1935 all churches were in charge of Indian pastors. Most of the congregations are now self-supporting. They are organized as the Chhattisgarh and Orissa Church Council, and are now joined with the United Church of Northern India. The 3,000 Christians of 1912 had now increased to 10,000. This does not include the many who have migrated to industrial areas seeking work.

During the first twenty years of his service in India, the author was privileged to be pastor of the congregation at the mission station where he was serving at the time. Later, when Indian co-workers replaced the missionaries as pastor there was much work still to be done, especially beyond the three-mile radius within which the local pastor limited his activity.

Large institutions like hospitals, high schools, colleges will need continued support from the churches of the West until the Indian churches become economically stronger. Even though many of them are managed and superintended by Indians, the Indian Church is not yet able to finance them completely.

During our many years of service it was extremely interesting to observe the increasing influence of the Gospel and Christian ideas and ideals beyond the walls of the church. This wholesome, constructive infiltration of Bible truths was not only noticed when perusing Indian-edited newspapers and magazines and analyzing addresses by Indian educators, statesmen and Government officials, but personally when in continued contact with people of the area.

It was only when independence was about to be realized that Indian leaders became aware of the fifty million outcastes in their midst. A small number of leaders became actively interested in them, especially Mahatma Gandhi, when they saw what the Church was doing to uplift them. Others again became their spokesmen when election time was approaching, for universal suffrage granted voting rights to all, both men and women, when of the proper legal age. It was not only the outcaste groups who gained, but also all womanhood of the country. In both cases it was largely because the Church was demonstrating what they could become and what an important constructive contribution they could make to the progress of new India.

Hindu officials at the county seat near our village were all good friends and frequently chided us when we visited them asking, "How are your Chamar Christians?" The greeting had an overtone of self-righteousness, "God, I thank Thee that I am not like other men," Chamars and the like, or even like this missionary who associates with them. (Luke 18:11). Whenever any of the friends greeted me with those words I would challenge them to come and visit "us Untouchables." But they never came, always sending an office boy when my presence was required for any business purpose. As Parsabhader had only Christian and Satnami or Chamar families, caste Hindus avoided visiting the village, not wishing to run the risk of becoming religiously and socially defiled and contaminated through contact or fellowship.

One Sunday, a group of officials made a surprise visit. The worship service had just begun. I could see them in the entrance of the church, but no one in the audience was aware that they were standing there. They remained standing some minutes in complete awe, their eyes opening wider and wider as they glanced over the congregation. The girls and women occupying one side of the church seemed to hold their attention. They were beholding a scene never before witnessed by any of them; girls and women, each with a hymn book, taking part responsively with the missionary-pastor in the liturgy and responsive readings. They even seemed more surprised when the girls and women joined the men in signing. To see women taking active part in a public worship service with men was an unusual experience for them. There was a reason for this surprise. Among Hindus in those days it was custom primarily for dancing girls to sing and was considered improper for ladies of good repute to do so; the visitors were amazed to find that so many girls and women were literate. They quietly and reverently occupied rear seats until the service was over, and wanted to leave at once. I detained them and introduced them to many of the members, men and women. It was now difficult for them to refuse an invitation to accompany the people to the village and see their homes. At first, the guests merely looked through the front door and wanted to avoid entering the house, but the Christians urged them politely to enter and to see everything, including the garden in the rear. One could overhear them making remarks to each other how neat and clean the houses were. They took special delight in examining the orange trees which we taught them to plant, and the acorn squash which we introduced from America. This was a new vegetable to them. I then challenged them to visit some of the Chamar homes. Reluctantly they looked through the open door of a few, but refused to enter any. They admitted that there was quite a difference in the appearance of the Christians and their homes compared with the non-Christians. One of the elders who had assisted a week before in making a little survey of the village called their attention to the fact that there was a deeper difference and asked their permission to present some figures from the survey. They were now so interested in the visit that they gladly consented to listen. This was his report: "There are 52 Satnami and Chamar families in the village and 54 Christian families. Fifty Christian husbands were still living with their first wife; 4, whose wives had died, married again. Of the 52 non-Christian men, only 10 had their first wife; 33 had 'put in' a second or third wife to replace a previous one who had been 'put out' or run away; a few had died." No law existed at the time that their marriage had to be registered. All Christian marriages had to be registered. Judging by their animated conversation and gesticulating motions while walking down the village street back to Baloda Bazar, the county seat, we concluded that it was a new experience for them, even a satisfactory and pleasant one. It is needless to add that never again did any one of them greet me with the words, "How are your Chamar Christians?"

One of the visiting officials was asked by the Director of the Provincial Health Department in Nagpur to send some young ladies or widows to be trained as nurse or midwife. He came to me with the request. I asked a rather embarrassing question, "Why do you come to the Christian community for candidates? We constitute only 2% of the population; why do you not seek recruits among the Hindus who constitute 90% of the population." It was clearly evident that my question irritated him. I showed him the report of Medical Missions: 80% of all the nurses and lady doctors at that time were Christians, likewise a large majority of the lady teachers. He admitted that this proportion was a remarkable tribute to the educational and service program of the Christian Church, especially when considering that the majority of her members are of the lower castes.

Being deeply concerned about the wives of teachers and evangelists living alone in isolated, distant villages where they are the only Christian family, Mrs. Davis inaugurated a new custom. Often living far away from the mission station with little opportunity for fellowship with other Christians, the wife and children accompanied the husband only at Christmas time, to enjoy a few days of companionship with the members of the congregation and others who came from the various outstations. It was an inspiring and refreshing experience for all of them. Mrs. Davis then originated the plan of arranging a women's institute for the wives of all teachers and evangelists living at a distance. The date was set for the summer vacation. Husbands had to remain at home and care for the children. Mothers were permitted to bring only nursing babies. For a period of several days they could enjoy a care-free life. A cook was employed to prepare all meals. Courses of instruction were arranged for Bible-study, care of babies, church history and simple nursing, so that they could be of help to their non-Christian neighbors when returning to their village. Thus the morning hours were occupied. Illustrated lectures and informal entertainment were offered in the evening. Having very restricted fellowship with Hindus due to caste rules, these annual institutes enriched their lives considerably. There was also a valuable by-product. Visiting these families later when on tour, we were pleased and amused how the institute had revived the enthusiam of the workers' wives. Several of them told Mrs. Davis, "Our husbands treat us much better now and appreciate us more since they had to stay at home alone several days and care for the children while we were having a pleasant time."

It is not an easy matter for lonely Christians in a distant village to stand up against the pressure of the non-Christian atmosphere. Having been cowed down and oppressed for countless generations, it is only natural that they should have developed an inferiority complex which plagued the children of low caste converts when living in the midst of the proud upper castes. Malaki, for instance, was rescued as an orphan in the 1897 famine and trained to become a teacher. He was serving in the Sakri Primary School when the following incident occurred. He and an assistant teacher with their families were the only Christians in the village of 2,000 persons. A Hindu propagandist of the Arya Samaj sect spent several days in the village admonishing the people to be more faithful in adhering to their caste rules and especially to make more pilgrimages to the temples at Allahabad and their sacred city of Benares. He was actually a tout in the pay of temple priests. One evening about 200 men were gathered together; the low caste group of Satnamis and Chamars had to sit separately in the rear at the edge of the group, with several feet of vacant space dividing them from the others. At the close of the lecture on "Eternal Hinduism" the speaker turned to Malaki and his assistant, both of whom were seated on a bench with the village leaders, and appealed to them, "Return to the religion of your forefathers and be taken back into the Hindu fold." To the amazement of all, Malaki stepped forward. "You urge us to return to the religion of our ancestors, which was primitive idol worship and placating evil spirits. You now ask us to follow Hindu practices only to enrich the priests and their helpers." Turning to the audience, he continued, "I come from the despised Satnami caste, with whom you Hindus will not associate. When my mother and I were starving in the '97 famine, you gave us nothing. It was missionary Hagenstein, whom most of you people knew, who kept us alive. It was the Church that educated me. I, a former Satnami, am now teaching your Brahmin children! You all have been able to observe us for six years." And then followed a barrage of questions.

"Have any of you ever heard me use abusive language?" (Silence.)

"How many are there of you who did not use filthy language this day?" (A voice called out, "We all do.")

"Have you ever seen me flirting with your wives or daughters?" ("No.")

"Do I owe any of you money for grain or vegetables?" ("No.")

"Who of you is there that is not in debt?" ("We all owe money.")

"After twenty years I am still living with the wife of my youth. How many of you in the rear still live with your first wife?" (General laughter.)

"Have I ever taken a bribe from parents to pass their son in the annual examinations?" ("Never.")

"Have I ever withheld the Inspector's certificate from your boys until you paid me cash?" ("Not once.")

"Do I abuse the barber's son because his father will not shave me, or cut my hair? Do I refuse to teach the washerman's boy because his father will not wash my clothes?" (No reply.)

"Is any Satnami on the temple committee of this village?" (Laughter.)

"I am an honored elder of the Church in Parsabhader. Two of my children are attending the Mission High School in Raipur. How many Satnami children attend this Primary school, only five out of fifty!"

Turning to the visiting propagandist, and pointing to the men in the rear rows he said, "Now if you will reform them and do for their families what the Christian Church has done for me, then after you succeed I may consider returning to the Vedic faith of *your* forefathers." The sarcasm expressed in stressing the word "your" was well understood by all, for low caste people were not permitted even to read the Vedas. When other Christian teachers from neighboring schools who were also present at the gathering told me about Malaki's brave stand, I became curious, for he was a timid person. Alone with him, he explained.

He confessed that until that day he was ashamed of his ancestry, and when Hindus asked from which caste his parents came, he pretended ignorance, saying that he was a baby when rescued and did not know. "But," he continued, "a few Sundays ago, I heard you preach a sermon in which you said that we insult the Holy Spirit by lying and more so by refusing to give credit to Him and the Church for what had been done for one. I then resolved to admit frankly from what low caste I came and use it as an opportunity to witness for Christianity."

When Mahatma Gandhi visited our County seat at Baloda Bazar (1933) to declare a Hindu temple open to the low caste people into which they formerly were never allowed to enter, the reception committee invited me to be present. There was also to be a celebration at the large well in the center of the town from which the Untouchables heretofore were not allowed to draw water. Mr. Gandhi was to lead several Satnamis to the well and see two of them, selected for the purpose, draw water. This in itself made a deep impression upon the thousands who were present. But another fact impressed me even more. When Gandhi made his triumphal entry into the town, he passed under a beautifully decorated arch over which was stretched a long green streamer a yard wide and about fifteen feet long on which large twisted cotton letters were pasted to form the following words:

Ishwar Ke Nazer Men Sab Manushy Ek Tulya

"In the sight of God all men are equal." I called on the Hindu lawyer to inquire who had made the welcoming streamer. He, himself, had made it. I then asked, "Why did you use a Christian truth which is definitely the exact opposite of Hinduism's basic teaching, which divides Indians into 3,000 different water-tight compartments, unequal in social standing and in social privileges, forbidding intermarriage and interdining?" Without elaborating further, he replied, "I learned that truth of equality in the Mission School." At my request he graciously gave me that significant piece of cloth containing the prophetic memorable words. I treasure it highly as one of the many signs of the Church's widespread influence reaching out beyond her own walls. India has made great strides since that day (1933) in eliminating caste inequalities. Many organizations and Government itself are following the pioneer footsteps of the Church in the task of uplifting the underprivileged low caste groups.

During a vacation in the Himalayan hill station at Darjeeling, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Rajagopalachari, Mahatma Gandhi's famous co-worker and the first Indian Viceroy. He was visiting Mt. Hermon School which our children attended. When speaking of the unfortunate separation of Moslem Pakistan from the rest of India, he said, "It is good for India that the Christians are found in small groups, distributed throughout the land, as a light and incentive for their neighbors."

That remark came to mind when I visited a mission school at Christmas time. The headmaster had arranged an appropriate program out in the open so that many parents and friends of the pupils could be present. The building was made quite attractive. The walls were brightened with a fresh yellow earth-wash, palm leaves were nailed to the mud walls to form an interesting pattern, colored paper ornaments served as decorations. The pupils did all this decorating themselves. A hundred children sat on the ground in the forefront, all visiting adults behind them. The school committee occupied benches off to one side. All the pupils were non-Christians excepting two. The program carried out by them was good. Pupils and guests appreciated the Christmas drama given by Hindu pupils. The headmaster then rose and announced in a loud, clear and determined voice, "The congregation will now sing!" My first thought was, where are the members of the congregation? They were there the whole time, but few of us were aware of them as "the congregation." He was right. It consisted of two teachers, their wives, a son and daughter, who had just arrived for vacation from the Raipur and Mahasamund schools, and four small children. These twelve persons constituted "the congregation." They sang several Christmas songs with fervor and joy to the delight of all present.

At the close of the hour's program, the leader asked me to close with prayer before the distribution of gifts for all enrolled pupils: soap, pencils, thread, books, slates, some small popcorn-like sugared rice balls and dates, which had been purchased with part of the "White Christmas" donations from Evansville. The announcement was again made, "The congregation will now sing," and like a song of victory this leavening congregation sang, "O Come all ye Faithful." The Viceroy's observation applied to them, "a light and incentive to their neighbors." Saying farewell to them before their neatly decorated house, we saw a neatly ornamented placard above the door with this colored lettering, "Happy Birthday to you, Jesus Christ." It had been made by the son who was learning English in the Mission school.

Another small congregation comes to mind, almost hidden in the forest 45 miles from the mission station. Three Hindu men came to my office to enroll one of their boys in the English school at Mahasamund. They had walked thirteen miles for the purpose. They were informed that he could attend, and that they would have to pay the 60c monthly school fee as stipulated by Government rules. They had come in the expectation that a generous missionary would pay the amount from the funds received from America. Asked if they were poor, they assured me that they and their thirteen caste families in Fingeshwar, the seat of a petty King, all owned land. They were told that if each of the families of their caste paid 2c a month, it would be sufficient to pay the boy's fees. To this they replied, "Kabhi nehin de-enge," "they will never give." During the conversation they were looking at colored pictures culled from an orthodox Hindu theological magazine which were lying spread out on the desk. They were quite pleased that a missionary was interested in their religion. On the one pile were illustrations of their primary god, Krishna, shown playing the flute, or with the sacred cow, or in company of milkmaids. I showed them a number of the pictures and asked, "Where are the children, the men, the lepers, the lame and blind?" In each case they replied, "Koi nehin," "None whatsoever." Then I showed them a number of colored pictures of Jesus with the children, healing the blind and the leper, speaking to men and women. Asking how long they had been worshipping Krishna, one of them made a wide sweep of his arm and said, "Adi se," "Way back from the beginning." Just then Joel, an orphan boy, passed the door. I called him in and asked for their special benefit who paid his school fees, who paid his hostel fees and who supplied his clothing and books. To each question, he replied, "Choti mandli Memrao men," "The little congregation in Memrao." I had visited that small group of Christians several times. The members were all farm hands, having very little land of their own. Turning to the three guests, I told them this small group of Christians was paying the total bill for this orphan boy, could their thirteen wealthy families not pay the school fee for one of their boys, a small amount compared with six times the amount paid by the "little congregation in Memrao"? They said upon leaving, "Ham bichar Karenge," "We will think about it." The boy did not come to be enrolled. The following paragraph in the INDIAN SOCIAL REFORMER of October 26, 1946 arrested my attention—that the Hindu editor should pay such a high tribute to the work done by the Church's servants in his country. "In the social, educational and humanitarian work the missions have helped India considerably. They have built many schools and colleges, some of which are the best in India, famous for their high standard, discipline and efficiency. Missionary hospitals and dispensaries are well equipped and efficiently and orderly run. They have given us that social sense and a sense of community without much of that communal cancer." This commendatory tribute to the contribution the Church is making outside her walls inspired me to begin a new file in my bulging clipping system which I labeled: THE CHURCH AS PIONEER IN INDIA. It would require a thick volume to record the history of all the branches of work in which missions pioneered. Here is a list of the most important ones.

- Female education
- Adult education
- Progressive modern education
- Vocational training
- Village uplift work
- Rural reconstruction
- Leper hospitals and clinics
- Village nursing
- Tuberculosis sanitariums
- Orphanages
- Training of nurses
- Child welfare work
- Training widows for public service
- Rescue homes for girls
- Homes for widows
- Social work among criminal tribes
- Day nurseries
- Kindergarten
- Homes for the blind
- Removal of untouchability
- Encouragement of monogamy
- Textbooks on improved methods of teaching
- Eye clinics in rural centers
- Equal treatment and opportunity for all, irrespective of wealth or poverty, caste or creed
- Encouragement of the women's movement, regarding which Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, Health Minister in Nehru's cabinet wrote, "The origins of the earlier movement may be traced to the work of early social and religious reformers, and last, though not least, to the influence, direct and indirect, of the work of the missionaries."
- One of the oldest Indian Life Insurance Companies was established in 1892, originally limited to Christians and later including others.
- The first printing press to manufacture and use type for India's many languages was established by William Carey in 1792, and still exists as the Baptist Mission Press in Calcutta, printing Christian literature in 40 languages.
- Appreciation of Indian music and its inclusion in the curriculum of Mission schools, regarding which E. Krishna Iyer remarked, "Be it said to the credit of Christian missionaries

> and teachers that they at least thought of our music as part of the education in their schools at a time when our public at large was apathetic towards it, and thereby did something to keep up its importance in school education." Many decades ago missionaries made use of Indian tunes in worship.

It is indeed to the credit of the Church that after observing such exemplary work, the Government and private organizations invariably followed the Church's lead and took up similar types of work, developed them, in some cases improved them, and having recourse to taxation, enlarged them.

When referring to a jubilee in honor of the famous Dr. Ida Scudder, one Indian editor wrote, "To start a school of nursing way back in the year 1903, i.e. at a time when nursing carried with it such a strong prejudice against it that no Indian would send his daughter or sister for such training, is yet another glorious instance of the farsightedness of the founder; without proper and adequate nursing all the pains-taking effort and skill of the doctors will go to naught." (*The Guardian*, March 17, 1960). In the same weekly paper the editor reports that the Gita Society was advocating that Hindus should take more interest in spreading the message contained in that famous Hindu religious scripture, The Bhagavad Gita, to which he added this observation, "The Gita Society has a long way to go, but it points to great forces at work in the fields where Christian Mission work has had *unrivalled* monopoly . . . It is interesting to note that all the modern Hindu movements are but expressions of missionary zeal which was almost unknown to Hindu India when missionaries first came to this country. The Christian missionary idealism is the keystone of many a reformed Hindu thought and activity, and the Gita Society is just another example."

In view of the fact that India has received so much inspiration from the activities of the Church and is making heroic effort to make up for what she failed to do in the past, and in view of the fact she is working strenuously to lift her submerged millions, it is well to remind her and the sending Churches in the homeland of facts mentioned by Dr. E. Stanley Jones who, during his forty year's service in India, has seen more of this redemptive work personally than any other person: "It is true that we have done more for the Untouchables than any one else. This is not boasting. It is a humble fact. When no one would go near them, long before people became interested in them because of communal potentialities (Ed. Note: the vote), the followers of Christ of both East and West have sat in their huts (Ed. Note: as no caste Hindu would do), have eaten their humble meals, have sat at their wedding

Pastors of the Chhattisgarh and Orissa Church Council. A map.

feasts, amid smells and degradation, till far into the morning to keep them from drink and debauchery. They have taken their children and sent them to schools by the tens of thousands until those children have grown up and have become teachers of Brahmins, Europeans, respected and honored, and loved. They have become pastors of churches, and have had the spiritual oversight of these from the high castes, their ministry accepted because of their character, ability and piety. They have become officers of municipalities composed largely of higher castes, some of them sacred cities. This too because of their integrity and character. They have become bishops in our churches, heads of our institutions, chairmen of our assemblies, leaders in our movement. Christian women from the outcastes have been the pioneers in women's education, they fill the municipal schoolrooms everywhere, in which the children of high castes come. Look into the faces of an intelligent Christian audience on a Sunday morning and see the reverence and respect and culture, refinement and real piety, and then remember that back of that audience is the grass hut, the drink, the degradation, the poverty, the fatalism and hopelessness of centuries.

"Something has happened here! A new power has broken the tyranny of inferiority complex, of inhibitions, of fears and has made these people the children of God, members of His family, the door of the future wide open. Some may backslide, some may remain weak, for there are downward pulls, but something has got hold of them, which is transforming them." (*Fellowship,* December, 1935.)

The Church's witness beyond its walls is indeed having an impact on India, the extent of which can never be fully measured. When the Gospel is applied to practical living, it does work. It has the power to change and transform. This is the answer to the quest.

HER SCRAPBOOK

There are incidents and events in everyone's life, the memory of which we cherish, and reminders of which we keep. To a missionary, thousands of miles from dear ones, expressions of friendship and love, appreciation and recognition, have added significance. Mrs. Davis accumulated many odds and ends of biographical and personal value during our honeymoon of 46 years. She kept them carefully and lovingly in a large, bulky scrapbook. Strangely enough, it was one book I seldom saw as it was kept in her desk drawer and occupied her time and attention primarily during my frequent absences and during the many long evening hours when I was engaged with office or literary work. (See Appendix 3.) We had no telephone and seldom a missionary neighbor nearby to supply recreational variation in the isolation of a village. For a short time, a radio afforded some pleasure, but not for long, as the battery had to be sent the 33 miles to Raipur to be charged, and once when a woman was delivering the newly charged battery, she dropped it from her head and broke it. We then sold the radio. It was especially during the last fifteen years of our service in India, when our children were away at school nine months of the year and later in America at college, that the scrapbook was like a companion to her. It served as memory's guest room. Only after she passed away did I peruse its contents.

The scrapbook permits one to see the deeper side of her character and nature which is not so easily revealed in the ordinary routine tasks of missionary work. She preserved those items which were close to her heart. The preserved letters, clippings and mementos also meant much to her during the two World Wars and the post-war periods, a total of almost fifteen years, when mail from the homeland arrived so infrequently and irregularly, and sometimes not at all. It was never a pleasure to receive information that a steamer carrying mail had been sent to the bottom of the ocean. Not a few letters that came from the children in Darjeeling contained pressed flowers and tree leaves. Only their more important correspondence was saved. We could not be present at the graduation and wedding of three of them. Naturally letters and clippings describing the events are all found in the scrapbook, tied with a colored ribbon. With them are included the letters informing us of the last days and passing away of her father and of my parents.

One file contained copies of dramas, plays and games to teach the Indian children, also a notebook in which are outlines of talks and prayers for the junior Sunday Service and meetings in the orphanage and hostel. On one large envelope, she had written the words, "All about our Dad." I opened it with a little trepidation, wondering what secrets it might contain. They are not cupboard skeletons, only documentary evidence of our mutual pride! These are some of the contents.

An inquiry from Sir Thomas Bailey of Edinburgh asking if I would be willing a consider a call to serve as the Mission to Lepers Field Secretary in Canada and Eastern United States; a confidential request from Rev. T. Dresel if I would be inclined to consider the offer of becoming his associate in St. John's, Evansville; a congratulatory letter and telegram from the Governor of the Central Provinces that the Viceroy of India was sending the King George Kaisar-I-Hind silver service medal. There is a letter from George C. Stebbins and his photograph with permission to include it in the Hindi Hymnology I was writing at the time; a silver lettered invitation to visit the Raja of Khairagarh; one from Dr. Emil Brunner to visit him in Switzerland, and from Prof. Rudolf Otto to meet him in Marburg when going on furlough; another from Dr. H. Frick expressing thanks for the gift of a Krishna idol to the Marburg University Museum and an invitation to give a few lectures when passing through Germany on our way home.

Mrs. Davis also preserved numerous Hindi letters and invitations to attend Hindu, Moslem and Christian weddings; among the invitations is a highly decorated one from the senior Hindu lawyer in Mahasamund to attend the religious thread ceremony of his son, when a Brahmin priest would place the sacred thread over his left shoulder signifying that he was henceforth to observe all Hindu caste rules. We were also requested to remain and partake of the festive meal. Another invitation is from the Raipur Commissioner to be present at the public reception of Sir H. Twynam, Governor of the Central Provinces. It was on this occasion that he granted us a private interview and suggested he would be pleased to receive copies of what I had written on Hinduism.

The scrapbook also has an assortment of wartime trophies; ration cards for gasoline, sugar, wheat and flour; various certificates permitting us to travel outside the Raipur area during war time; identification certificates that we were U. S. citizens; 'non-objection certificates' allowing us to re-enter India when returning from furlough; passes from custom officials granting us permission to travel through a corner of Pakistan on our way to Darjeeling.

Apparently our little boy Kenneth had discovered the scrapbook, for in it is a small envelope containing a lock of his blond hair and a note in his handwriting:

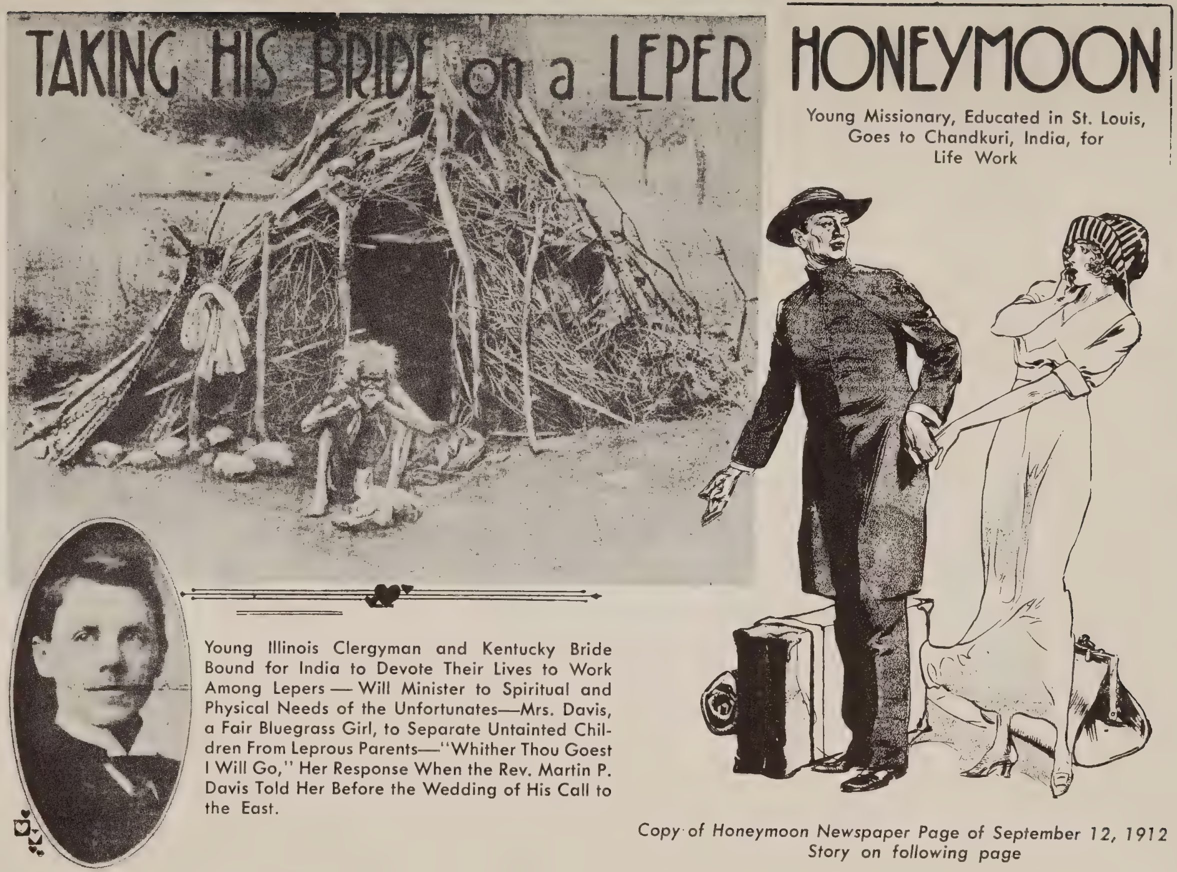
"This is a lock of hair from me. Love, Kenneth." It was he who was run over in Bellevue, Kentucky, by an auto and died September 25, 1936, while I was away on deputation work. Among the items is also a newspaper clipping of January, 1919, with a letter from Evansville that St. John's congregation had adopted us to be a "living memorial" to the memory of their 144 men in uniform during World War I. Only two of these soldiers did not return. On the margin of one letter is the remark in her handwriting, "How grateful I am!" And she had reason to be. It came from the Cancer Research Laboratory in Bombay assuring her that the small tumor removed from the breast was not malignant.

Another large envelope contains letters which involve a number of activities outside regular mission duties. She was not enthusiastic about them because it meant that in addition to my frequent absences at conferences, meetings, and on school inspection trips, I would now be away more frequently than ever and add to her days of loneliness. These letters are as follows: an announcement that I had been elected to serve on the "All India Christian Literature Committee"; a notification that the Christian Tract and Bible Society in Allahabad had appointed me to be a member of their Committee; a letter from Banares to serve on the staff of The Christian Institute for the Study of Hinduism which convened for a ten-day period each year; an invitation to give a series of lectures on Comparative Religions at the Rajkumar College for Princes in Raipur; a letter informing me that I had been elected to become a member of the Book Fair Committee which had been organized by the various higher educational institutions of Raipur.

In the same drawer with the scrapbook, she kept a copy of all magazine articles, books and booklets I had written. Needless to say that she had unselfishly given up many evening hours of fellowship while these were being written.

Another bulging envelope contained many church bulletins and newspaper clippings of my speaking engagements during the various furloughs. (See Appendix 2.) When confined to the sick-bed, she asked me to slip a certain clipping into the scrapbook for her. It was a church notice from a northern Indiana town advertising a triple service for October 13, 1956. Without her knowledge, I wrote on the margin, "Will this be my last speaking engagement outside Cincinnati?" Upon my return from that engagement she greeted me with the words, "I'm so very, very tired!" During the next two years I accepted only one invitation to speak outside the city, all others were restricted to Cincinnati and the immediate vicinity. X-rays had revealed that a gradual calcimining of the heart valve was taking place which hindered a free circulation of blood. Having been anaemic all her life and having undergone three major operations, she found that her physical strength was slowly decreasing. Nurses were employed to care for her and her sister kindly and nobly took over the household. Two years she lingered, slowly fading away. September 25, 1958, she said, "I shall soon join Paul, Kenneth, Dad and Mother!" Two days later she passed away. Our honeymoon of 46 years was ended.

The honeymoon was ended, but the memories live on to provide inspiration for all the unfinished tasks and new challenges of the Christian ministry.



TAKING HIS BRIDE on a LEPER HONEYMOON

Young Missionary, Educated in St. Louis, Goes to Chandkuri, India, for Life Work

Young Illinois Clergyman and Kentucky Bride Bound for India to Devote Their Lives to Work Among Lepers — Will Minister to Spiritual and Physical Needs of the Unfortunates—Mrs. Davis, a Fair Bluegrass Girl, to Separate Untainted Children From Leprous Parents—"Whither Thou Goest I Will Go," Her Response When the Rev. Martin P. Davis Told Her Before the Wedding of His Call to the East.

The Rev. Martin P. Davis

Copy of Honeymoon Newspaper Page of September 12, 1912
Story on following page

APPENDIX 1

Copy of Honeymoon-Newspaper Page of September 12, 1912

The young clergyman looked into the girl's eyes. "It is my duty," he said, with a wan attempt at a brave smile. The girl looked back at him far more bravely. "Our duty, dear," she gently corrected him, far more bravely. "But how can you?" he insisted. "I can do anything you can."

The persons speaking were the Rev. Martin P. Davis, a young clergyman from Freeport, Illinois, and his fiancee, Miss Edna Schaufele of Bellevue, Ky., just across the Ohio River from Cincinnati. Now they are man and wife, pledged not only to each other for life, but also to devote their lives to work among the lepers of India.

It's a long chance they are taking. Perhaps neither will catch the loathesome disease which has baffled the wisest men of medicine since the world began. Perhaps one will become a leper, the other remain untainted. And perhaps bride and bridegroom both some day will hear the fatal pronouncement—"Yes, you have leprosy!"

For all that, it was a happy wedding a few weeks ago at Bellevue, where the father and mother of the brave little bride, Mr. and Mrs. William Schaufele, have lived so many years. Many friends were there to wish them godspeed and success in their work of life. Many frankly told the light-eyed, bright-faced young minister that they couldn't see how he dared the thing, and as for the bride—the thought of it!

"The work is urgent," he told them. "It appears to me that the call comes straight from God, and I am bound to obey it.

"At first I didn't want Edna to go, but she flatly told me her place was by my side. I pointed out all the dangers and difficulties to her, but this was of no use. And so we are going. We hope to preach the Gospel to these poor outcast lepers, and as far as possible relieve their sufferings and administer to their simple wants.

"Now Edna and I are glad of the opportunity that has been given to us in such a useful field, and we shall sail for Chandkuri with hearts full of hope. We shall give our lives to the work. I have been trained for such a work. Why should I not go? The Mission to Lepers in India and the East has accepted me, and we go in the confident assurance of Divine direction."

As the young minister, fired with holy zeal, spoke, his pretty bride clung to his arm and looked proudly into his eyes. "Where he goes," she said, simply, "there I go, too. It is a wonderful opportunity. Who could refuse it? We will be very happy out there doing God's work, I'm sure."

"Aren't you afraid?"

"No, not at all. We are in God's hands to do His will. Who could be afraid?" And the little bride of so brief a time smiled just a bit thoughtfully.

After the wedding, bride and bridegroom went on to New York for a little visit before the sailing of the Kronprinzessin Cecilia, to take the first lap of their journey to India. The Rev. M. Davis called on Fleming H. Revell, the publisher, of 158 Fifth Avenue, treasurer of the Mission to Lepers, to say good-bye, and to him he told his hopes, not his fears. He was all enthusiasm; that there was danger did not occur to him.

"A splendid young fellow," said Mr. Revell afterward. "Of course, every one exposed to leprosy does not necessarily contract it, but there is always the chance. If Americans could only realize what some people are doing in the world, utterly unselfishly, we would not have to plead so hard for the modest funds we need for the work. Even $1 will support a leper for two weeks; $20 will keep a leper's untainted child for a whole year. All we had last year was $30,000."

How did this all come about? He was born in Freeport, Ill., and went to college at Elmhurst, Ill., and to the German Evangelical Seminary in St. Louis. Then he went to Germany for a year's study at Leipzig University and an 18 months' course in home mission and institutional work at Bielefeld. There he was brought into contact with epileptics, the weak-minded, the insane, and other unfortunates who called forth his sympathies to a great degree.

Meanwhile, some years ago, John Jackson, a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society and an Englishman who has given 36 years of his life to the lepers, came to Boston to interest Americans in the great and dangerous work. He spoke convincingly; many wept at his recitals of the horrors of this awful scourge of man—a scourge ever since Biblical times. Checks were handed in; everybody was interested. But when he drew forth a letter written to him from India by one of the leper patients the hushed audience drew back in fear. Mr. Jackson caught the shudder of horror at the harmless piece of paper—even that might be tainted with leprosy!

"Don't be afraid," he chided them, gently. "This is nothing for those who see the real thing themselves."

And as Mr. Jackson went on recounting the horrors he had seen—of toes and even feet falling off; of faces twisted and ulcerated; of men walking on the stumps of legs and women trying to eat without hands—more wept, and one woman fainted. The meeting ended for all but one—a young man, distinguished looking, well dressed, frank of face and clear of eye. He looked more the clubman than what he is now—a missionary to the lepers of India.

"My name," he told Mr. Jackson, "is W. H. P. Anderson, and I would like to volunteer for leper work in India."

"What?" gasped Mr. Jackson, "do you know what it means? Are you a missionary now?"

"No, I am not a missionary," answered young Anderson. "I am a chartered accountant, and in business for myself. But I am willing to give it all up; I have heard the call."

"Come around and take lunch with me tomorrow, then," answered Mr. Jackson, "and I'll tell you more about it."

Next day the men met. Mr. Jackson made it as bad as he could; he could not have made it worse. Young Anderson was willing. They sent him to Chandkuri, where he has been for seven years. So great was his success that he had been promoted to become Mission to Lepers Secretary for India. It is his place which Mr. and Mrs. Davis go to fill today!

Mr. Anderson went on higher in the work and the church was looking around for someone to succeed him. Already young Mr. Davis had received a call to go into the foreign field, but he was in love, and there were plenty of others, and what could a man do?

But with Mr. Anderson gone there went up a cry for another American like him to come to Chandkuri. W. M. Danner of Cambridge, Mass., Secretary of the American Committee of the Mission, had met young Mr. Davis and learned to love his enthusiasm. He suggested the name; others suggested it. The call came. He hesitated. He knew the lovely character of the girl who had promised to become his wife. What to do?

Marry her and leave her behind? He'd venture it; he spoke the word. You know her answer. She called it "our" work. They will share the danger of disease—the most repulsive with which mankind is afflicted—and death, perhaps, together.

"Mr. Davis and his new wife," said Mr. Danner, at his home in Cambridge, "are doing a beautiful work. Just as we have asked them, they are carrying the gospel to its limit. That's just what we want to do—to bring to these poor outcasts love, care, education, the gospel. It is a tremendous thing. Ministering to the lepers is but an incident—the Master spoke that when He said, 'Heal the sick and cleanse the leper.'

"Do you realize what influence the example of such men and women as Mr. and Mrs. Davis has upon the poor, ignorant people of the East? They cast out their own people when leprosy seizes them; the unfortunates must live alone, they must feed themselves, they must care for themselves, they must earn their own living. But who will employ a leper? Would you? And when these people see clean, nice, men and women come across the seas to help them, do they not realize, after all, that there is something to our gospel?

"I have been among the lepers many times; I am not afraid. Of course, we all take sanitary precautions, but we teach the lepers to do that, too. And we are saving their children from getting the disease—the untainted children of leprous parents. That will be part of Mrs. Davis' work. Isn't it wonderful?"

Chandkuri, one of the most important leper colonies in India, has nearly 500 of the afflicted. Houseless and helpless they come there for help—one day a mother with two leprous children; another day a man with a bowl, his only earthly possession, holding it out for a few grains of rice from the bounty of passers-by.

Among these despised outcasts the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Davis will spend their honeymoon and live their lives. They will teach the children, show the grown-ups how to work; teach the Bible to them all. They will tend the sick and help bind up the bleeding stumps of hands and feet. They will encourage the lepers to plant their little gardens and grow at least a part of their own food. Each leper cooks for himself, and families for themselves. Eight cents a week is their money allowance.

Hardest of all is Mrs. Davis' new task—separating untainted children from leprous parents. If they are early removed they are almost certain not to contract the contagion; if left with the fathers and mothers, leprosy sooner or later will claim the little ones for its own.

And there, half the globe 'round from home and friends the young clergyman and his younger wife will live and perhaps die. Who knows?

APPENDIX 2

Deputation Work During Furloughs

This brief resume INCLUDES Leadership Training Schools, Conventions, Conferences, Camps and Fraternal Organizations.

1913-14 furlough—225 sermons and addresses in 109 cities
1926-27 furlough—579 sermons and addresses in 170 cities
1935-36 furlough—502 sermons and addresses in 167 cities
1946-47 furlough—228 sermons and addresses in 123 cities
Total—1,588 public appearances in 524 cities

Activities since retirement, 1950 to 1960:

457 different churches visited in 245 cities and towns, to deliver 1,137 sermons and addresses, adding 80,612 miles of travel.

APPENDIX 3

Literary Work

Our Mission ranked among the first in the production and distribution of Christian literature. Among the writers are Rev. A. F. Meyer, Dr. H. A. Feierabend, Dr. E. W. Menzel and Dr. J. C. Koenig, both of whom pioneered in preparing improved educational textbooks in both Hindi and English, and myself. Government showed its appreciation by adopting some of them officially for the public schools. Our Mission became well known beyond our boundaries for its extensive literary contribution. We also pioneered in the use of a better grade of paper and in the inclusion of colored illustrations which made the books and tracts more attractive. The originals of many of the colored pictures were made by Indian artists. The following incident may serve to show the popular appeal these pictures made.

When the annual Book Fair was held in Raipur, our Christian Book Depot was also invited to take part. Many Indian publishers sent their agent with their publications to be displayed at the Fair. Our display received the prize for being the most attractive. It included some copies of old books printed in 1875 in the first printing shop in Chhattisgarh, the one our pioneer missionary, O. Lohr, had established in Bisrampur. The many books and tracts with their colored illustrations attracted the public. But the elaborate display of large colored lithographs of Christian Bible pictures received most attention. Our book stand sold more pieces of literature than any of the other 9 exhibitors. This success had an unfavorable repercussion the following year. Due to an outside engagement, I could not be present when the committee, consisting of 6 Hindus and one Christian met to arrange the next annual Book Fair. Upon my return they informed me of this resolution, "As it is to be a BOOK Fair, no pictures are to be displayed." Even so, these fairs did much to increase the sales of the Christian Book Depot.

The following is a list of literature prepared by the author:

English:

Sadhu Hagenstein, 310 pages, 2,000 copies
India's Search for God, 70 pages, 1,000 copies
Humanism's Hindu Saviour, 20 pages, 1,000 copies
Hinduism and the Christian Message, 25 pages, 1,000 copies
God, Others and Myself in the Light of the Cross, 40 pages, 50,000 copies. This was also translated into Hindi, 80 pages, 2,000 copies; and into Urdu, 85 pages, 1,000 copies
The Pastor Examines Himself, 30 pages, 1,200 copies
India Today and the Church Tomorrow, 76 pages, 3,000 copies
I Never Saw a Missionary, 70 pages, 4,000 copies, this book was also translated into Swedish
Sought and Found, Biography of Convert Pandit Harshe, 12 pages, 2000 copies
My Struggle for Freedom, Biography of Padmanji, 96 pages, 1,000 copies which was also translated and published in Hindi

In the Hindi language:

Harmony of the Four Gospels, 450 pages, 1,000 copies
The Light of the Cross, 60 pages, 1,000 copies, also translated into Urdu, 60 pages, 1,000 copies
Luke, Acts, Illustrated, 128 pages, 4,000 copies
History of 200 Hymns, 270 pages, 2,000 copies
God's Way of Love, 125 pages, 8,000 copies; and a shorter edition, 70 pages, 16,000 copies; also into Oriya, 77 pages, 1,000 copies

A Liturgy for our Churches, 80 pages, 3000 copies

Among the colored Indian paintings used as illustrative material, the following lithograph reproductions, 8 x 10, enjoyed widest distribution:

The Crucifixion by the Indian Christian, A. D. Thomas, 70,000 copies
Daily Worship by E. Hershberger, 40,000 copies
The Nativity by the Hindu, S. K. Bose, 50,000 copies

An additional 40,000 copies of the three reproductions were published in smaller sizes for use as greeting cards and for illustrations in various books and tracts.

The last one mentioned is also reproduced in Dr. D. J. Fleming's "Each With His Own Brush"; and is included in the collection of religious art owned by Dr. Abbott Book of St. Louis.

"Those who light a candle in the darkness will help to make the whole sky aflame!"—*Sir S. Radhakrishnan, India's Vice President*

APPENDIX 4

From among the many farewell addresses and letters of appreciation from lepers, other patients, Church groups, Mission employees and schools, only one is selected as a sample.

To: Rev. and Mrs. M. P. Davis

Respected Sir and Madam,

On the eve of your departure on furlough from your adopted country to your homeland, we the members of the staff and students of the Vernacular and English Middle School at Mahasamund have assembled to bid you goodbye and to express our feelings of sincere love.

You have meant much to us and we shall keenly feel your absence from amongst us, but we are happy to think that you are going to be with your old friends and near and dear relatives.

Many and untiring have been your efforts for the improvement of this school. It was the result of your hard perseverance that this magnificent building in which we are now gathered was completed.

We are very thankful to you, Mrs. Davis, for having taken such a keen interest in teaching the girls sewing. You have always been kind to the Hostel and to the Boarding boys. Through your frequent tea parties and games arranged for them and for the staff you have helped them to forget that they were away from home and have inspired us. And above all, we appreciate the impetus you gave the students to aspire to live a life of good character by presenting each year the "Mrs. Davis Character Cup" to that student of the 8th class who was considered to be most worthy of it.

You both have been to us like loving parents. Our interests were yours. You won our confidence and trust which gave us freedom to open our hearts freely to you. Many are the lessons we learned from your teachings and ideal life.

We bid you farewell and wish that Almighty God may be with you on your voyage and shower His choicest blessings on you and in time bring you back to us. With all sincere and good wishes, we beg to remain, Dear Friends,

The students and staff of the V. & E. Middle School,

Mahasamund, C. P.

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